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plete in 63 vols.

HAS SCIENCE YET FOUND A NEW BASIS FOR MORALITY?

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

To ask whether science has yet found a new basis for morality, or even to answer that question in the negative, is a widely different thing from saying that morality cannot exist without religion. It is still more widely different, if possible, from imputing immoral tendencies to science. No sane being doubts that the tendency of truth of every kind is moral, or that the tendency of falsehood of every kind, if persisted in, is immoral. But we are not bound to accept at once as science everything that is tendered as such by scientific men on subjects with which perhaps they have not long been familiar, and at a time when the excitement created by great discoveries is sure to give birth to a certain proportion of chimeras. If we were, we should have to accept the theory of the automaton man, which has been pressed upon us by the very high-

est scientific authority with a confidence bordering on the despotic, and that of the "Citizen Atoms," which, according to Haeckel, while diffused through space, concerted among themselves the structure of the world. Nor in any case can we allow ourselves to be hurried headlong by the current of new opinion into negative any more than into positive conclusions; above all, when the abjuration of a belief involves not merely a change in treatises of philosophy, but the greatest practical consequences, such as the abolition of religion. For abolished religion ought to be, and must be, as soon as it is proved to be founded on falsehood; the proposal of freethinkers, like Renan, to keep up the system as the means of restraining the vulgar and protecting the refined enjoyments of the cultivated, being no less shallow and, in an age of educated

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artisans, impracticable than it is repugnant to morality. We may accept with admiration and gratitude Darwin's scientific discoveries without feeling ourselves obliged to draw from them inferences which the discoverer himself has not drawn. We may recognize the breaches made by science, history, and criticism in the evidences not only of Christianity but of natural religion; we may admit with sadness that the world is at present left without positive proof, in a producible form, of articles of belief deemed but a few years ago as indisputable as they were fundamental; yet we may decline at once to pronounce that the religious sentiment in man is devoid of meaning, and that the evidences are absolutely incapable of rational reconstruction. Doubt, frankly avowed, and coupled with a resolve under all perplexities to be patient and see what the future of inquiry may have in store, is the attitude, as I am persuaded, of many men of science in whose characters caution and reverence have a place, as well as of many thoughtful and cultivated men of the world.*

* I take this the first available opportunity, of saying that a paper professing to be a critique of three articles of mine—two in *Macmillan*, and one in the *Atlantic Monthly*—on subjects akin to that of the present paper, by Miss Louisa Bevington, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of August last, was as complete a misrepresentation of the purport of those articles, of their spirit, and, above all, of the attitude of their writer toward science and scientific men as angry prejudice could produce. The most recent of the three articles attacked had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year and nine months before this sudden outpouring of the vials of philosophic wrath, the immediate motive for which it is difficult to divine. The nature of my offence however is apparent enough. In her exordium, Miss Bevington discloses her intention of suppressing what she is pleased to term the "noisy literature" of people like me who accept Darwin's scientific discoveries, and yet refuse, as at present advised, to draw inferences which, as has been said in the text, Darwin himself has not drawn, and which he has given us no reason for believing that he is disposed to draw. She hardly displays the spirit of the philosophy of which she is the devotee. The highly evolved ought to have patience while inferior creatures are going through the necessary stages of their evolution. I am charged with "reading Evolutionism into the views of persons not commonly credited with paramount scientific authority, for the purpose of taking it out again ethically

He must be a scientific optimist indeed who refuses to admit that society has come to a critical juncture. That

besmirched and reeking with the blood of the weaker peoples." If the charge were true it would justify any amount of denunciation, and almost any mixture of metaphors. But the passages of my three articles on which Miss Bevington founds it (and which she represents as the main purport and substance of the articles, though in truth they are of the most cursory kind, and comprise in all only three or four sentences) do not relate to evolution at all; they relate to the doctrine of the moral inequality of races, and their different claims to legal protection, put forth by Professor Tyndall at the time of the Jamaica affair. Professor Tyndall, not Dr. Darwin, is the "eminent man" to whom I allude, as I have thought that anybody who remembered the Jamaica controversy would have known. To the scientific doctrine of evolution I gave the frankest adhesion, acknowledging "that it was unspeakably momentous, and that great was the debt of gratitude due to its illustrious authors." This Miss Bevington does not quote, but she satisfies her sense of justice by alluding to the passage as "certain ethical admissions favorable rather than not to the evolution hypothesis." I am incapable of such folly as ascribing immoral consequences to any genuine discovery of science. Science, in combination with historical philosophy and literary criticism, is breaking up religious beliefs; and the break-up of religious beliefs is attended, as experience seems to show, with danger to popular morality. To say this, and to illustrate it historically, as I did in the *Atlantic*, is a very different thing from saying that science is immoral. The inroads made, not more by science than by the other agencies and influences enumerated, on the Evidences of Religion have been recognized by me in the article on "The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum," with a freedom which must, I should think, have shown anybody not blinded by philosophical antipathy, that it would be absurdly unjust to identify me with reactionary and obscurantist orthodoxy. My position, frankly avowed in all the articles, is that of doubt. I think I may venture to say that no one who is acquainted with me, and knows what my course has been on University questions, and questions of education generally, will deny my loyalty to genuine science. Instead of disparaging the morality of scientific men, I have expressly recognized their moral superiority as a class, only pointing out that we cannot reason from their case to that of the multitude. To those of the number who served on the Jamaica Committee, I have paid the best tribute in my power by saying that they were "among the foremost champions of humanity on that occasion;" as Miss Bevington finds herself compelled with very manifest reluctance to admit. There can be no harm in saying that the passage was inserted in the second *Macmillan* article to satisfy Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, as I learned in a conversation with him, had misconstrued, strangely as it ap-

the rule of human life may ultimately be placed on grounds wholly independent of religion is a possibility which, once more, is not here disputed, though it is reasonable to wait for the demonstration of experience. But the interval may be one of serious disturbance. To use an undignified comparison, the crustacean may be sure to get another shell, but he will be soft in the meantime. It seems impossible to question the fact that the morality of the mass of the people, at all events, has hitherto been greatly bound up with their religious belief. Ecclesiastical dogma may have had no effect on them; perhaps it has had worse than none, inasmuch as it has put forms in place of moral realities—an evil equally great whether the forms are articles in irrational creeds or outward observances. But can it be maintained that the belief in an All-seeing eye—in infal-

peared to me, a passage in the first. I assured him that I felt, and had always expressed in public and private, the greatest admiration and gratitude for the noble conduct of Mr. Huxley and others of that school in the Jamaica business, and that if there was any possibility of misapprehension on the subject, I would take the first opportunity of removing it. In what respect I failed to fulfil my promise, I am at a loss to see. I could not say that science was the main support of the movement in the country; the main support of this, as of the Anti-Slavery movement, Miss Bevington would have found, if she had carried her statistical researches a little further, was the Christianity of the Free Churches. What a political clergy might do from political motives, could in no way affect religion. That in the case even of the men of science, a philanthropy, the offspring of the Christianity in which we have all been nurtured, was likely to be the impelling influence rather than Anthropology, was an opinion for which I had my reasons, and which at all events was not offensive. In the interest of scientific truth Miss Bevington does not shrink from affecting to believe that I am assailing science when I deprecate the invasion of Afghanistan in quest of "a scientific frontier." Nor does she shrink from making up a quotation out of two passages, one of which is taken from an article in *Macmillan*, the other from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and which, if they relate to the same controversy, do not relate to the same persons. The tone of the article in the *Fortnightly* was such as could hardly fail to act as a warning against too ready an acceptance of its statements. But anything published in so eminent a journal goes forth with some authority, and the idea, that a large circle of readers might be led utterly to misconceive my feelings toward science and men of science, gave me, I confess, some pain.

lible, inflexible, and all-powerful Justice—in a sure reward for well-doing and a sure retribution for evil-doing—has been without influence on the conduct of the mass of mankind, or that its departure is likely to be attended by no consequences of importance? There are two miners, say, by themselves, and far from human eye, in the wilds of the Far West; one has found a rich nugget, the other has toiled and found nothing. What hinders the man who has found nothing, if he is the stronger or the better armed, from slaying his mate as he would a buffalo, and taking the gold? Surely, in part at least, the feeling, drawn from the Christian society in which his youth was passed, that what is not seen by man is seen by God, and that, though the victim himself may be weak and defenceless, irresistible power is on his side. I say in part only; I say at present only; and, once more, I do not prejudge the question as to the possible appearance of an independent and self-sustaining morality in the future. We dwell too exclusively on the restraining principle. Who can doubt that religion has, as a matter of fact, largely impelled to virtue; that it has formed characters at once of great force and of great beneficence; that it has sustained philanthropy and social progress? Who can doubt that many good and noble works have been, and are still being performed, from love of God and from a love of man which is inspired by belief in our common relations to God? Who can doubt that heroes and reformers have been led to face peril, to risk their lives in the service of their kind, by the conviction that they were doing the divine will, and that while they were doing it they would be in the divine keeping? Would it be so easy even to man a lifeboat if all the ideas and all the hopes which centre in the village church were taken out of the seaman's heart? Go to the beach; tell the men that if they sink there will be an end for ever of them and of their connections with those whom they love; are you sure they will not be rather less ready to take an oar?

Hundreds of thousands have suffered death for their religion. Is it conceivable that the belief for which they died can have had no influence on their lives? Is it conceivable that the influence

can have been confined to the martyrs? Is not Christendom almost coextensive with moral civilization? And does not the whole face of Christendom—do not its literature, its art, its architecture, show that religion has been its soul? So, at least, thought that eminent Agnostic who pronounced the eighteen centuries of Christianity a retrogression from the happy and scientific age of Tiberius, and by that strange burst of antitheistic frenzy showed that we may have to be on our guard against a fanaticism of hostility to religion as well as against a fanaticism of religion.

The opinion of those who are confident that no moral disturbance is coming, but, on the contrary, a great and universal improvement in morality, might have more weight with us if we were sure that their eyes were turned in the right direction. But their observation is apt to be limited, or too much directed to the circle of scientific men around them. Scientific men are pretty sure to be above the average in point of morality; they have dedicated themselves to a high calling, they are elevated by its pursuits, they are free from the more violent passions, and removed from the coarser temptations. For the signs of change we must look rather to the scenes on which men struggle for wealth or power, and the social regions in which the common vices prevail. We must look to the multitudes, who being now told that they have no hope beyond this world, are apparently making up their minds to have as large a share of the goods and pleasures of this world as their force will give them. Communism, Intransigentism, and Nihilism, are not well represented in scientific reunions. They who sat round the dinner table of Helvetius and congratulated each other on the coming of an age of reason and happiness, were the destined victims, not the workers, of the guillotine.

Moreover, as has been said before, the intellectual world, at all events, is still in the twilight of religion. That expression is indeed too weak in the case of the Positivists, who, not only call themselves a church, but make good their claim to the title by sermons which would do the highest honor to any pulpit, and, though they prefer the name

of humanity to that of God, must be really worshipping a deity, not an abstract term, which would be as deaf to prayers or praise as a stock or a stone. An abstract term, in truth, would be rather less susceptible of adoration than that which, like a stock or a stone, has at all events a real existence. But even the man of intellect who rejects all churches and all worship has still sentiments, hopes, and a conscience formed under the influence of Christianity. The same thing is indicated by the repudiation of the name Atheist, and the adoption of the strange term agnostic. Blank absence of belief or inclination either way is probably an impossible frame of mind; in nine cases out of ten, when a man calls himself an agnostic, he most likely means that he retains his belief in the existence of a God, though without being able to present the proof distinctly to himself. The very term law, which physical science continues to use, though we can physically be cognizant of nothing beyond general facts, has a theistic significance, and carries with it a certain sense of religious elevation and comfort. Small probably, as yet, is the number of those who have fairly looked in the face blind force and annihilation.

But to the present question. A heroic physician—we remember to have come across the case in some Italian history—finding that a new and mysterious plague is ravaging his city, devotes himself to the preservation of his fellow-citizens, shuts himself up with a subject, takes his observations, consigns them to writing, and feeling the poison in his own veins, goes calmly to the hospital to die. On the other hand, a man, between whom and a great fortune there stands a single life, takes that life in such a way as to escape suspicion, gets possession of the fortune, and instead of a life of drudgery to which he would otherwise have been doomed, passes his days in the healthy development of all his faculties, in the enjoyment of every pleasure, intellectual and social, as well as physical, amid the troops of friends and grateful dependants with which his hospitality and munificence surrounds him, and after an existence prolonged by comfort, ease, and immunity from care, dies universally honored and lamented. Why is the first man happy,

and the second miserable? Theism, on its own hypothesis, has an answer ready. What is the answer of agnostic science? We must prefix an epithet, because without it a distinction drawn between science and theism begs the question. A rational theist maintains that theism is science.

We are likely to find the answer, if anywhere, in the "Data of Ethics," by Mr. Herbert Spencer—a book belonging to a series which has earned for its author, from Darwin himself, the title of "our great philosopher," and which every one, whether he accepts its general conclusions or not, will allow to exhibit powers of acute criticism, and to be written in a most lucid and attractive style.

Mr. Spencer commences, as might have been expected, not with humanity, but with the mollusks, and treats men simply as the last (he says the highest, but we have a *caveat* to enter against that phrase) of the evolutionary series. His tests of right and wrong in the actions of the most evolved of animals, as in the case of the least evolved, are pleasure and pain—pleasure denoting that the action is favorable, pain that it is unfavorable, to the vitality of the organism. His "supreme end" is "increased duration," together, if we understand his phraseology rightly, with increased intensity, "of life." An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle, and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his definitions, or form parts of his system, than does the religious sanction. Of that which constitutes moral beauty, he has no word. Actions of a kind purely pleasant are absolutely right. The highest instance of right conduct is a mother suckling her child, because "there is at once to the mother gratification, and to the child satisfaction of appetite, a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment." That the action is a mere performance of a function of nature, involving the exertion of no high quality, does not lower its place in the scale. Conduct, even the noblest and most heroic, which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence, is, to that extent, wrong, and the highest claim to be made for such conduct is that it is

the least wrong which under the conditions is possible. We need not shrink from the hypothesis, or even commit ourselves to the rejection of it. Possibly the conclusion ultimately reached may be that man is nothing but the highest mammal, and in that case the hypothesis will be true. The present question is, whether it affords a new basis for morality.

Applying the tests, then, to the cases mentioned, we find that the action of the Italian physician is at least partly wrong; it gives him pain, and instead of prolonging or intensifying, terminates his own life; it is ethically inferior to that of a Kaffir woman suckling her child. On the other hand, the action of the murderer is at least partly right; to himself it is unquestionably productive of a great deal of pleasure, and by releasing him from toil which might have been injurious to his health, it very likely prolongs his life, and certainly intensifies his enjoyment. The benefit extends to his family, and to all those who will profit by his judicious and liberal use of the wealth which comes into his hands. If the murdered man was a fool, a niggard, or a selfish voluptuary, who would have made no use of his riches or have used them ill, it really may be said that all the visible and calculable consequences of the action are good. One human life, indeed, is sacrificed, but from Mr. Spencer's point of view nothing can be said about the indefeasible sacredness of human life. Sacredness in general, and the sacredness of human life in particular, are religious conceptions, and as such have no place in his philosophy. Man may be "the highest of mammals," but is there any assignable reason why you should not put him, as well as any other inconvenient mammal, out of your way? When a stag gores his fellow-stag to death, that he may have exclusive possession of the does, we do not think that he does anything wrong, but, on the contrary, regard his action as a striking instance of the law of natural selection carried into effect through the struggle for existence. Mr. Spencer may say, and does say, that a few æons hence, by the progress of evolution, or, to use his own formula, by "our advance towards heterogeneity," matters will be so ad-

justed, and men will have become so sensible of altruistic pleasure, that it will be not less disagreeable to you to kill your neighbor than to be killed yourself. But the murderer, if this is pressed upon him, will say, "A few æons hence I shall be out of the way; I will do that which, as it brings me present pleasure, with increased duration and intensity of life, is, as far as I am concerned, right." It is not very apparent what answer could be made. We are in quest, be it observed, at present, not of a moral horoscope of humanity, but of motives which, by making the men of our day—not the Herbert Spencers, but the ordinary men—do good and abstain from evil, shall save the world from a moral interregnum.

Pleasure is relative to the organism. There is no such thing as a type or ideal of perfection. This also Mr. Spencer lays down with the same distinctness with which he lays it down that pleasure and pain are the sole and universal tests of right and wrong in conduct. The master will perhaps be somewhat startled by seeing his twofold doctrine developed under the fearless hands of one of his disciples. Dr. Van Buren Denslow, the author of "Modern Thinkers," is one of the Americans who, sometimes with more of mother wit than of erudition, are grappling vigorously, and in a practical spirit, with the great problems of the age. His work is introduced with a preface by Mr. Robert Ingersoll, the foremost teacher of agnosticism on that continent. The Doctor is a profound admirer of Mr. Spencer, whom he depicts in grandiose language, as assisting in the majesty of science at the birth of worlds. But he wants to push the agnostic principle to its logical conclusion, which, according to him, is, that there is no such thing as a moral law, irrespectively of the will of the strongest:

"It is generally believed to be moral to tell the truth, and immoral to lie. And yet it would be difficult to prove that nature prefers the true to the false. Everywhere she makes the false impression first, and only after years, or thousands of years, do we become able to detect her in her lies. . . . Nature endows almost every animal with the faculty of deceit in order to aid it in escaping from the brute force of its superiors. Why, then, should not man be endowed with the faculty of lying when it is to his interest to appear wise

concerning matters of which he is ignorant? Lying is often a refuge to the weak, a stepping-stone to power, a ground of reverence toward those who live by getting credit for knowing what they do not know. No one doubts that it is right for the maternal partridge to feign lameness, a broken wing or leg, in order to conceal her young in flight, by causing the pursuer to suppose he can more easily catch her than her offspring. From whence, then, in nature, do we derive the fact that a human being may not properly tell an untruth with the same motive? Our early histories, sciences, poetries, and theologies are all false, yet they comprehend by far the major part of human thought. Priesthoods have ruled the world by deceiving our tender souls, and yet they command our most enduring reverence. Where, then, do we discover that any law of universal nature prefers truth to falsehood, any more than oxygen to nitrogen, or alkalies to salts? So habituated have we become to assume that truth-telling is a virtue, that nothing is more difficult than to tell how we came to assume it, nor is it easy of proof that it is a virtue in an unrestricted sense. What would be thought of the military strategist who made no feints, of the advertisement that contained no lie, of the business man whose polite suavity covered no falsehood?

"Inasmuch as all moral rules are in the first instance impressed by the strong, the dominant, the matured, and the successful upon the weak, the crouching, the infantile, and the servile, it would not be strange if a close analysis and a minute historical research should concur in proving that all moral rules are doctrines established by the strong for the government of the weak. It is invariably the strong who require the weak to tell the truth, and always to promote some interest of the strong. . . .

"Thou shalt not steal, is a moral precept invented by the strong, the matured, the successful, and by them impressed upon the weak, the infantile, and the failures in life's struggle, as all criminals are. For nowhere in the world has the sign ever been blazoned on the shop doors of a successful business man, 'closed because the proprietor prefers crime to industry.' Universal society might be pictured, for the illustration of this feature of the moral code, as consisting of two sets of swine, one of which is in the clover, and the other is out. The swine that are in the clover, grunt, 'Thou shalt not steal, put up the bars.' The swine that are out of the clover grunt, 'Did you make the clover? let down the bars.' 'Thou shalt not steal' is a maxim impressed by property holders upon non-property holders. It is not only conceivable, but it is absolute verity, that a sufficient deprivation of property, and force, and delicacy of temptation, would compel every one who utters it to steal, if he could get an opportunity. In a philosophic sense, therefore, it is not a universal, but a class, law; its prevalence and obedience indicate that the property holders rule society, which is itself an index of advance toward civilization. No one would say that if a lion lay gorged with his excessive feast amid the scattered carcass of a deer, and a jaguar or a hyena stealthily bore

away a haunch thereof, the act of the hyena was less virtuous than that of the lion. How does the case of two bushmen, between whom the same incident occurs, differ from that of the two quadrupeds? Each is doing that which tends in the highest degree to his own preservation, and it may be assumed that the party against whom the spoliation is committed is not injured at all by it. Among many savage tribes theft is taught as a virtue, and detection is punished as a crime. . . . Having control of the forces of society, the strong can always legislate, or order, or wheedle, or preach, or assume other people's money and land out of their possession into their own, by methods which are not known as stealing, since instead of violating the law they inspire and create the law. But if the under dog in the social fight runs away with a bone in violation of superior force, the top dog runs after him bellowing, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and all the other top dogs unite in bellowing, 'This is Divine law and not dog law;' the verdict of the top dog, so far as law, religion, and other forms of brute force are concerned, settles the question. But philosophy will see in this contest of antagonistic forces, a mere play of opposing elements, in which larceny is an incident of social weakness and unfitness to survive, just as debility and leprosy are; and would as soon assume a Divine command, 'Thou shalt not break out in boils and sores' to the weakling or leper, as one of 'Thou shalt not steal' to the failing struggler for subsistence. So far as the irresistible promptings of nature may be said to constitute a Divine law, there are really two laws. The law to him who will be injured by stealing, is, 'Thou shalt not steal,' meaning thereby 'Thou shalt not suffer another to steal from you.' The law to him who cannot survive without stealing, is simply, 'Thou shalt, in stealing, avoid being detected.'

"So the laws forbidding unchastity were framed by those who, in the earlier periods of civilization, could afford to own women, for the protection of their property rights in them, against the poor who could not. . . . We do not mean, by this course of reasoning, to imply that the strong in society can, or ought to be governed by the weak; that is neither possible, nor, if possible, would it be any improvement. We only assert that moral precepts are largely the selfish maxims expressive of the will of the ruling forces in society, those who have health, wealth, knowledge, and power, and are designed wholly for their own protection and the maintenance of their power. They represent the view of the winning side, in the struggle for subsistence, while the true interior law of nature would represent a varying combat in which two laws would appear: viz., that known as the moral or majority law, and that known as the immoral or minority law, which commands a violation of the other."

This is strong doctrine, and the passage seemed worth extracting at length. It is curious, both as a specimen of the practical tendencies of a certain school

of thought, and as a reply to the historical scepticism which refuses to believe that the teaching of the Sophists really was what it is represented to have been by Socrates and Plato. It would also seem to be a pretty conclusive answer to those who deride the apprehension of a moral interregnum, and feel confident that society is going to sail, without interruption or disturbance of its rule of conduct, out of the zone of theistic into that of scientific morality. It appears that between one state and the other there may be an interval in which the question will be not between the moral and the immoral, but between the top and the under dog.

The Marquis of Steyne is an organism, and, like all other organisms, so long as he succeeds in maintaining himself against competing organisms, is able to make good his title to existence under the law of natural selection. He has his pleasures; they are not those of a St. Paul, or a Shakespeare, or a Wilberforce, but they are his. They make him happy, according to the only measure of happiness which he can conceive; and if he is cautious, as a sagacious voluptuary will be, they need not diminish his vitality, they may even increase it both in duration and intensity, though they may play havoc with the welfare of a number of victims and dependants. He may successively seduce a score of women without bad consequences to himself. Why is he doing wrong? In the name of what do you peremptorily summon him to return to the path of virtue? In the name of altruistic pleasure? He happens to be one of those organisms which are not capable of it. In the name of a state of society which is to come into existence long after he has mouldered to dust in the family mausoleum of the Gaunts? His reply will furnish the Anthropologist with a fine illustration of the faculty of facial expression. Suppose you could induce him to try a course of virtue, or of altruism, if the term is more scientific, what in his case would be the practical result? Would it not be a painful conflict between passion and conscience, or perhaps, in the terms of the evolutionary philosophy, between presented sensations on the one hand, and represented or re-represented sensations on the

other? Is it not probable that he would end his days before that conflict had been brought to a close? Its fruits, however imperfect, would, of course, be both happy and precious in the estimation of Theism; but in the estimation of the philosophy embodied in the "Data of Ethics," what could they be but pleasure, unquestionable pleasure, lost, and pain, pain of a very distressing kind, incurred? And so with other organisms, which, as Dr. Van Buren Denslow would say, are pursuing their peculiar and congenial, though conventionally reprobated walks of life. The assassin, the robber, and the sharper have their status in nature, as well as any other members of the predatory tribes. It is possible that by the gradual triumph of industry over militarism, and the general progress of evolution, those changes which Mr. Spencer confidently predicts may be brought about. The wolf may become as the lamb, and may even in the general competition for altruistic pleasures tenderly conjure the lamb to eat him. At present he is a wolf—a wolf with two legs it may be, and with the other physiological attributes of the highest of the mammals—yet as much at liberty as the lowest of the mammals to gratify his appetites so long as he does not eat any one who will disagree with him.

The author of the "Data of Ethics" discusses, in three lively and interesting chapters, Altruism and its relations to Egoism. But Dr. Van Buren Denslow flouts all this as "theological," and wonders that his sage should have allowed himself to be so much affected by the atmosphere of modern Christianity. The doctor hits the nail hard as usual, and there seems reason to suspect that he hits it on the head. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is commonly cited as the precept of the Gospel. But the full commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Supposing the Theistic hypothesis to be true, and the communion of the Christian Church to represent a reality, to love one's neighbor as oneself is rational; if the two are members of each other, each in loving the other loves himself, and there is no need of any elaborate comparison or arbitration.

But on any other hypothesis it seems difficult to press the claims of Altruism on an Egoistic organism. You must alter the organism, or wait till it is eliminated by evolution. If a man is selfish, his pleasures will be selfish; and there, so far as we can see, according to the philosophy of the "Data of Ethics," is an end of the question.

Hear once more Dr. Van Buren Denslow:

"The unphilosophical element in Herbert Spencer's scheme is its dogmatical assumption that there is a moral law, philosophically deducible by argument from the facts of nature; that this moral law is unique and single, not dual, though all the forces of nature whose study is to lead up to the knowledge of this law are dual and not single; that while at some points it may not yet be clearly definable, yet all the facts indicate both its existence and its philosophical deducibility from nature. On this point he says, p. 282: 'For reasons already pointed out a code of perfect personal conduct can never be made definite. Many forms of life, diverging from one another in considerable degrees, may be so carried on in society as entirely to fulfil the conditions of harmonious co-operation. And if various types of men, adapted to various types of activities, may thus lead lives that are severally complete after their kinds, no specific statement of the activities universally required for personal well-being is possible. But though the particular requirements to be fulfilled for perfect individual well-being must vary, along with variations in the material conditions of each society, certain general requirements have to be fulfilled by the individuals of all societies. . . . Perfection of individual life hence implies certain modes of action which are approximately alike in all cases, and which therefore become part of the subject-matter of ethics. That it is possible to reduce even this restricted part to scientific definiteness, can scarcely be said. But ethical requirements can here be to such extent affiliated upon physical necessities as to give them a partially scientific character. . . . That it will ever be practicable to lay down precise rules for private conduct in conformity with such requirements, may be doubted. But the function of absolute ethics in relation to private conduct will have been discharged, when it has produced the warrant for its requirements as generally expressed [*i.e.*, that the individual should so promote his own pleasure as not to mar the pleasure of others]; when it has shown the imperativeness of obedience to them; and when it has thus taught the need for deliberately considering whether the conduct fulfils them as well as may be.'

"While Spencer gives away reluctantly nearly his whole position here (for of what value is an ethical system which can shed no light on the path of private duty?), yet the small portion he retains is retained unjustly, and must be surrendered. An ethical system

which boils down into an exhortation to all men to promote their own interests, has no ethical quality left in it; for, as we have seen, the mere doing of that which is clearly essential to self-preservation pertains to business and not to morals; since, to have a moral quality, an act must raise the question, Is it right? which mere attention to business does not raise, any more than the flight of birds, the falling of water, or the explosion of gases."

The nearest thing to an authoritative and universal rule which we get in the "Data of Ethics," is the assertion that "the life of the social organism must, as a rule, rank above the lives of its units." Supposing even that society is in any but a figurative sense an organism with a life of its own distinct from those of its members, this canon as it stands in Mr. Spencer's pages, appears to be almost as much a dogma and as little supported by demonstration, as anything in the Athanasian Creed. Prove to a man, if you can, that to enjoy his own pleasure he must avoid interfering with the pleasure of others, obtain the co-operation of his fellows, and pay a certain tribute to the interests of society. But to tell him that where there is a question between the life or the pleasure of the social organism and his life or pleasure, the claim of the social organism must rank first, is to tell him what, we venture to think, you will not be able to prove with any arguments supplied by the "Data of Ethics," the reasonings of which, like the promptings of nature apart from Theism, point rather the other way. The chapter on the Sociological View of Ethics is not, at least I have not found it, the clearest in a book generally remarkable for perspicuity; but if I do not mistake, it forecasts a diminution of the claims of society on the allegiance of the individual man, in proportion as militarism gives way to industry, and the need of protection against the violence of other social organisms becomes less.

In one remarkable passage Mr. Spencer seems practically to avow the inability of his principle to settle what have hitherto been deemed the plainest questions of morality:

"In men's wider relations frequently occur circumstances under which a decision one or other way is imperative, and yet under which not even the most sensitive conscience, helped by the clearest judgment, can decide which of the alternatives is relatively right. Two ex-

amples will suffice. . . . Here is a merchant who loses by the failure of a man indebted to him. Unless he gets help he himself will fail; and if he fails he will bring disaster not only on his family but on all who have given him credit. Even if by borrowing he is enabled to meet immediate engagements, he is not safe; for the time is one of panic, and others of his debtors by going to the wall may put him in further difficulties. Shall he ask a friend for a loan? On the one hand, is it not wrong forthwith to bring on himself, his family, and those who have business relations with him, the evils of his failure? On the other hand, is it not wrong to hypothecate the property of his friend, and lead him too, with his belongings and dependants, into similar risks? The loan would probably tide him over his difficulty; in which case would it not be unjust to his creditors did he refrain from asking it? Contrariwise, the loan would very possibly fail to stave off his bankruptcy; in which case is not his action in trying to obtain it practically fraudulent? Though in extreme cases it may be easy to say which course is the least wrong, how is it possible in all those medium cases where even by the keenest man of business the contingencies cannot be calculated? Take, again, the difficulties that not unfrequently arise from antagonism between family duties and social duties. Here is a tenant farmer whose political principles prompt him to vote in opposition to his landlord. If, being a Liberal, he votes for a Conservative, not only does he by his act say that he thinks what he does not think, but he may perhaps assist what he regards as bad legislation; his vote may by chance turn the election, and on a Parliamentary division a single member may decide the fate of a measure. Even neglecting, as too improbable, such serious consequences, there is the manifest truth that if all who hold like views with himself are similarly deterred from electoral expression of them, there must result a different balance of power and a different national policy; making it clear that only by adherence of all to their political principles can the policy he thinks right be maintained. But, now, on the other hand, how can he absolve himself from the responsibility for the evils which those depending on him may suffer if he fulfils what appears to be a peremptory public duty? Is not his duty to his children even more peremptory? Does not the family precede the State? and does not the welfare of the State depend on the welfare of the family? May he, then, take a course which, if the threats uttered are carried out, will eject him from his farm; and so cause inability, perhaps temporary, perhaps prolonged, to feed his children? The contingent evils are infinitely varied in their ratios. In one case the imperativeness of the public duty is great and the evil that may come on dependants small; in another case the political issue is of trivial moment and the possible injury which the family may suffer is great; and between these extremes there are all gradations. Further, the degrees of probability of each result, public and private, range from the nearly certain to the almost impossible. Admitting,

then, that it is wrong to act in a way likely to injure the State ; and admitting that it is wrong to act in a way likely to injure the family ; we have to recognize the fact that in countless cases no one can decide by which of the alternative courses the least wrong is likely to be done."

In the first case nothing, according to common conceptions, could appear more certain than this, that a man has no right to borrow money under any circumstances, or for any purpose whatever, unless he is sure that he can pay, or, at least, has fully apprised the lender of the risk. In the second case, it seems equally clear that in the exercise of a public trust public duty ought to prevail over all private considerations, and that though a man may be justified in abstaining from voting if the State fails to afford him protection against the tyranny of his landlord, he cannot possibly be justified in voting wrong. But we can easily see how, in both cases, the philosophy of the "Data of Ethics" breaks down. It finds itself involved in a hopelessly bewildering calculation of the relative amounts of pleasure and pain attending either line of conduct in its bearings on the sensation of the agent and of other people. Whether any other philosophy capable of distinct statement holds good is, of course, a different question, as we bear in mind throughout.

By the very method of his inquiry the author of the "Data of Ethics" is cut off from any appeal to human morality as essentially distinct from that of other animals. He is committed to the position that the conduct and ethics of man are merely an evolution of those of the mollusks. When he takes a woman suckling her child as his highest type of a right action, it is difficult to see why he might not as well have taken any other mammal. The sentence would run just as well, "Consider the relation of a healthy cow to a healthy calf. Between the two there exists a mutual dependence which is a source of pleasure to both. In yielding its natural food to the calf the cow receives gratification, and to the calf there comes the satisfaction of appetite—a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment." There is a *caveat*, as was said, to be entered against "higher" and "lower," applied

to the earlier and later products of evolution ; they carry with them the suggestion of a moral difference which might form a foundation for ethics. But, if the evolutionist were asked why the later and more complex was higher than the earlier and simpler organism, we apprehend his only answer would be, that it was higher because it was later and more complex. If the pleasures of the other animals are less intense so are their pains, and from a large class of the pains which beset humanity they are altogether free. A seagull lives, it is said, longer than a man ; it has found a sphere in which it has few enemies ; it knows no care for the morrow, no moral effort, no moral conflict, no strivings after an unattainable ideal. At least it gives no sign of anything of the kind. Why is it to be dubbed lower ?

Besides the list of pleasures denoting the conduciveness of the action to vitality, there may be said to be in the "Data of Ethics" a set of characteristics derived from perfection of evolution. Such are "adjustment of an action to an end," "definiteness," "exactness," "heterogeneity," "complexity," "multiformity," subordination of immediate to remote objects and of motives connected with presentative to those connected with representative and re-representative sensations, all regarded as placing the highest mammal at the top of the ascending scale ; while the mollusks, with whose rudimentary ethics Mr. Spencer sets out, are at the lowest. Such, also, are the criteria stated in the terms of Mr. Spencer's special and, to common minds, mysterious theory of the movement of evolution, his "rhythms," and his perfect state of "moving equilibrium." Mr. Spencer, as he has eloquently avowed, thinks the First Napoleon about the greatest enemy of his kind who ever lived. Yet in which of the attributes of perfect evolution did Napoleon fall short ? Were not his actions as admirably adjusted as possible to their evil ends ? Was he not in the highest degree "punctual," methodical, and exact ? Was any man ever more multiform in his activities or heterogeneous in the parts which he enacted ? Did any man ever keep his eye more steadily fixed on remote objects or play a longer game ? No one can ques-

tion the vastness of his brain-power, and his historian boasts that his head was the largest and the best-formed ever submitted to the investigation of science. History cannot pretend to say anything about his "rhythm," but during a considerable part of his life, at all events, he may be said to have been in moving equilibrium, for he was always on horse-back, and had so loose a seat in his saddle that he rode merely by balance, and when the horse stumbled was apt to be canted over its head, though the powers of evil always preserved his neck. He is a figure to be noted by Agnostics, for though he lived before Positivism, he was a perfect Positivist. He had, as he tells us himself, shut all religious ideas out of his mind as hindrances to action; he had learned to discard metaphysics and philosophy altogether as the dreams of ideologues; he insisted on positive education, and he took his own propensities as the parts of his nature which were to determine his conduct without respect for any moral conventions. There is a curious *jeu d'esprit* (such, no doubt, it is) which connects, across the gulf of centuries, Bonaparte with that other great Positivist before Positivism, Machiavelli. It is a copy of the "Prince," supposed to have been found in the emperor's carriage at Waterloo, with a running commentary by his hand, showing the correspondence of his own policy with Machiavellism; and the likeness is very striking.

Are not "punctuality," and whatever it denotes, as much shown in keeping a guilty assignation or a rendezvous of crime as in appearing at the hour fixed for a charity meeting? Was "the adjustment of an action to its end" ever more exact, were the qualities which adjust actions to their ends ever more signally displayed, than when Ravallac, having marked his opportunity and chosen his position well, drove the knife, which he had chosen with care and thoroughly sharpened, at a single stroke into the heart of a king whose life was the hope of the world?

Mr. Spencer, in his present work, wisely forbears touching the question of moral necessity. So far as the "Data of Ethics" is concerned, therefore, he avoids the reef marked by the wreck of the automaton man. The reasonings by

which automatism is supported, it may be noted by the way, are simply a reproduction of those of Jonathan Edwards, who was not in quest of truth, but of a philosophic basis for his Stygian dogma, and was himself half conscious that he had reduced his own argument to an absurdity when he found himself logically compelled to ascribe to the All-Good the personal authorship of crimes; for, of course, it could signify nothing to the question of agency, if no new spring of action was interposed, how long the chain of mere instrumentalities might be. He was right in asserting moral causation, which is given us by consciousness, and without which the moral world would be a chaos. His fallacy lay in the assumption that moral causation was the same as physical. What has been inappropriately called free will may be roughly defined as the difference given us by consciousness between moral and physical causation. Though it is the most certain, as well as the most momentous, fact of our being, we shall probably never succeed in precisely formulating it by any phrase that we can devise, even supposing it to be fixed, and not to be increasing, with our ascent from a lower to a higher, from a more material to a more spiritual life.

Though not a declared Automatist, however, Mr. Spencer is, by virtue of his general philosophy, a Necessarian. He holds that evolution, which is the order of the universe, "consists in a change from an indefinite coherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." The universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the cerebration of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account of itself. Yet it must be a curious universe if this is its secret. As the Yankee said of the enormously rich church with a very scanty congregation, it must be doing the smallest business on the largest capital of any concern in this State. Man, the insect, aims at producing things which we feel to be noble, and which, according to the measure of his span, will endure; but the power of the universe does nothing but turn the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, and back again through the same treadmill round of differentia-

tions and integrations, every round ending in the same fatal "equilibration," and total wreck of all the results of the process. The higher the fruits, the more senseless the destruction. What set the homogeneous moving in the first instance, and made it become the heterogeneous? This would be the question which we should have to ask if the law were tendered as a physical explanation of the origin of the world. Why, we might also ask, is the coherent to be called the heterogeneous, and the incoherent the homogeneous? Might not the terms as well be reversed? But it is enough here to say that the theory is mechanical necessarianism, and that as such it is scarcely reconcilable, in a scientific point of view, with the high strain of ordinary morality and the passionate denunciations of wrong which we find in such passages of Mr. Spencer's work as this:

"Such a view (of the progress of altruism) will not be agreeable to those who lament the spreading disbelief in eternal damnation; nor to those who follow the apostle of brute force in thinking that because the rule of the strong hand was once good it is good for all time; nor to those whose reverence for one who told them to put up the sword, is shown by using the sword to spread his doctrine among the heathens. The conception set forth would be received with contempt by that Fifeshire regiment of militia, of whom eight hundred, at the time of the Franco-German War, asked to be employed on foreign service, and left the Government to say on which side they should fight. From the ten thousand priests of the religion of love, who are silent when the nation is moved by the religion of hate, will come no sign of assent; nor from their bishops, who, far from urging the extreme precept of the master they pretend to follow, to turn the other cheek when one is smitten, vote for acting on the principle—strike, lest ye be struck. Nor will any approval be felt by legislators, who, after praying to be forgiven their trespasses as they forgive the trespasses of others, forthwith decide to attack those who have not trespassed against them, and who, after a Queen's Speech

has 'invoked the blessing of Almighty God' on their counsels, immediately provide means for committing political burglary."

This is enough to show that whatever the writer's moral system may be, his own moral sentiment is strong. But, surely, it is a splendid inconsistency. The bishop and the Fifeshire militiaman were in certain stages of evolution, or, in other words, of progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, through the necessary differentiations and integrations. The episcopal organism in its state of comparative homogeneity could no more help being fond of converting Afghans, by killing them and burning their cottages, than a tiger can help wanting to eat the bishop, or the Buddhist sage in Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia" can help wanting, in the immensity of his benevolence, to be eaten by the tiger. Bishop and militiaman alike will surely give their censor the crushing answer, that they could not possibly be more differentiated or nearer the perfection of moving equilibrium than they are, without breaking the Spencerian law.

Another strong point, which any organism indisposed to altruism might make, is the warrant apparently given to purely selfish action by the struggle for existence. "In large measure," says Mr. Spencer, "the adjustments of acts to ends which we have been considering are components of that 'struggle for existence,' carried on both between members of the same species and between members of a different species; and, very generally, a successful adjustment made by one creature involves an unsuccessful adjustment made by another creature, either of the same kind or of a different kind. That the carnivores may live, herbivores must die; and that its young may be reared, the young of weaker creatures must be orphaned." Why, a Borgia or a Bonaparte will ask, is the law to be confined to the case of carnivores and herbivores? Do not I equally fulfil it by making a prey of the herbivores of humanity, or by destroying in any way I can other carnivores who happen to stand in my way? If my acts are well adjusted to these ends, as Machiavelli says they are, why are they not good? The result will be that survival of the fittest which sci-

* We have always suspected that with regard to the sociological portion of Mr. Spencer's theory of Evolution, and perhaps even with regard to the whole theory, a very considerable part had been played by our old friend the Division of Labor. Adam Smith knew the bounds of his discovery, if discovery it could be called. Though the employments of men diverge and multiply, the unifying influences of civilization generally on the members of a community are greater than the diversifying influences.

ence proclaims to be the decree of nature. Is it not difficult to find an answer which will not involve what Dr. Van Buren Denslow derides as Theistic Altruism?

The motive power to which, at bottom, Mr. Spencer's ethic mainly appeals in urging to moral effort or self-restraint is the hope of a future social state, which in his, as in other Agnostic philosophies, fills the void left by the discarded hope of a future life. Here, again, he is confronted by the logical consequences of his mechanical necessity: what must come will; we need not make any effort or forego any gratification to bring it about; the "co-operation" which he speaks of is needless or, rather, illusory; nor is it in our power to forestall the process of evolution. Apart from this, however, the prospect of a social goal indefinitely distant, and to be attained not by the individual man but by humanity, influences only highly educated imaginations and refined natures, if it greatly influences even these. What does Bill Sykes, what does a director of the Glasgow Bank, what does William Tweed, what does Fisk, or St. Arnaud, or St. Arnaud's employer, care about the fortunes of humanity a million of years after he as an individual being has ceased to exist? What impelling force, to keep that side of the matter in view also, will such visions have with the multitudes of common people, unread in the "*Philosophie Positive*," on whose conscientious performance of duty society depends, and whose goodness is the salt of the earth. The philosophers of the ultra-evolutionary school put out of sight, in the scientific sweep of their social theories, two commonplace facts—individuality and death. Death some of the philosophers of the last century thought might be abolished; those of the present appear to think that, if we will all be quiet and refrain from ill-omened words, it may be hushed up. They constantly quote Spinoza's saying, that true wisdom concerns itself not with death but with life. Spinoza had inherited the creed of religious secularism which in his active intellect took the form of Pantheism, without, however, losing its essential character as a belief generated at a stage before the wisdom or the folly, as the case may be, which

concerns itself with death and the life beyond death, had come into the world. But does any one seriously believe that man can now be put back into that infantine state in which he once passed his days like the other animals, without spiritual aspiration, and like them, lay down at last to sleep without hope or fear? What a clearance of art, architecture, poetry, philosophy, and history does a return to contented and dreamless secularism imply! Yet the other part of the undertaking is even more arduous. That men should be made to feel themselves members one of another, granting the theistic hypothesis, is not absolutely impossible; it may even be said that, tremendous as the obstacles were, in a space of time very short compared with the total duration of the race, an appreciable, if not a great, progress has been made. At least it will hardly be denied that in philanthropy the world at the present day is more advanced than it was in the reign of Tiberius. Of that, Mr. Spencer's own sentiments are proof enough. In no ancient writer is there to be found a protest like his against the oppression of the weaker races. But to get this sensible warm motion to lose itself in a mere generalization, whether the generalization be humanity, animality—which for all that we can see has just as good a claim as humanity—or simply evolution, and to be content with the prospective welfare of this generalization instead of thinking about its own, does seem to us absolutely impossible, unless it be in the case of a very extraordinary temperament, or during the brief continuance of an artificial mood. Besides, all end sooner or later in a physical catastrophe; in the catastrophe, according to Mr. Spencer, of equilibration; and how can it be expected that people will be animated to moral effort by the idea that they are "co-operating with evolution in producing the highest form of life," when evolution itself flings all the results of so much differentiation and integration back into homogeneity with the recklessness of a child overturning its castle of sand?

There surely goes a good deal of quasi-religious faith to the making of this evolutionary millennium. We have in effect to assume that all the agencies

of progress now at work will continue in full force, notwithstanding the departure of the beliefs with which some of them have been hitherto bound up, and that no new evils will emerge. Unhappily, the last part of the assumption is contradicted by the evidence alike of the sanitary, social, and political spheres. That physical nature will become kinder to us there seems no reason to believe. The author of the "Data of Ethics" does not promise that she will: he says that flood, fire, and storm will always furnish occasions for the display of heroism—heroism which there will no longer be any very tangible motive for displaying. On the progress of science we may count; and this is so important as to make us feel that humanity altogether has at last struck into the right path. Yet if we shut our ears for a moment to the pæans which are being sung over telegraphs and telephones, we become conscious that while science has been making miraculous strides, the masses have not yet made strides equally miraculous, either in character or in happiness.

Mr. Spencer seems to expect unbounded improvement from the final ascendancy which he confidently anticipates of industry over war. He is no doubt aware that the distinction between the military and the industrial types of society is familiar, though his use of it as a universal key to history is new. There never can have been a purely military state of society; somebody must have produced, or there would have been nothing for the warriors to pillage; nor is the difference between the ancient community, in which there was a warrior caste of masters with an industrial people of slaves, and the modern community, in which there is an industrial people of citizens with a standing army of professional soldiers, though most momentous, quite so radical as Mr. Spencer assumes. The most perfect type of a purely industrial community, perhaps, is China; not a very encouraging example, as the Chinese, besides their servility, their unprogressiveness, and their total lack of political life, are untruthful, vicious in some other respects, mean, and, as their punishments show, abominably cruel. In London and our other great commercial

cities the military element is trifling, even taking in the volunteers; yet of vice and unhappiness there is surely enough. Biographers at some future time, seeking in Mr. Spencer's works materials for a life of the great philosopher, will find that he evidently had experience in his own person of some of the special evils of industrialism, such as plumbers who make business for builders, and crockery-breaking servant girls, to whom he was compelled to apply that article of his ethical code which forbids you, when your crockery is concerned, to allow your line of conduct to be decided by altruism alone. These are but trifling instances of an industrial depravity over which jeremiads innumerable have been chanted, and which in its consequences even to life is hardly less destructive than war. The final transition will also be a most critical affair. A society wholly destitute of military force and without martyr spirit, which can hardly exist apart from religion, will be at the mercy of any surviving six-shooter of the past.

In a recent number of this review there was an article by Mr. Spencer on "The Industrial Type of Society,"* to which was appended a note drawing a comparison between the morality of religious communities and that of savages who have no religion. The Christian era was represented as a hideous succession of public and private atrocities, innumerable and unmeasurable, of bloody aggressive wars, ceaseless family vendettas, bandit barons and fighting bishops, massacres—political and religious—torturings and burnings, assassinations, thefts, lying, and all-pervading crimes. Nor was this description confined to the past. We were called upon to read the police reports, the criminal assize proceedings, the accounts of fraudulent bankruptcies, political burglaries, and criminal aggressions at the present day. With this picture we were invited to contrast the honesty, the truthfulness, the amiability, the mild humanity of the Bodo, the Dhimáls, the Lepchas, the Santáls, the Veddahs, the Arafuras, and the Hodas who have no notion of God or belief in the immortality of the soul. Decisive judgment was given in favor of

* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1881.

the savages by the philosopher, whom we cannot suppose to have been indulging in mere rhetoric. But it will be allowed that the Christian nations are in general respects, and notably in every thing pertaining to science, the most civilized. If in the most important matter of all they have retrograded to this extent, what becomes of the hope of civilization?

Yet Mr. Spencer himself sees the promised land of evolutionary adjustment and felicity from a very advanced Pisgah. His man is a man in a suburban villa with a good business in the city, who has only to be content with a sufficient income, avoiding the moral gulf of overwork, and that of "snatching a hasty sandwich," instead of taking a regular luncheon every day. Alas! to say nothing of the myriads who in the past have lived and died in slavery and misery of all kinds, how many centuries must elapse before the question between a hasty sandwich and a regular luncheon becomes a practical one for any appreciable portion of mankind! To do too much office work is bad for health, and therefore, as Mr. Spencer most truly says, bad in every way; but how many are there who must either do too much work or starve! It is not healthful to be on the wintry Atlantic clinging to the frozen shrouds, to pant all day beside the fiery furnace, to be delving in the dark mine, to be sitting as a cab-driver exposed to all weathers, to be toiling as a farm-laborer with overtaken sinews from dawn to dusk. Of the labor which is the lot of most men, and in which their lives are almost entirely spent, very little is, like that of the artist, relieved by any sense of enjoyment; the bulk of it is drudgery and nothing else. Schopenhauer exaggerates, of course. Were it not so, the end, in spite of his super-subtle objection to the exertion of will in self-destruction, would be universal suicide. There is happiness in life; above all, the happiness of affection, though it is in this that we most keenly feel the sting of death. Yet if this life were all, and if enjoyment were the object of being, it would be difficult to deny that the Pessimist had a formidable case, or that the world, on the whole and for the majority of mankind, was a failure. It is, at least it may be, other-

wise if the Theistic hypothesis is true, if the secret of the universe is not mechanical but moral, if the paramount object is the formation of character, and if the results of effort are to endure, in any form whatever, beyond the physical catastrophe of the planet. Trying to be good is within the power of a galley slave; and it is conceivable that by being ever so little better than himself the most abject of mankind may cast into the moral treasury a mite more precious in the estimation of the Author of our moral being than the effortless virtue of a born seraph. In touching upon such points we feel that the criticism which repels a physical account of morality is not merely destructive but conserves something on which it is possible that a rational theology may hereafter be partly based.

In short, while we find, as was said before, in the "Data of Ethics" much that is acute, much that is eloquent, much that is interesting, we do not find in it a new basis of morality. We do not find a practical answer to the question which was put at the beginning. We do not find anything that, on the mass of mankind, is likely to act as a strong inducement or as a strong deterrent. We do not find anything that can be relied on to save society from the danger of a moral interregnum. An exaggerated interpretation is not to be put upon that phrase. Society will hold together, and the milkman will go his round. For that, daily needs, habit, human nature, the examples of China and Japan, both of which are Agnostic, sufficiently answer. Society has held together during former intervals between the fall of one morality and the rise of another; but it has been in rather a sorry way. Things have righted, but before they have righted there have been times to which nobody wishes to return. The continuity of history is indisputable; yet it is not such as to preclude very terrible convulsions; and surely the doings of Nihilism, which in its speculative aspect is clearly a product of the present disturbance of religious and, at the same time, of ethical beliefs, are warning enough of the existence of subterranean fires. Once more, it is not from the personal tendencies of the distinguished party which surrounds an in-

tellectual tea-table that we can gather with certainty those of the masses inflamed by fierce passions and goaded by animal wants, or even those of genius itself, like that of Napoleon, in pursuit of selfish aims. That all will be well in the end, Theists, at any rate, must implicitly believe; yet the day of salvation may be distant.

"It is strange," says Mr. Spencer, "that a notion so abstract as that of perfection, or a certain ideal completeness of nature, should ever have been thought one from which a system of guidance could be evolved." Call the notion abstract, and the remark may be true. But it is certain that a personal type, or supposed type, of perfection, has furnished Christendom with guidance, with a rule of life at all events, up to this time. The sudden disappearance of that type must fill all, except the most serenely scientific minds, with misgivings as to the immediate future, it being admitted by "our great philosopher" that there is nothing to be put in its place.

There are one or two points which, though not strictly pertinent to the present inquiry, it may not be wholly beside the mark to notice. One of these relates to the Theistic notion of morality, which we cannot help thinking the author of the "Data" misapprehends, so far as rational Theists are concerned. "Religious creeds," he says, "established and dissenting, all embody the belief that right and wrong are right and wrong simply in virtue of divine enactment." In another passage he represents the religious world as holding that "moral truths have no other origin than the will of God." There is a fallacy in the term "will." A law is not made by the will of the legislator; it is enforced by his will, but it is made by his nature, moral and intellectual, the goodness or badness of which determines its quality and the salutariness of obedience. Wise advice given by a father to his children is useful in itself, not merely because he gives it. Moreover, what a rational Theist may be said to hold is simply that our moral nature points true to that of Him in whom we have our being; that He is with us when we do right, against us when we do wrong; that our well-doing moves His love, our

evil-doing His aversion. There is nothing apparently more absurd in this than in believing the same thing with regard say to a friend, or even with regard to the community of which we form a part, and the good-will of which is a motive and a support of our rectitude. Nor is there any sort of necessity, so far as this belief is concerned, for entangling ourselves in a metaphysical labyrinth by going behind the divine nature and speculating on the possibility of its having been other than it is? Being is an inscrutable and overwhelming mystery; there is no more to be said.

That religion had its origin in primæval worship of the ghosts of ancestors or chiefs, and that, these ancestors or chiefs having been ferocious cannibals, we are hence enabled to account for the belief in propitiation by self-torture and the other diabolical characteristics of modern creeds, is a theory which Mr. Spencer habitually propounds as certain and almost self-evident. Scientific the theory may be, and on questions of science the utmost deference is due to its inventor's authority; that it is historical must be denied. In truth, when it appeared some of us could not help being reminded of Voltaire's prompt explanation of the fossil shells found on mountain ranges, and adduced by ecclesiastical writers in proof of the deluge, as cockles dropped by pilgrims from their hats. Euhemerus explained the Greek mythology in some such way, but his explanation has not been applauded. Not in the Hebrew Scriptures, not in the Rig Veda, not in the Zendavesta, not in any of the monuments of primitive religion which philological science has been placing before us, not in any important mythology, whether Greek or of any other nation, can we find the slightest confirmation of the cannibal chieftain view. Everything seems to show that the earliest religious impressions were those made by the great powers of nature, especially by the sun in his glory; and that this was the real origin of natural religion; though, be it remembered, there must have been a religious impressibility, however rudimentary, in man, otherwise religious impressions could not have been made. As man advanced, the power seen through his moral nature became, instead of

those seen with his eyes, the paramount object of his worship. There would surely be something utterly preposterous in the supposition that evangelical Christianity was a survival of the primitive worship of dead chieftains. Mr. Spencer seems to have swallowed whole Mr. Tylor's theory of Animism, and to have given it an application which was not given it by its acute and learned author; for Mr. Tylor, if I do not misunderstand him, would allow that nature-worship was the origin of religion. The result, at all events, historians will say, is an unhistoric presentation of the most important subject in the history of opinion. In his volume on "Ceremonial Observances," Mr. Spencer maintains the surprising thesis that ceremony was primordial, and that politics and religion (or to use his exact expression, political and religious control) were developed out of it by divergent evolution. His proof is the similarity of the modes in which reverence is shown to gods and to political rulers, and which, he says, denotes the kinship of the two sets of observances and their community of origin. In tracing this similarity he allows his fancy a pretty free range, as, for example, when he identifies the visit of a worshipper to a temple with a morning call paid to a great man, and the payments made for the support of a Christian clergy with sacrifices to a heathen deity. But it does not occur to him that man, being provided with only one set of organs of expression, is obliged to use them in the case of a ruler as well as in that of a god, and may do so without at all confounding in his mind the different characters and claims of the two. The abject adulation which deified the Roman emperors is a proof of this, not a contradiction; for the adulators were perfectly aware that they were giving to a man that which properly belonged to a god, and in the profanation lay the very point of the sycophancy. So with regard to the names of God, which Mr. Spencer thinks we shall be much startled by finding to have been originally descriptive words, and to have expressed superiority. Man has no celestial vocabulary. However distinct his conception of God might be from his conception of anything else, he would have to use the same words to

express his reverence in this case as in that of a father or a chieftain. We do not see that the question as to the origin of religion is in any way affected by this discovery. Men speak now of the majesty of the king and the majesty of God, of the honor due to one as well as of the honor due to the other, without any confusion of ideas as to the respective natures and claims of the two beings. The most startling thing surely would have been to find a name for the deity, unconnected with anything else in human thought or speech, a linguistic aerolite, as it were, dropped from the sky.

Mr. Spencer's view of the origin of religion is perhaps not unaffected by his extreme notion as to the importance and influence of militarism, of which he sees everywhere the malign traces. According to him, the Home Office, when it crops the head of a convict (and washes him) is unwittingly perpetuating the custom of taking trophies by cutting off the hair. When you give a man a lower seat at table, or in an assembly, the Survivalist sees in the act a desire to have the force of gravity on your side in the conflict for which everybody is mentally preparing. There is something rather laughable in the idea that the high table on a dais in a college hall is a military vantage ground, from which the "Don" may be able to make an onslaught on the undergraduates with the force of gravity on his side. Between sun myths and survivals there will soon be no room left for any natural belief or action.

The twist, as many readers will deem it, extends to every subject connected with religion, among others to that of Asceticism, at which Mr. Spencer tilts ever and anon with a good deal of vehemence, and of its connection with Christianity. Religion is represented as still imbued with the belief, derived from bloodthirsty ancestors, in a diabolical God, who is to be propitiated by self-torture. Nothing of the kind is to be found in the Gospel, in the Apostolic Fathers, or in any form of evangelical Christianity. Jesus was denounced by his enemies for not being an ascetic. Paul lived a life of self-denial and voluntary exposure to suffering and peril; but it was not for the purpose of self-

torture, it was, like his celibacy, for the purpose of propagating the Gospel, as a soldier undergoes toils and privations for the sake of victory, or a man of science for the sake of a discovery. Even the Baptist was not a self-torturer, he was a reformer preaching by austerity. Launched into the world, Christianity felt the influence of the various currents of thought and tendency—Hellenic, Roman, Alexandrian, and Oriental—nor did it escape that of the Fakirism which had been generated in the mud of the Ganges. The monks of the Thebaid were Fakirs, and may be left to Mr. Spencer's mercy. But so was not Benedict, or Bernard, or Anselm. Western asceticism on the whole corresponded to its name, which denotes not self-torture but self-training—the self-training of the spiritual athlete. Its central idea was that of liberating the soul from the shackles of the flesh in order to its complete union with the deity. Chimerical it was, no doubt, and extravagant in some of its manifestations, but it was not diabolical, nor did it point to anything diabolical in the nature of the ascetic's God; and it is by no means clear that in such a case as that of Anselm, it would not have stood Mr. Spencer's test of pleasure, though the pleasure would have been a peculiar and perhaps fantastic kind. It was compatible with immense usefulness, social, educational, and even industrial; for monasticism in its prime was a great agricultural improver. Moreover, as alchemy helped to give birth to chemistry, asceticism may have helped, by conquering the brutish appetites which hold unlimited sway over the barbarian, to give birth to rational temperance. No portions of the "Data of Ethics" are better worth reading than those in

which the writer inculcates attention to health, both for our own sakes, and for the sake of the offspring to whom our constitutions are to be transmitted; and preachers, if they wish to be practical, might do a great deal of good by dwelling oftener on the last point. But, waiving the theological form of expression, it is difficult to put the duty of caring properly for the body higher than it was put by the apostle who called the body the temple of the Holy Spirit. And though no one wishes to detract from the dignity of physiological science, or to underrate the benefits which a diffused knowledge of it might confer, it is certain that the temperance, soberness, and chastity which Christianity has labored not without effect to inculcate, are keeping unscientific people in perfect health with the cheerfulness which attends it, while even a thorough knowledge of physiology seems often to be of little avail for self-management.

In conclusion, I must say again that I am not here contending that Theism or that Christianity is true, nor do I blink the tremendous difficulties with which at this moment the proof of both of them is beset. I stand up for history, and decline either to reject existing beliefs before they are confuted, or to accept new beliefs before they are proved. There is nothing in this inconsistent with the most grateful veneration for science, or the most perfect willingness to embrace any kind of truth. *Vincat veritas, ruat cælum.* Only, if the catastrophe does happen, it will surely be better, with such spirit as we can summon, to confront the void, and not to try to delude our souls by putting figments in the room of that which has been lost.—*Contemporary Review.*

A MODERN SOLITARY.

SENANCOUR, the author of "Obermann," was born in Paris in the year 1770. His parents were in comfortable circumstances and able to give him a good education. He showed considerable precocity in his studies. When only seven years of age, he is said to have astonished his friends by his knowledge of geography and works of travel. This habit of

study was connected with the want of bodily vigor which precluded him from the active employments of youth. He seems to have suffered from muscular weakness in the arms. In an interesting passage in "Obermann," which may be pretty safely taken as autobiographical, he lets us see himself at this time. When fourteen he was taken by his par-

ents to Fontainebleau. "After a childhood," he writes, "passed in the house, inactive and tedious, if I felt myself a man in certain respects I was a child in many others. Embarrassed, uncertain, glimpsing every possibility, yet knowing nothing; a stranger to that which surrounded me, I had no decided characteristic beside that of being restless and unhappy." On this visit he felt the attractions of the vast forest, and he recalls the impression that it was the only place he had ever wished to revisit. The following year he did revisit it, and now the far-reaching mysterious vistas of his forest-world drew him irresistibly. "I eagerly traversed these solitudes; I purposely went astray in them, content when I had lost every trace of my course, and could not perceive any frequented path. When I reached the outskirts of the forest, I saw with pain those vast naked plains and those steeples in the distance. I returned at once, I dived into the thickest part of the wood; and when I found a region bare of trees and shut in on all sides, where I could see nothing but sand and juniper trees, I had a feeling of peace, of liberty, of wild joy—the power of nature felt for the first time in the age which is easily made happy. Nevertheless, I was not gay; though almost happy, I only had the agitation of well-being. I fatigued myself while enjoying, and I always returned sad."

Such a nature was a soil well fitted for the seed of Rousseau's visionary ideas of a return to primitive life, and when only a lad he ardently entered into Rousseau's dream. When nineteen years old, he declined to go to the Séminaire de Saint Sulpice, where his father wished him to carry on his studies, and resolved, apparently with the connivance of his mother, to leave Paris for some quiet retreat in Switzerland. By a curious coincidence this synchronized with the time at which René, another disciple of Rousseau, exchanged society for solitude.

During the first part of his stay in Switzerland, he busied himself with painting, and did not attempt to write. He went to live with a family in Fribourg, and managed at the unripe age of twenty to get entangled in a marriage with the daughter of the house. He

tells us in some notes about himself, which Sainte-Beuve has discovered, that his physical helplessness was the cause of his marrying. If, as Sainte-Beuve thinks, his experience is shadowed forth in that of Fonsalbe, narrated towards the end of "Obermann," we may take it that the union was entered on in haste and repented at leisure. Troubles now fell thickly on our young wanderer. The Revolution pronounced him *suspect*, and in consequence of this he lost the fortune to which he was heir. The Swiss Government, moreover, deprived him of the property which should have come to him through his wife. Two children were born to him. Then his wife succumbed to a long illness and died; and finally he appears to have been deprived of the custody of his children.

After a youth which, as he tells us, was full of trouble, Senancour took to writing. His first work, "Rêveries sur la Nature primitive de l'homme," was published in 1799. It is clearly the work of a youthful rebel against society. It inveighs eloquently against the evils of social institutions, and grows bitter in its denunciations of Christianity, and religion in general. It betrays, too, a youthful confidence in prescribing remedies for social disease, exhorting men to carry out the teachings of the Stoics and of Rousseau combined, and so to rid themselves of the burden of modern existence. Owing to the din of the Revolution, this pagan gospel found no ears capable of listening; yet the young teacher went on undaunted. In 1804, there appeared his best-known work, "Obermann," of which more will be said presently. Here it is enough to mention that it shows a softening of young rebelliousness, and a toning down of young assurance. The writer no longer prescribes for society with the old self-confidence. He appears less as a teacher of others and a social reformer than as an observer of his own nature and experience, and as an alleviator of the evils of his individual life.

We need not follow the author very closely through the rest of his life. At the Restoration (1814) he returned to Paris, and mixed in journalism. Among other publications which come from his

pen, the most noteworthy is "*Libres Méditations d'un Solitaire Inconnu*," which shows little of the early spirit of revolt against society, and is marked by a calm and more conciliatory tone. He died in 1846 after a long and painful illness.

"Obermann" is in appearance a number of letters addressed by a solitary, who is most of his time in Switzerland, to an unnamed friend. The dates and references give an air of reality to the correspondence. It is known, moreover, that there is a general agreement between the events narrated and the acts of Senancour's life. Yet the agreement fails in certain respects, the author seeming to have wished to conceal his personality. This fact, together with the absence of all knowledge respecting the recipient of the letters, and an allusion or two to a public, seems to shut us up to the conclusion that the solitary chose the form of letter as the most appropriate for his purpose. And we may at once recognize this appropriateness. It serves as the natural prose vehicle for the outpourings of personal feeling, the confession of personal experience, which make up the chief part of the subject-matter. It is possible, indeed, that the writer was able to realize at the moment of writing that he was addressing some individual friend. At least, this idea naturally occurs to one when reading passages like the following: "If I were absolutely alone, these moments of restlessness would be intolerable; but I write, and it seems as if the task of expressing to you what I experience were a distraction which lightens the sense of it. To whom could I open myself up then? What other would bear the wearisome chatterings of a gloomy madman, of so futile a sensitiveness? It is my one pleasure to tell you what I can only tell to you, what I would not say to any other, what others would not understand."

It may be added that the epistolary form very well suits the intellect and habits of the writer. His is not a logical intellect, braced to follow out ideas to their remote conclusions. Thought with him is apt to be wandering and desultory, being ever swayed by changing currents of emotion. And this light discursive kind of reflection is just what

we look for in the composition of a letter. "Obermann" gives us, then, just what the letters of a recluse to a sympathetic friend might be expected to give. They present in broad outline the few external incidents of the quietly flowing life; they paint its natural surroundings; they afford glimpses of its daily round of occupations; and lastly they record its strange inner experience, the mixed feelings, the yearnings, the dreamy musings which make up the chief part of the solitary's life.

It is not difficult to account for the fascination which the book has exercised on the few. There is a tone of sincerity in this long personal disclosure which arrests the attention. We feel that the writer is laying bare his very soul to our gaze. And what a soul is here laid bare! What a strange spiritual experience, this succession of momentary upheavings of aspiration and long swoonings of despair downwards to its deepest depths! Under all the wondrous pictures of nature, the vivid descriptions of mountain heights with their awful stillness and vastness of outlook, under all the reflections on man and the provisions of a happier destiny awaiting him afar off, there betrays itself the sensitive stricken soul of the writer with its fugitive flush of warm life, and its abiding cold pallor:

Yet through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony!

Such a revelation, while fitted to hold spell-bound the few, is not exactly what the many run after. For, as is well said by the writer from whom I have just borrowed—

Some secrets may the poet tell,
For the world loves new ways;
To tell too deep ones is not well—
It knows not what it says.

The characteristic charm of "Obermann" belongs to it as a whole. There is hardly any prose work of which it would be more difficult to give an impression by description and quotation. To enjoy the book, it is necessary to steep the mind awhile in the "air of languor, cold, and death" which brooded over the writer's soul. One must enter by an effort of imaginative sympathy into this unfamiliar remote type of

experience. Not only so, the very form of the composition is essential to the delight. The reader must listen to the wandering melody of the writer's story, with its long quest of the repose of harmony through a tangle of dissonance; its unexpected yet never violent change of theme and of key; its many gradations of force from those occasional notes of bitter despair which have something of the violence of passion to those soft passages which express a perfect subsidence of emotion and a drowsy languor which seem like the oncoming of a spiritual stupor. This being so, I cannot hope to do more here than excite in the reader's mind a measure of curiosity with respect to a book which is still comparatively unknown.

Obermann's burden is that of despair. He looks out over the world and recognizes that it is a world in which he has no part, or, to use his own words, that he does not really live but merely "looks at life." He looks into his own heart and detects the source of this incapacity to live.

This regretting of life, this sad renunciation of the world, may spring from different causes. The actual conflict with things may have been too painful owing to a weak organization, as in Leopardi's case; or to the presence of some insuperable obstacle to the gratification of a ruling passion, as in Werther's; or to a slow and painful process of disillusion, as in that of Wordsworth's Solitary. Or the despair may be the outcome not of positive pain and disappointment, but of a sense of want or of negation. And here we may follow George Sand and distinguish the suffering of René, which has its roots in a consciousness of high faculty unsupported by effective purpose, from that of Obermann, which arises from a distinct sense of incompleteness of power. Obermann abandons himself to grief because he is keenly conscious of wanting the most essential personal and spiritual conditions of life, power to effect something, purpose to attempt something, and even desire to possess something.

This consciousness of the want of desire is the characteristic note of Obermann's mood. One may almost say that he makes desire the object of desire. His recurring complaint is *ennui*.

Schopenhauer says that there are two poles of misery between which our life oscillates—that of positive disappointment, which follows desire and effort; and that of the burdensome sense of life, or *ennui*, which remains with us when we no longer desire. If Manfred represents one of the pessimist extremes, Obermann represents the other. Without desires," he says in one place, "what are we to make of life. Stupidly vegetate." He is a prey to the fatigue which attends the possession of life without its effective impulses. The futility, the nothingness of such a vegetative existence continually forces itself on his mind. "Why," he cries, "vegetate a long time yet, useless to the world and fatiguing to myself? To satisfy the futile instinct of life! in order to breathe and advance in years! to awake bitterly when everything rests, and seek darkness when the earth is blooming! to have nothing but the want of desire, and to know only the dream of existence! to remain displaced, isolated on the scene of human affliction, when no one is happy through me, when I have only the idea of the rôle of a man! to cling to a dead life, a spiritless slave whom life repulses and who attaches himself to its shadow, greedy of existence, as if real life were left him, and wishing to exist miserably for want of the courage to exist no longer!"

Obermann is far from that stage of perfect quietism in which the allurements of life have faded away from the victim. He is consciously tearing himself away from the world; he suffers through a long wrench from the beguilements of life:

A wounded human spirit turns
Here on its bed of pain.

And this suffering is connected with his richly endowed poetic nature. He possessed in a high degree those passive sensibilities which seem to promise fullness and multiformity of enjoyment. Sights, sounds, and odors were charged for his mind with profoundest meanings, and stimulated his imagination to fashion ravishing forms of beauty and happiness. The charm of equal companionship, the warm solaces of a quiet, well-ordered home still appear to his vision in the misty distance. Yet, though he gazes on the lovely phantoms, he

cannot approach and seize them, but is chained to the spot as by a moral paralysis.

Obermann's lament is thus a regret; his monody is an elegy in which images of delight recur mingling their sweetness with the bitterness of loss. The sad dirge-like movement becomes now and again for a moment more rapid and more joyous as life beckons to him with her rosy fingers, wooing him back to her arms. Yet it is but for a moment, and then the spirit sinks again in a swoon-like movement downwards to its accustomed depth of despair:

"Soft climates, beautiful nights, the sky at night, certain sounds, old recollections; the time, the occasion; nature beautiful and expressive, gentleness, affection, all has passed before me; all calls me, and all abandons me. I am alone; the forces of my heart do not expand, they are in suspense. I am in the world, wandering, solitary in the midst of the crowd which is nothing to me; as a man long since struck with deafness whose eager eye fixes itself on all those dumb beings who pass before him. He sees everything, and everything is refused him; he divines the sounds which he loves, he seeks them and does not hear them; he suffers the silence of all things in the midst of the noise of the world."

Among the allurements which life still holds out to him love seems to be the one which Obermann can least easily put away. He lingers fondly on the picture of married life sustained by mutual sympathy and graced by delicate courtesies. "The pleasures of confidence and intimacy are great among friends; but animated and multiplied by all the details which are caused by the feeling of the difference of sex, these delicate pleasures have no longer any limits." "Do you believe," he says elsewhere, "that a man who ends his life without having loved, has truly entered into the mysteries of life, that his heart is well known to him, and that the extent of his existence is unveiled to him? It seems to me that he has remained in something like a state of suspense, and that he has only seen from afar what the world might have been for him."

He looks on this as his own case.

The author's marriage, as we have seen, brought him little of the happiness which he here extols. A nearer approach to an experience of love seems to be recorded in the reminiscences of an incipient attachment to a Madame Del — which recur in the Letters. When he accidentally meets her, or when he is reminded of her by her brother Fonsalbe, who shares his retreat towards the end, his thoughts linger tenderly about her image. Yet he soon dismisses the pleasing phantom from his brain, and tries to persuade himself that his sentiment comes far short of love. Here, again, the far-off gleam of happiness finds a way into the darkness of night.

"This recollection was not love, since I did not find any consolation in it, or any nourishment; it left me in the void and it seemed to hold me there; it gave me nothing, and it seemed to prevent my possessing anything. I remained thus without possessing either the happy intoxication which love sustains, or that better and pleasurable melancholy with which our hearts like to consume themselves when still filled with an unhappy love."

Obermann is deeply convinced that there is no escape from his condition of lassitude and sad regret. It is not the present only that is darkened with the shadow of despair; the whole of his past shows the same gloomy hue. The references to his youth, its want of the customary joys, its freedom from the usual illusory hopes, are all full of pathos. In going back to his early youth, he tells us, he still finds the "fancy of a melancholy heart which has never had a real childhood, and which attached itself to strong emotions and extraordinary things before it had decided whether it would like games or not." And again "Here is my twenty-seventh year: the beautiful days have passed, and I have not even seen them. Unhappy during the years of happiness, what shall I expect from other years? I have spent in emptiness and *ennui* the happy season of confidence and hope. Everywhere repressed, suffering, the heart empty and broken, I reached, when still young, the regrets of old age."

And in looking onwards he is certain that his suffering will not diminish. He meets the proffered consolations of his

imaginary friend, as Job met those of his acquaintance. "Wait, I shall be told; moral evil exhausts itself even by its duration: wait, times will change, and you will be satisfied; or if they remain as they are you yourself will be changed. In using the present, such as it is, you will have dulled the too impetuous presentiment of a better future; and when you have tolerated life, it will become good to your more tranquil heart—a passion ceases, a loss is forgotten, a misfortune is repaired; I have no passions, I deplore neither loss nor misfortune, nothing which can cease, which can be forgotten, which can be repaired. A new passion may divert from another which is growing old; but where shall I find nourishment for my heart, when it shall have lost the thirst which consumes it? It desires everything, it wishes everything, it contains everything. What shall I put in the place of that infinite which my thought requires? Regrets are forgotten, other possessions efface them; but what possessions can cheat universal regrets?" And again: "During the storm hope maintains itself, and you stand up against the danger because it may have an end; but if the calm itself fatigues you, what do you hope for then?"

Life is to him an unreal phantom, the shadow of a reality, a thing without aim or reason which must disappear like other utilities in the great shadow-spectacle which we call the world. I quote a passage in the original in which this falling away of the soul from things as unreal, this conscious lapse into nothingness, seems to be expressed in the very drowsy rhythm of the language

"Que nous restera-t-il dans cet abandon de la vie, seule destinée qui nous soit commune? Quand tout échappe jusqu'aux rêves de nos désirs; quand le songe de l'aimable et de l'honnête vieillit lui-même dans notre pensée incertaine; quand l'harmonie, dans sa grâce idéale, descend des lieux célestes, s'approche de la terre, et se trouve enveloppée de brumes, de ténèbres; quand rien ne subsiste de nos affections, de nos espérances; quand nous passons nous mêmes avec la fuite invariable de choses, et dans l'inévitable instabilité du monde! mes amis, mes seuls amis, elle que j'ai perdue, vous qui

vivez loin de moi, vous qui seuls me donnez encore le sentiment de la vie! que nous restera-t-il, et que sommes-nous?"

Yet while the burden of Obermann's song is thus a sad one, he is by no means disposed to exaggerate his misery. On the contrary, with what looks like a touch of unconscious inconsistency, he is concerned to make out that his state must be distinguished from unhappiness. It is a negative rather than a positive condition. "Others," he says, "are much more unhappy than I, but I doubt if there were ever a man less happy." Not only so; in other places he teaches that his state of moral indifference, in which the impulses of will slumber, and no eager longing brings conflict into the soul, is one of which the writer is in a measure proud. He speaks of it after the manner of Schopenhauer as something which it is much to have reached,* as something the consciousness of which brings even a *positive* satisfaction. At other times again, with more palpable inconsistency, he talks of the sweet pleasure of his suffering condition. "Whence," he exclaims, "comes to man the most lasting of the enjoyments of his heart? that pleasure of melancholy, this charm full of secrets, which makes him live on his griefs and love himself still in the consciousness of his ruin?" He enjoys, he says elsewhere, without being happy; for enjoyment is not the same thing as happiness, just as suffering is different from unhappiness. There is a deep sincerity about Obermann which marks him off from the ordinary pessimist. He does not want to pose as the martyr of martyrs, nor does he even claim to be a martyr pure and simple. His honesty shows itself, no doubt, at the expense of his consistency, but we ought not to look for consistency in a writer who openly confesses to be the subject of the passing mood, and who has expressly warned us against expecting logical connectedness in his writings.

Obermann's nature retains a sound and healthy core beneath all its surface disease. His suffering never extin-

* In two passages, pp. 205, 272, he shows that this calm is occasionally disturbed by sudden unexpected revivals of impulse.

guishes the deeply rooted instincts of man. In the very act of putting away happiness as a phantom, a kind of will-o'-the-wisp, which can never be grasped, he seeks to fill up his life with quiet solaces. In his lonesome retreat he finds his interests—natural objects to contemplate, homely plans to make and carry out, a rough but sincere type of human nature to understand and aid, and many a difficult problem to ponder.

Our author is a curious illustration of the combination of qualities which make up the Solitary. On the one hand, he is, as we have seen, bound by a kind of moral lethargy. He sees the allurements of life, but without actively desiring them. Yet he lets us see plainly that he has energy enough when a sufficient stimulus presents itself. He needed to be roused to exert himself by some pressing external difficulty or obstacle. In his seventh Letter he describes an ascent of the Dent du Midi, which he made alone, having sent his guide back, and relieved himself of watch, money, and most of his clothes. And he tells us that he felt his "being expand, delivered thus alone to obstacles and dangers of a difficult nature." And in another place (Letter xcl.) he narrates an adventure of still greater hazard, and thus winds up: "The two hours of my life when I was the most animated, the least discontented with myself, the least removed from the intoxication of happiness, were those in which, penetrated with cold, worn out with efforts, consumed with want, thrust sometimes from precipice to precipice before perceiving them, and only escaping alive with surprise, I kept ever saying to myself, and I spoke simply in my pride without witness, 'For this one minute more I will that which I ought, and I do that which I will.'"

A measure of this surprising energy called forth by a critical position among precipices and torrents, was evoked by the daily necessities of the solitary condition. Obermann displays something of the industry, practical insight, and inventive resource of Robinson Crusoe, in arranging the details of his simple life. Although he is renouncing the world in a sense, he means to make the most the most of what he retains. It is by no means a matter of indifference

to him where he lives. He chooses a valley for his seclusion where his own language is spoken, which, moreover, "offers a pasturage isolated, but easily accessible, is of a somewhat mild climate, well situated, traversed by a stream, and from which one may hear either the fall of a torrent, or the waves of a lake." He shows the same thoughtfulness in constructing his house, in laying out his grounds, in selecting the kinds of produce to be cultivated in them. Thus he will not have vines planted because they demand painful labor, and he likes to see men occupied, but not swelking and moiling, and because their produce is too uncertain, too irregular for one "who likes to know what he has and what he can do." All this arrangement evidently gives him a good deal of quiet enjoyment *à son insu*. He describes this hermitage, just as Crusoe describes his hut, with a certain complacency. His keen sense of order, which makes itself felt throughout the work, lends a special interest to all this planning and arranging. He has the satisfaction of surrounding himself by an orderliness of his own invention.

The passages of the Letters in which he describes the construction of his dwelling, the quiet activities of his life, his simple habits with respect to eating, drinking, sleeping, etc., are a pleasant relief to the ear, after the long strains of lamentation. The reader feels that a man who is interested in all the little details of his house and garden, to whom it is a matter of importance to regulate his habits of tea and wine-drinking with a view to sound sleeping, has preserved something of the common instincts of his species. He has, it is plain, not completely narcotized the "will to live." Indeed, one can hardly help being gently amused at the idea of a Solitary who imagines himself to have renounced happiness, taking so much trouble to make the place in which the renunciation is to be carried out, comfortable, and even delightful, with its pleasant outlook, and its tinkling fountain set against the deep roar of the distant cataract.

A still more valuable element of relief in Obermann's monody is the presence of so much fine description of nature. If he did not, like Shelley's Alastor, go

into seclusion for the express purpose of contemplating the universe, this contemplation served very materially to solace him in his retirement.* He looked on the scenery about him with the eye of an artist and with the imagination of a poet. He appears to have had no special interest in her living forms except as beautiful or poetically suggestive; and he was, in general, destitute of scientific curiosity. Thus throughout his Letters the problem how these stupendous Alpine forms arose, never presents itself to him. *En revanche*, his artistic and poetic insight was keen and true; and his Letters preserve a singularly clear impression of the effect of Alpine scenery on a refined sensibility.

Obermann selected Switzerland as a resort because it was "the single country in Europe in which, with a tolerably favorable climate, are to be found the severe beauties of natural sites." There seems, moreover, to have been a peculiar affinity between his mind and mountain scenery. The wide plain fatigued him with its monotony. The scenery of valley, lake, and towering peak offered more stimulus to his eye and imagination. A slight change of altitude alters the world in these places, hiding, revealing, and transforming. And then "the changes, more sudden and grand than in the plains," due to passing storms, to the progress of the seasons, were grateful to his mind. "An irregular, stormy, and uncertain climate becomes necessary to our unrest." To this must be added that our Solitary, like Manfred and his other brethren, was keenly susceptible of that effect of perfect solitude which is only obtained at a great elevation; where one seems to be transported into mid-space, and where the lifeless and dreary character of the surroundings, void of the note of bird, void of the passing bee or butterfly, void even of the lower life of shrub and grass, strikes home on the heart a chill yet bracing sense of being cut off from the living world.

The value of nature to the wounded

* There is a curious passage in which he rejects the idea of travel. He does not want to see many places, but only to have seen them.

heart of man is, that it takes the thoughts away from the consuming grief, absorbing the spirit in the sense of a larger impersonal existence. Obermann feels this salutary effect, but not always. Sometimes, indeed, so far from distracting his thoughts, the objects about him seem directly to image and express them. Such an image he finds in "the fir placed by chance on the border of the marsh. It lifted itself, wild, strong, and proud, as the tree of the thick forests: energy too vain! The roots are soaked in a foul water, they plunge into the unclean mud; the trunk grows weak and fatigued; the summit, bent by the damp winds, bows down despondingly; the fruits, sparse and poor, fall into the mire, and are lost there, useless. Languishing, ill-shapen, yellowed, grown old before the time, and already leaning towards the swamp, it seems to crave for the storm which is to overturn it: its life has ceased long before its fall."

Even when his own suffering condition is not thus distinctly symbolized by some object in nature, it is now and again brought to his mind by the more indirect path of contrast. The sense of the want of permanence in human things, the frequent use of the word *permanent*, which Sainte-Beuve regards as one of his characteristics, is without doubt closely related to the fact that he was habitually confronted with the enduring work of nature's hands. On the other hand, the activity, life, and progress of nature bring home to him his own arrested animation, his living death. "Spring comes for nature, it comes not for me. The days of life woke all creatures: their uncontrollable fires wearied me without reviving me: I became a stranger in the world of happiness. . . . The snows melt on the summits; the stormy clouds rise in the valley: unhappy that I am. The sky glows, the earth ripens; the barren winter has remained in me. Soft glimmerings of the fading western glow! great shadows of the abiding snows; and that man should have only bitter pleasures when the torrent rolls afar in the universal silence, when the chalets are shut for the peace of night, when the moons climbs above Velan!"

Sometimes, again, the very force of

the beauty around him, instead of drawing him out of himself, drives him back to his old regrets. On one occasion, at midnight, seated near the lake amid the rustle of the pines, the murmur of the waves, and the rare note of the nightingale, nature appeared to him to be too beautiful. "The peaceful harmony of things was too severe to my agitated heart. I thought of the spring, of the perishable world, and of the spring of my life. I saw these years which are passing dreary and barren."

Yet in general nature is quieting and soothing to our Solitary. The mountain world, with its vastnesses, its silences, its mysterious movements of light and shadow, acted as a sort of narcotic on his wounded heart. The impression of this world answered to his mood sufficiently to insinuate itself into his mind and take captive his sense without any feeling of shock. His feelings, when on the summit of the Dent du Midi, illustrate this. "I could not give you a just conception of this new world, nor express the permanence of the mountains in a language belonging to the plains. The hours seemed to me at once more tranquil and more fruitful; and, as if the rolling of the stars had been retarded in the universal calm, I found in the tardiness and the energy of my thoughts a succession which nothing precipitated, and which nevertheless outstripped its usual course. When I wished to estimate its duration I saw that the sun had not followed it; and I judged that the sum of existence was really more weighty and more barren in the commotion of inhabited countries. I saw that, in spite of the slowness of the visible movements, it is in the mountains, on their peaceful summits, that thought, less hurried, is truly active Before I was aware of it, mists rose from the glaciers and formed clouds under my feet. The glitter of the snow no longer tired my eyes, and the sky grew still gloomier and deeper. A fog covered the Alps; an isolated peak or two rose out of this ocean of vapors; fillets of shining snow, caught in the crevices of their uneven surface, made the granite blacker and more severe. The snowy dome of Mont Blanc lifted its immovable mass above this gray and mobile sea, these accumulated mists

which the wind hollowed out and raised into immense billows. A black point appeared in their gulfs; it rose rapidly, it came straight to me; it was the mighty eagle of the Alps; his wings were damp, and his eye fierce. He sought his prey, but at the sight of a man he took to flight with a weird cry. He disappeared, plunging into the clouds. This cry was repeated twenty times, but in sounds which were sharp, without any duration, like to so many solitary cries in the universal silence. Then all returned to an absolute stillness, as if sound itself had ceased to be, and the property of sonorous bodies had been effaced from the universe. Never can silence be known in the noisy valleys; only on the cold mountain peaks does there reign that motionlessness, that solemn permanence, which no tongue will ever express, nor imagination ever reach unto."

A still closer approximation to self absorption in the repose of nature is seen in the following passage, which gives us a picture that reminds one of *Salvator Rosa* or *Claude*:

"Imagine a plain of clear and white water. It is vast, but bounded; its form, oblong and somewhat round, stretches towards the winter sunset. Lofty summits, majestic chains enclose it on three sides. You are seated on the slope of the mountain above the northern strand, which the waves are ever leaving and re-covering. Behind yon perpendicular rocks, they reach to the region of the clouds; the dreary north wind has never blown on this happy shore. To your left the mountains part; a quiet valley stretches into their depths; a torrent descends from the snowy peaks which enclose it, and when the morning sun appears among the frozen peaks or the mists, where the mountain rivers point out the chalets above the meadows which are still in shadow, it is the dream of a primitive earth—it is a monument of our ignored destinies.

"The first moments of night are at hand, the hour of repose and sublime sadness. The valley is reeking; it begins to disappear in the darkness. Towards the south the lake is in the night; the rocks which enclose it are a dark belt under the frozen dome which sur-

rounds them, and which seems to hold in its rime the light of day. Its last fires yellow the numerous chestnuts on the wild rocks; they pass in long rays under the lofty spires of the Alpine fir; they embrown the mountains, they light up the snows; they kindle the air; and the water, waveless, brilliant with light and blending with the sky, has grown boundless like this, and still more pure, more ethereal, more beautiful. Its calm astonishes, its clearness deceives; the aerial splendor which it repeats seems to penetrate its depths; and beneath the mountains separated from the globe and as it were suspended in the air, you find at your feet the void of the heavens, and the immensity of the world. This is a moment of enthrallment and of oblivion. You no longer know where the sky is, where the mountains are, nor on what you are yourself borne; you no longer find any level, any horizon; the ideas are changed, the sensations unfamiliar; you have left the familiar life. And when the shades have covered this valley of water—when the eye discerns no longer objects or distances—when the evening breeze has lifted the waves—then towards the west the end of the lake alone remains lit up with a pale glimmer, while the rest of it that is surrounded by mountains is only an indistinguishable abyss; and in the midst of the darkness and the silence you hear, a thousand feet beneath you, the movement of the ever renewed waves, which pass and cease not, which quiver on the sand in equal intervals, which are lost among the rocks, which break on the shore, and of which the sounds seem to echo in a long murmur in the invisible abyss."

One is tempted to linger over these strange dream-pictures, these nocturnes in which every feature contributes to the mood of melancholy calm which they induce. But I must pass on and say a word or two, in conclusion, respecting the mass of reflection which the letters contain. *Obermann's* thoughts on human nature and life are, on the whole, much less interesting than his record of personal experience and his portrayals of the nature he had studied so well. They have something of the vagueness which belongs to the man's mind, and

do not show a firm grasp of tangible realities.

Much of this reflection, is, of course, tinged with the pessimistic mood of the writer. There is a good deal of vague outcry against human life as a miserable sham and burlesque. And in these denunciations the evil appears to be regarded as inevitable, as a proof of the aimlessness of nature, or even of some sinister intention on her part. "You do not see," he writes, "that this state of things in which an incident ruins the moral life, in which a single whim removes a thousand rules, and which you call the social edifice, is nothing but a mass of masqued miseries, and illusory errors, and that you are children who fancy they have toys which cost a great deal because they are covered with gilded paper. You say quietly it is thus that the world is made. No doubt; and is not this a proof that we are nothing in the universe but burlesque figures which a charlatan moves, confronts one with another, walks about . . . makes laugh, fight, weep, leap, in order to amuse—whom? I do not know."

All appearance of happiness, he elsewhere tells us with something of the grimness of Schopenhauer, is a make-believe. It is a mask put on before strangers:

"If all secrets were known, if we could see in the recesses of the heart the bitterness which is eating it away, all these contented men, these pleasant houses, these frivolous gatherings, would be no more than a crowd of unfortunates gnawing at the bit which chafes them, and eating the thick dregs of that cup of sorrows of which they will not see the bottom. They hide all their pains, they parade their false joys, they move about in order to make them flash before the jealous eyes which are always directed to others. They so place themselves that the tear which remains in their eye may give it an apparent lustre, and be envied from afar as the expression of pleasure." Nature, too, presents itself to him as a blunder. The presence of general laws does not convince him of any beneficent purpose. And even were it made out to him that the totality of living things is well provided for, this would be but a poor

comfort for the individuals who are excluded from the providence. "These laws of the whole, this care for species, this contempt of individuals, this march of beings, is very hard for us who are the individuals."

Yet amid these bitter, despairing tones there are heard more cheerful strains. Obermann shows in many passages of his Letters an unexpected capability of rising out of his own individual experience. He recognizes that his case is a peculiar one, having a certain morbid character and even a ludicrous aspect. He does not make his own experience the measure of the common life, but surveys this with tranquil eye, seeing it as it is, and no longer as it appears through the colored spectacles of the surveyor's pessimistic mood. Add to this that he displays at these moments something of that shrewd practical sense which stands him in such good stead in carving out alone the framework of his own life.

In this calmer contemplative mood our author no longer ridicules the idea of happiness, but seriously discusses its conditions, and, oddly enough, is not at all disposed to be exacting as to these. In one place he specifies four conditions of contentment—"much reason, health, some fortune, and a little of the good luck which consists in having fate on our side." In another place he says that "he would need only two things—a fixed climate, and truthful men." He sets a high value on wealth, combating again and again the stoical underestimation of its importance. In one place he throws himself so cordially into the common ways of men that he quite seriously discusses the advantages of town and country, and concludes that Paris, although he has turned his back on the city, is "the capital which combines the advantages of towns in the highest degree."

Our author not only displays an unexpected practical shrewdness in considering the external conditions of comfort and contentment; he manifests a keen and subtle insight into the internal or psychological conditions of pleasure. One might almost imagine that in some of the passages referred to it was an experienced Epicurean rather than a poor famishing Solitary who was speaking.

"I said to myself that pure pleasures are in a manner pleasures that one only makes trial of; that economy in enjoyments is the industry of happiness; that it is not sufficient that a pleasure be without regret or even without mixture of pain in order to be a pure pleasure; that it is desirable, further, that one only take so much of it as is necessary for recognizing its quality, for cherishing the hope of it, and that one should know how to reserve for other times its most seductive promises." On the other hand, he sees the risks of overcalculation in enjoyment. "It is of the nature of pleasure that it should be possessed with a kind of *abandon* and plenitude."

Of useful practical suggestion for the bettering of life Obermann has little to offer. He is still too fully possessed with the Rousseau fancy for primitive life to apply his mind seriously to the problems of social amelioration. The only approach to such practical counsel is to be found in his observations on marriage, a subject about which he has a good deal to say. His estimate of woman is a lofty one. He looks on marriage as it is, as tending to stunt her growth and to debase her. And in the ideal pictures of married life to which reference has been made, he goes as far as the most advanced defender of woman's rights to-day in claiming for her equality of position and liberty.

"Is there," he asks, "a domestic custom more delightful than to be good and just in the eyes of a beloved woman; to do everything for her, and to exact nothing from her; to expect from her that which is natural and fair, and to make no exclusive claim on her; to render her estimable and to leave her to herself; to sustain her, to advise her, to protect her, without governing her, without subjecting her, to make of her a friend who conceals nothing and who has nothing to conceal?" At the same time he sees that women themselves are often answerable for the failure of conjugal relations, and he puts his finger on the weak spots in their mental training, their want of that "width of view which produces less egoism, less obstinacy of opinion, more good faith, an obliging delicacy, and a hundred means of conciliation." Thus in every way he an-

ticipates the latest ideas respecting woman's function and destiny.

These fragmentary thoughts, which never aspire to become carefully elaborated reasonings, are chiefly valuable as showing how, in spite of his anxiety to prove his complete severance from the aggregate human life, Obermann is still attached to it by hidden ligaments. Although he writes in one place in open revolt against society, claiming the perfect right of suicide, if ever this last resort of the wretched becomes necessary, he cherishes in his heart a remote interest in the large collective life from which he has shut himself out. The reader's assurance of this attachment grows much stronger towards the close of the Letters, where the whole tone becomes more cheerful, approaching in

some places a playful gayety, and where the common human impulses of friendship, love, conviviality seem to be struggling into life again through the thick crust of apathy under which they have so long lain.*

It is the sense of this distant attachment to the great human family which completes the reader's interest in Obermann. In his far-off mountain hermitage his thoughts are still occupied with ourselves, our aims and our cares. We feel that the recluse is leaning tenderly towards us out of his mysterious dream-world, and we instinctively respond to the movement by straining the ear to catch his soft and unfamiliar tones, and to seize the clew to his mazy musings.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

ROMANCE IN BUSINESS.

THERE is more romance in the world than ever there was, though it changes its aspects and becomes popularized as society grows older. Any keen-sighted bystander at one of the great London railway stations can hardly doubt it, as he watches the crowded morning trains discharging their loads on the bustling platforms, and traces the deep-worn signs of the never-ending struggle for existence on faces sharpened by intelligence that are sickly, anxious, or excited. And what a freight of hopes and cares, of doubts and eager ambitions, is carried out of port in each ocean steamer that puts forth from our shores for America or the colonies! Material might be found in the feelings or passions of the passengers—to say nothing of the actual stories of the older of them—for any number of sensational studies of character by such an analyst of human nature as George Eliot. The emigrants who go abroad to seek their fortunes are of all ranks; and the more ignorant or unsophisticated they may happen to be, the more apprehensive they may feel of the unknown that lies before them; while enterprise goes hand in hand with education, and the great majority of the middle classes are forced into a battle of life in which the prizes are to the intelligent, the enduring, and the fortunate.

Most of them, it is true, must be content to scrape along as best they can. Yet even careers that are apparently the most uneventful are often sufficiently checkered; while to counterbalance some brilliant triumphs, there are failures which are simply unmitigated tragedy.

As for the stirring romance of the olden time, it chiefly took the form of warlike adventures. Yet even then there were striking exceptions, and the story of trading under difficulties from the earliest ages might furnish abundant material for a most fascinating work. Great gains by commerce were only to be got at extreme personal risk. Any peaceful trader with the reputation of wealth was likely enough to lead the life of the lucky digger among the roughs and refugees of a mining camp in the Sierra Nevada; and the moneyed minority of the helpless middle class went in perpetual terror of violence and exactions. In the way of personal adventure, think what yarns the forecastle-men in the Phœnician fleets must have had to spin, when after their interminable cruises to Tarshish and elsewhere,

* The companionship of Fonsalbe, who joins him in his retreat, may be said perhaps to prepare the way for his return to society.

they came home with their holds full of apes and ivory. Everything seen by those primitive navigators and their successors was new and strange; ruthless savages were everywhere in waiting for them on the inhospitable coasts they skirted without a compass; monsters were known to lurk in the currents and whirlpools of the ocean; and rumbr, distorted by unfamiliar tongues, magnified mysterious perils till the wildest tales took form and substance. As to the feats of the seamen of antiquity, fancy might have to fill in the meagre outlines supplied by sacred or secular writers; but if we leave the hazes of semi-mythical story for the adventures of the middle ages, we emerge into the clear light of history. The Italians, succeeding the Greeks and their Roman ancestors, have inherited the empire of the seas. We see the men of Pisa and Amalfi, the Venetians and the Genoese, fitting out expedition after expedition for the gorgeous East, storming cities, settling colonies, making wars and alliances with kings and emperors—and all, be it remembered, in the way of trade. Chivalrous soldiers, like the "blind old Dandolo," or Embriaco, the dashing crusader of Genoa, might be carried away by the thirst for fame, and seek to emulate the exploits of the martial heroes of feudalism. But it was the policy of their States that furnished them with the means of fighting, and that policy was steadily directed to opening up profitable markets. The Genoese in particular, warlike as they showed themselves, were traders *par excellence*—so much so, that when the fanaticism of the Crusades, fanned by the preaching of zealots, was plunging half Western Europe into insolvency, they never lost their heads for a moment. Peter the Hermit would have thundered to heedless ears had he set up his pulpit in a Genoese piazza. They sent their fleets to Palestine, it is true, but only to carry freights of Crusaders; and the leaders who chartered their galleys had to pay handsomely, either in hard cash, or concessions of mercantile privileges. So it was all in the way of business that they hired out the famous crossbowmen who served against the Montforts in Brittany, and fought for the unfortunate French monarch at Crecy.

We have merely indicated some of the most stirring episodes in mediæval trade; and its chronicles of active adventure are scarcely so thrilling as the stories of sustained endurance by money-getters. The whole history of the Jews is sensational, from the time they were singled out as the chosen people; but nothing concerning them seems more wonderful than the tenacity of resolution with which they would persist in growing rich, though their reputation for wealth and their helplessness must have made their lives well-nigh intolerable. The Jew had no protection from the Church, which was almost the sole shelter of the feeble from the tyranny of the strong. On the contrary the superstition of the age, which otherwise put some check on violence and exactions, was all enlisted against him. Kings curried favor with the clergy by plundering the common victim, and, by consecrating a share of the spoil, made easier terms with their confessors. Each rapacious baron and robber-knight was always on the lookout to lay hands on the wandering Israelitish trader, and to hold him to ransom. If the Jew were rich, he had to bleed his money-bags freely before the castle-gates were unbolted for him. He might be penniless and an object of charity to his kinsfolk, but no one believed his asseverations of poverty; he was put to the torture all the same, till possibly he expired in agony. The scene in the dungeons of Torquilstone, which Scott has depicted so vividly, was no imaginary one. In the cities, the Jew had to wear the meanest clothing when he went abroad; though probably at family festivals when the house was shut up, his women were dressed in the most costly garments and jewelry. So he had not even that vain satisfaction of display in which his enfranchized descendants are fond of indulging. Then, where there was a Jewish colony in a city, the inhabitants were locked up like wild beasts in their quarter after certain hours. Nor was the humiliating confinement altogether unwelcome, since in a measure it assured their safety. Yet every now and then would come an outbreak of popular fanaticism, when the mob insisted on having their share in the spoil, which was ordinarily monopolized by their betters. Any improbable fable

of Jewish bigotry served for the pretext ; and the general form of these fables showed that churchmen were more or less at the bottom of the movement. It was a Christian child stolen and sacrificed with horrible rites, or an insult to the sacred wafer that had been sanctified in transubstantiation. The ready credence given to those malignant reports showed the horror with which the infidel Jew was regarded ; and yet the people who held him practically at their mercy, had more substantial grievances against him. For he throve by usury, more than by ordinary trade ; and we may be sure that his terms were sufficiently extortionate. In the first place, having monopolized the mediæval loan and discount business, he could deal with the impecunious very much as he pleased. He knew that he made an enemy when he placed a loan, and the speculations on which he staked his life were risky enough to justify him in charging usurious interest. The acquisitive and greatly enduring race had just as much precarious protection as it chose to pay for ; it had to resign itself to a fluctuating percentage of sacrifices ; and the perpetual apprehension of ruthless exactions must have been more trying to covetousness than the bitter reality. Yet they persisted in the worship of Mammon with the same constancy with which they clung to their creed, and suffered for the sake of their money with the sublime heroism of martyrs.

Passing on to times comparatively recent, we have the romantic perils of the Southern trade, when Moorish corsairs swept the Mediterranean, and when the captive merchant or mariner had to languish in captivity till his friends could forward the amount of his ransom ; when the ailing succumbed to the hardships of the *bagnio*, and the strong who were unredeemed were chained to the benches of the galleys, and had to face the Christian shot while mercilessly flogged to their tasks. Many a fiction that falls far short of the reality has been composed on the miseries of these floating hells ; on the desperate sea-fights of the pirates with the cruisers of the Christian powers, and those that were manned by the warlike knights of Malta ; on the scenes that were witnessed when the church-bells and the signal-

fires announced a descent on some unguarded bay of the Mediterranean. Not that the Grand Turk and his Moorish tributaries had a monopoly of piratical trading. The buccaneers, who succeeded the gentlemen-adventurers, and were the precursors of the modern privateersmen, called themselves traders after a fashion. The money they invested in swift-sailing ships brought them in great profits and quick returns, though the risks were proportionate. With a courage worthy of nobler objects, they made it their business to seize the harvests that others had gathered in. In their own wild way, like the vindictive Frenchman De Montbar, they set up for redressers of wrong and ministers of righteous vengeance ; and so they speculated in the capture of Spanish galleons, and of the strongly fortified seaports that were the treasure-houses of the Indies. And some of these early adventurers may be said to have been among the original promoters of joint-stock enterprise. Not only did they club their means to fit out their ships, associating their crews with them on the co-operative system, but they found sleeping partners among respectable merchants, who were content to pocket a handsome though uncertain percentage, while closing their eyes to questionable proceedings. *Non olet* was the British Solomon's "most princely answer" when informed by Master George Heriot that the money procured for his necessities came from an Alsatian usurer of indifferent repute. *Non olet* was the motto of many a decent churchgoer in the good cities of London or Bristol when he built up the foundations of some family of landed gentry with the gold that had been stained with the blood of Indians and Spaniards, or with the more infamous gains of the cold-blooded slave-trade.

But modern joint-stock enterprise may be said to have been fairly floated with the gigantic bubble companies of the eighteenth century. Strangely enough, the sums risked in the infancy of those undertakings were relatively out of all proportion to anything that has been witnessed in our own times, which are generally believed to be the days of speculation *par excellence*. Nor, so far as the romance of widespread suffering

and ruin was concerned, are they ever likely to be surpassed. The Scotch, though energetic and enterprising enough, have a well-earned reputation for "canniness,"—yet Scotland actually went mad over the Darien scheme; and the difficulties interposed in the way of the enterprise, only urged the Scots to foolhardy and desperate persistence in it. Disowned by the king who had granted their charter; intrigued against by his servile representatives abroad, who closed the foreign bourses and our colonial markets to them; deserted by the wealthy subscribers in England, Holland, and the Hanseatic cities—they still pressed forward the Darien venture on their own account, sending expedition after expedition on forlorn hopes to a pestilential territory infested by savages and menaced by a powerful civilized enemy. We may measure the hopes that were doomed to crushing disappointment by the fact that half the coin then circulating in the northern kingdom had passed into the coffers of the ill-fated company; while the mortality among the miserable adventurers shows figures still more melancholy.

When Paterson dazzled his country-people with visions of his Darien El Dorado, he addressed himself to their intelligence as well as to their cupidity. The site of the proposed colony had commanding commercial advantages; and had it not been for an outbreak of English jealousy, the scheme might have been a grand success. Even the English "South Sea bubble" had a certain solid foundation. But it was another Scotchman, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, who proved the grand magician of speculative finance. Undoubtedly William Law enjoyed opportunities which must be the envy of his ambitious modern imitators. The materials his constructive genius went to work upon were a lavish, embarrassed, and almost arbitrary Court; a needy aristocracy that had pledged their expectations beyond reasonable hope or even possibility of redemption; and a trading class whose narrow notions of growing rich had been hitherto limited to drudgery and economy. He appealed alike to the shrewd, the half-educated, and the ignorant. The magnificent faith he professed in the boundless resources of

credit made ready converts among statesmen who had ideas without information, and were only too eager to be dazzled by golden illusions. Adventurer, gambler, and enthusiast as he was, Law might have been a sound though daring financier had he been gifted with greater discretion or self-control. We may understand how difficult it must have been, even for men of judgment unguided by experience, to draw the line between the practical and the fantastic in his programme, and to resist the seductive sophistry of his eloquence when it was apparently backed up by tangible results. The prudent Duke of Savoy listened, was tempted, and reluctantly held back. He had no objection to offer to the specious arguments of the projector, except that "he was not rich enough to ruin himself." The more reckless Regent Orleans could "plunge" with the Scottish projector with great confidence. If he had not capital, he had what seemed to represent it, in his power of issuing those peremptory decrees that created a spurious currency and opened to the State a fictitious credit. Had the Regent contented himself with moderate profits, his authority, with Law's ingenious audacity, might have made an excellent thing of a temporary partnership. But it was not in the nature of the brilliant spendthrift to draw the stakes and realize, so long as fortune befriended him. Besides, excitable and impoverished Paris had fairly lost its head; and it was easier to set such a ball rolling than to arrest it. Then were witnessed such scenes of financial excitement as the world has never seen before or since. There was a rush to the Bank of France, to exchange gold and silver for empty promises. There was a crush of escutcheoned carriages in the Rue Quincampoix, where the magician had his hotel; and his *levées* were crowded day after day by nobles and ladies of the highest quality. The heads of the great hereditary houses of France had become the courtiers of the *parvenu*, and jostled each other in their obsequious servility. Nor, although rank and position had their advantages in the way of securing preference in applications, was there any jealous exclusiveness of classes. Anybody who had scraped together a handful of livres

could buy some scrap of the scrip in the open market. The purchase effected, the gain was sure, for the inflated scrip was going up like a balloon. The Prince of Conti took advantage of the convenient situation of his hotel, and a Bourbon prince was seen hiring out booths in his gardens to vociferous stockbrokers at fancy ground-rents; while a hunchback is said to have done even a more ingenious stroke of business, by offering his hump as a writing-desk to the mobs in the Rue Quincampoix. Nor was it only French treasury-paper that was offered for sale. In the Mississippi project, which was affiliated to the credit schemes, Law anticipated the idea of recent projectors who have palmed American silver mines on sanguine English investors. He had to deal with a public who were even more ignorant of geography, if not more confiding. And so, on the faith of golden ingots, falsely guaranteed as genuine by being displayed at the Bank of France, a league of swamp or forest in Louisiana, poisoned by fever and overrun by savages, came to sell readily for 3000 livres. Considering the novelty of the whole idea, which based a lucrative joint-stock enterprise, with shares duly numbered, allotted, and registered, on the wild dreams of such a delusive El Dorado as had lured so many English adventurers to their ruin, it is difficult not to admire the magnificence of the swindle. The inevitable day of reckoning came, when, owing to the ingratitude of the great nobles, whose avarice outstripped his liberality, the enchanter's wand was to lose its virtue prematurely. A run for money on the Bank, originating in the malice of the Prince de Conti, precipitated panic and universal ruin; while Law, who was with difficulty protected from the rabble, disappeared ignominiously from the scene of his triumphs. We have dwelt at some length on his career, because he was undoubtedly the greatest and most original of "city men;" although we must confess that his dying poor after all, leaves an indelible stain on his reputation. It would almost appear as if he had succeeded in deluding himself—a sure indication of weakness. He left his realized capital behind him in France, having actually locked away a great part

of it in landed property. Had he lived in our days, he would have taken the obvious precaution of insuring against misfortune in the Dutch and English funds—if, after consultation with the most eminent Parisian jurists, he had deemed it unsafe to make magnificent settlements on his wife.

Speculation was a novelty in Law's time, and great fortunes made in trade or commerce were far from common. No doubt there were cases where some English merchant showed abilities and energy that carried him out of the beaten track, and many another great house beside that of the De la Poles had been built up upon dealings in the warehouse or over the counter. But it is singular that trade had fallen out of favor with our higher classes since the Wars of the Roses and the reigns of the Yorkish princes, when members of the aristocracy and dignified churchmen, buying and selling by accredited agents, had regular business relations with French and Flemings. Business had come to be held in contempt; the grandson of the trader, who had possibly been ennobled, lived among the landed gentry, ignoring his mercantile origin; and the gentry, who might be envious, as they were certainly contemptuous, professed to hold money-making in any shape as ignoble. They would draw no nice distinctions between the petty tradesman who lived over the shop, and the merchant who traded to the Levant or the Indies with his argosies floating upon every sea. So that even success in trade became a social disability. The wealthy son of the great Turkey house longed to cast his city slough, and shine in the circles his business closed to him. But as his money was the surest card he had to play, where his father had been frugal he was apt to turn spendthrift; or else he bought a high-born wife with the paternal gold, and made a fresh start in life on the strength of his noble connections. Now we have changed all that, though the process has been a gradual one. The old social barriers have been breached in so many places, that they may be said to be practically broken down. The younger sons of dukes and marquises get a respectable living out of cottons and sugars; peers of good descent, who may be Cabinet Ministers

as well, are sleeping or active partners in famous mercantile firms; while we know, of course, that no big joint-stock company has a chance of success without the countenance of the aristocracy. But above all, there are moneyed houses of colossal means and connections, which form in themselves a select financial aristocracy, with such an influence as no mere landed magnate could ever boast. It is true that we can point to many a great nobleman or prelate in history who for the time has made himself practically omnipotent either by commanding gifts as a statesman or by his obsequiousness as a Court favorite. But his influence, great as it may have been, has died with him, if circumstances did not put an end to it in his lifetime. While such an ascendancy as that of the Rothschilds, for example—we make no apologies for mentioning by name a family which has asserted an absolutely unique position—is extended over all the world without exception, and seems as solidly established as anything can be in the precarious conditions of mortal existence.

The rise and progress of the Rothschilds is certainly the most remarkable chapter in the personal romance of business. The old Judengasse of Frankfurt, though it has always teemed with shrewd and scheming brains, never sent forth a more quick-witted lad than the progenitor of the line of mighty millionaires. Beginning as an errand-boy, we believe, and raising himself steadily, he made many losses as well as profits in his time; but he was never known to miss an opportunity. He possessed dash, prudence, and extraordinary calculating powers in an almost perfectly balanced combination. The pet of fortune, he never presumed on her favors; and the troubled times in which his lot was cast, marvellously served his extraordinary sagacity. Europe was convulsed from one end to the other, and the funds everywhere were rising and falling with the changing fortunes of successive campaigns. Rumor, with its innumerable tongues, was mingling truth with falsehood in almost inextricable confusion, and making the wildest forecasts of probabilities. At first Rothschild felt his way cautiously with an extraordinary tact. With constant prac-

tice his tact developed into a genius which seized the occasions for its exercise when less prudent men stood hesitating, and so missed the golden chance. As his speculations turned steadily to gains, he played his game with increasing assurance, by securing exclusive and early information. When once a man can make his game upon certainties, his gains are only to be measured by his credit. And the daring speculator's reputation for probity kept pace with his financial successes. Never did a life better point the moral that honesty is the best policy, than that of the original Rothschild. When half the princes of Europe were running for their lives, to borrow Mr. Bright's kindly observation on the troubles of the Irish landlords, more than one of these potentates, like the Prince of Hesse, entrusted the shrewd Hebrew with the treasures they had to abandon. Though there were no legal means of "checking his intromissions," he accounted for everything to the uttermost farthing. No doubt he was richly paid by commission, as he deserved to be; but his best reward was in the character for integrity which has been bequeathed to his representatives and successors. Yet though Rothschild was scrupulously upright in his dealings, he is said to have been formidable to remorselessness. He went ordinarily on the principle of "live and let live;" nor was the Leviathan known to have done any injury to the smaller fish who did not wantonly interfere with him. But no aspiring rival ever directed an attack on him without having bitter cause to repent it. Tales are told of the fatal though legitimate traps laid by the long-headed old man as he stood under his favorite pillar. For a brief season the course of the stock-markets would seem to have turned against him, and the securities it was his interest to "bull" would be handed over to the mercies of the "bears." The turn of the markets was only delusive; when his adversaries were fairly involved at a considerable temporary sacrifice, the many strings he pulled would mysteriously tighten, and the exulting gang of enemies would be "cornered" and crushed.

Bon chien chasse de race; and it is remarkable how the heirs of the family

have taken after their founder. Their Jewish blood may have had something to do with it, and the pride of a position absolutely unique. Baron James, who died the other day in middle age, was one of the rare exceptions. He loved the arts for their own sakes, in place of simply patronizing them as one of the duties attaching to a millionaire's position. But even in Baron James the hereditary instincts came out so far that he attended assiduously to the business he never cared about. The Rothschilds, till lately, have married among themselves, keeping their vast accumulations in the family, and making the firm a close corporation; while no one of them seems to have been tempted by the possession of unlimited means to fritter away his time and talents in dissipation. Nor are their habits of steady application in any way surprising; for, setting aside their natural business aptitudes, the interest of such a connection as theirs must be almost inconceivable. Not only are they colossal financiers, but necessarily cosmopolitan politicians on the grandest scale. Before now they have put their veto on a European war by closing their strong boxes to an emperor's application. If funds are indispensable to the regeneration of a struggling country, and to the pleasant understanding of the powers who are concerned in its fortunes, it is the Rothschilds who are appealed to for the necessary advance. When once an appeal of the kind is made, they are very much masters of the delicate situation. Should they decline for any reason, when the refusal is published minor capitalists are shy of entertaining proposals which are already prejudiced in the opinion of the public. Should they accept, their very name launches the loan handsomely. So it is in a lesser degree with mines, railways, land-schemes, or anything else; for unlimited credit is an irresistible force, and money must necessarily breed money. So when the active members of the firm go on progresses abroad, they are *fêted* by princes of the bluest blood, in defiance of antiquated state ceremonial; while they drop in to dinner in an off-hand way with the presidents and past ministers of brand-new republics. We may conceive the delicate flattery paid to the omnipotent financier by the

host who is meditating on future loans for the schemes that are associated with his dearest ambitions. Nor is it merely on such a magnificent scale that the Rothschilds carry on their lucrative business. The avowed establishments of the great firm are the head-centres of innumerable ramifications. From Hamburg to the Havana, from San Francisco to the Spice Islands, we understand there are leading local firms which in reality are anonymously affiliated to the Rothschilds, and which, being on the spot and thoroughly conversant with the local trade, are on the outlook to avail themselves of profitable openings.

For money must go on gathering like the avalanche, which accumulates more rapidly the longer it rolls. The undertakings of a house of European reputation may be measured by its energy or ambition rather than by its actual resources. Everybody is ready and eager to deal with it, knowing that its co-operation in any rational speculation almost suffices to insure success. When we are tiding through times of financial agitation, it has reserves to meet any conceivable strain. The vessel is not only well found, but strongly manned and ably commanded; and when the storm has swept over and the air has cleared, it profits by the shipwrecks of its weaker rivals. We remember how the Count of Monte Christo, in Dumas's famous money romance, expressed his views to Danglars the banker as to fortunes of various classes. So there are houses of the second and third rank, of the highest respectability or something more, that work smoothly along in the old grooves, and transact an extensive business on the hereditary traditions. In these there is very little romance, though their profits fluctuate with the conditions of trade. As partners die or withdraw, they bequeath their interest to their representatives; and the reversion to a share may be a more reliable asset than the prospective succession to a large landed property nowadays. Occasionally, nevertheless, there is a disagreeable surprise and a dramatic catastrophe. People rub their eyes one fine morning over a paragraph in the city articles, announcing the stoppage that spreads dismay among confiding creditors. The books have been placed in the hands of

a distinguished firm of accountants whose names have sinister associations with many similar disasters, and the stereotyped assurance is expressed that the liquidation will prove favorable. The hope carries little consolation for the initiated. Now that the mine has been sprung, they understand all the melancholy story by intuition, and are as much surprised as disgusted at their blindness. There are almost invariably reasons for such a crash, which it ought to have been almost impossible to keep secret. Large sums had been paid out on the death or retirement of moneyed partners, and the business had been unduly drained; or it had passed into the hands of men of a younger generation, too enterprising to walk in the ways of their fathers. The gentlemen who have gone into the *Gazette* are no doubt to be blamed, and possibly they may have come to grief under aggravated circumstances; yet even then it is difficult not to pity them. If sufferings can atone for faults and follies, they must already have wiped out a heavy instalment of their moral liabilities. We can hardly conceive a more wearing life than that of a man of naturally honorable nature who has been clinging desperately to a slippery ledge with the abyss of dishonor yawning beneath him. While making efforts as desperate as discreditable to avert the evil day, he fully realizes the fate that awaits his confiding business connections, and his tormenting conscience refuses to be silenced. In the fear that any show of retrenchment will irretrievably shatter his credit, he resigns himself to lead the life of a swindler. The dinners at which he entertains his victims, his equipages, the expensive education and allowances that are suited to his children's imaginary prospects, are all become parts of a shameful system of imposture. He dare not take the wife of his bosom into his confidence, though she begins to be troubled by ominous forebodings, as she listens to his mutterings in restless dreams, and marks him in the gloomy moments of reaction that follow his ghastly attempts at joviality. The sufferings he has endured and the sacrifices he has submitted to, show the importance he attached to maintaining his position; yet it is almost a relief when the crash

comes, and he breathes more freely when the mask has been dropped. The worst of it is—and he has been lamenting it when too late—that he has cast his character after his fortune. But in a worldly point of view, unless he has been driven into overt criminality, it is likely that he comes off better than he deserves. For creditors in the city under circumstances of the kind, show themselves strangely lenient and forgiving—partly, perhaps, because they have a sympathetic sense of the temptations to which their defaulting comrade has succumbed, but chiefly because they have no idea of throwing good money after bad by wasting valuable time in vindicating public morality. They write off the loss, and all is said, excepting by some irrepressible outsider with limited means, who, unluckily for himself, happens to be beggared.

But frequently of late years, under circumstances very similar, the circle of outsiders has been indefinitely enlarged; and the transfer of a well-known business to the promoters of a joint-stock company, seems to us to be always *prima facie* suspicious; so far suspicious, at least, that a prudent investor should always make searching inquiry before applying for shares. There are many cases where the business and goodwill have proved worth the purchase-money, as reference to the share-lists will show. But at best, as the sellers best know their value, they cannot possibly be worth more; and if the prospectus holds out expectations of high profits, that only proves that the concern is essentially speculative. One can merely buy into it, as you purchase the shares of a flourishing bank—where, though original holders may be drawing 20 per cent or more, at current prices the returns may represent about a quarter of that. We take it, then, to be a simple axiom, and no want of charity to assume, that those who turn a private concern into a public one have made a good bargain for themselves. They have estimated at a fancy price "potentialities of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," and probably have exacted a handsome consideration for hazardous liabilities that began to make them uneasy. They may be honestly sanguine, though anxious. They "show their

good faith," as the prospectus intimates, by consenting to accept a portion of the price in paid-up shares, and by giving their invaluable assistance to the board in the capacity of managing directors. Schemes of the sort are not the less dangerous that the public is likely to be seduced by well-sounding names and plausible figures. Perhaps the company has been floated in a time of general confidence, when money is plentiful and speculation buoyant. As it receives an influx of capital, it has a fresh accession of business. For a year or two it pays wonderful dividends, and the shares go on mounting in proportion. The great annual meetings are scenes of general congratulation; and any inquisitive shareholder who asks inconvenient questions is civilly sneered down or summarily silenced. Anything that tends to depreciate the market-value of the shares revolts the best feelings of the assembly. The hands of the managing directors are strengthened by cordial votes of confidence, and they are encouraged to increase the stakes and go on extending their operations. But times grow bad, and money tightens. The high-pressure income can only be maintained by doing business that becomes more and more risky, while engagements are renewed on onerous terms. But the dividends must be kept up by hook or crook; for any sharp drop in the shares means the collapse of indispensable credit. If time were no object, and the city kept calm, things might work round. But similar operations are being carried on simultaneously in innumerable quarters; over-confidence has engendered a rotten state of trade; and the city is on the eve of one of its periodical panics. It must be remembered, too, that the tendency to such panics is far greater than formerly. Now, with the general diffusion of speculation, London is but one of many speculative centres; and causes operating in Paris, Berlin, or New York, communicate themselves directly in English enterprise. Confidence is shaken; money is called in; doubtful paper is subjected to the most searching scrutiny, and can be only negotiated on ruinous terms. Ugly rumors circulate freely, and respectable reputations are whispered away. Trifling failures are succeeded by others of growing consequence, till

some conspicuous establishment like that we have been alluding to, suddenly comes to the ground with a crash that shakes everything in the neighborhood. So the panic is in full swing and the Stock Exchange in frenzied agitation.

The most disastrous of all panics happened fifteen years ago, when Overend, Gurney & Co. closed their doors. Nor have we even now recovered altogether from its consequences, though it may be feared that its lessons have been in great measure forgotten. No one who witnessed it will be likely to forget the aspect of the City on that memorable Black Monday. Men were slow to realize the extent of the disaster; but when once it had come home to them, they lost faith in everything. "Overend's," or the "shop at the corner," as it was familiarly called, had been a typical house. It had been built up carefully by cautious Quakers; the names of its successive partners had been synonymous with philanthropy and probity as much as with substance and safe trading. When it had been transformed into a limited company, its shares had been taken up by shrewd capitalists, and its transactions were known to be more extensive than ever. Few people suspected that, before it changed hands, the character of the management had also been changing. Experience and prudence, or the reverse, make all the difference in bill discounting, between handsome returns and desperate risks. And it is a golden rule in money-dealing as in cobbling, that a man should stick to his last and not meddle with promiscuous irons. Thanks to neglecting some elementary rules, the great establishment at the "corner" came down while the mass of City folks still firmly believed in it. It was rumored, as it might have been taken for granted, that the most strenuous efforts had been made to avert the catastrophe. The managers were said to have taken a cab-full of their books to the parlor of the Bank of England; but the Bank directors had not seen their way to lending the needful assistance. It was not to be expected that the national loan establishment should have stretched a point to assist competitors who had been in the habit of systematically underbidding it. But it was argued, in ignorance of the cir-

cumstances, that where Overend's failed to find accommodation, other credit-houses must seek it in vain; and there were those who went so far as to say that the Bank itself might be in difficulties. And in fact there was some slight foundation for that assertion—inasmuch as, soon afterward, on the question of the discount rate, the associated joint-stock banks put pressure on the old lady in Threadneedle Street by threatening a combination to exhaust her reserves.

All that serves to explain the frenzied state of mind into which the great failure had thrown the City. Operators on the Stock Exchange saw their opportunity, and hastened to avail themselves of it. Never did the "bears" have a better time; and the faces of legitimate investors who flocked eastward to look after their property, and who had thought of cutting short probable losses, were so many pitiful studies in the tragic and grotesque. It was then that the ignorant who had been investing so lightly began to realize the full meaning of "limited" liability. It was then they began to suspect the policy of the brokers' favorite maxim, which warned them against putting all their eggs in one basket. The feelings of the father of a family who held shares in a single shaky credit-establishment were by no means enviable; but in cases where he had "distributed his risks," excitement was wrought up to agony-pitch. It was not simple ruin that stared him in the face, but he might be saddled with a load of contingent liabilities which he could not shake off in a lifetime. Next to the immediate victims of the crisis their professional advisers were perhaps most to be pitied. For hardly could the profits of innumerable sales recompense them for the worrying scenes they had to pass through; while the bitterest reproaches were heaped upon their heads for advice they had lightly given and forgotten. They had little hope to hold out; and the dens of the stock-broking firms during business hours in these evil days resembled the consulting-rooms of the popular consumptive doctors, who in the course of one busy morning's work may dispatch their death-sentences by the dozen.

Meanwhile in the Stock Exchange, on

the other side of the way, business was going cheerily forward. Speculative selling was so far absolutely safe, for everything was tending steadily downwards. The droop, in some instances, was astounding, and men made hundreds or thousands in the scratching of a pencil. The danger to be avoided was the being "stuck" for shares that were worse than useless; for the sudden stoppages took the very people by surprise who had been laboring for them remorselessly. Many failures were inevitable, no doubt, but more were the work of villanous combinations. Bands of conspirators leagued themselves to "pepper," as it was pleasantly termed, some particular class of investments. Of course the credit-associations were chiefly selected for attack, as being most susceptible to sinister influences. The Indian banks especially had a bad time of it. The Indian trade had been bad since the close of the American war, and the collapse of the ephemeral prosperity of the great East Indian cotton-port had affected all who had commercial relations with it. The new banks that had been bolstered by the Bombay cotton-bales were in difficulties already, and this English crisis administered their *coup de grâce*. Then the wreckers turned their attention to the new financial establishments, which, by going in wholesale for reckless promotion, had hitherto paid fabulous dividends, and seen their shares at fancy prices. They had lent out their capital to subsidiary establishments; and now all these affiliated societies were in difficulties. Picture the feelings of the family investors of the day, who had been receiving their interest regularly for a couple of years or so, at the rate of twenty per cent or upwards, and had been counting on the future accordingly. When the shares were issued, they had received allotments for a fraction of those they had applied for, as a matter of favor, from influential friends. We can recall many cases where the allotments had been only assigned on the understanding that the shares were to be held for permanent investment. The shareholders with available means, besides, had made the most of the privilege of their preferential claims to an allotment of the scrip of subsidiary companies. So the clergyman and the wid-

ows, the half-pay officers and the maiden ladies with a few thousands for their portions, found themselves indefinitely entangled in "securities" that were practically unsalable. Then the romance of city business in its most tragic aspects was brought home to thousands of struggling households. We may fancy the palpitation of the heart and the trembling fingers with which the arrival of the post was expected in many a melancholy breakfast-room. The stock-brokers' curt letters brought little consolation, with their news from the falling markets, where quotations were often nominal. At last suspense would be relieved by a line or two in conspicuous type in the journal, announcing the collapse of a company. The Discount Association or the Financial Corporation had succumbed, and the cherished scrip, which was the symbol of the family prosperity, represented something much worse than so much waste-paper.

The excitement of suspense is bad enough; but if we wished unwary investors in speculative insecurities to realize the risks to which they carelessly expose themselves, we should like to impress them with the lingering torments of liquidations. If you lose a large sum of money, there is an end it; and the healthy mind begins to recover its elasticity, or at all events learns to resign itself. But with a failure under limited liability, you are only at the beginning of the end; and the end, which may be indefinitely deferred, is involved in doubts and darkness. Except in an exceptionally bad case, like that of the City of Glasgow Bank, the first formal circulars of the official liquidators are pretty sure to minimize the misfortune, and they lighten the first despair with fallacious gleams of hope. The Company was brought to a stoppage by stress of circumstances, but time is all that is needful to realize assets that are locked up. In fact, your shares still represent the reversion to a valuable property, and possibly you are encouraged to believe that time may set you all on your legs again. Anxious still, but plucking up heart, you hurry off to the city to attend the first meeting of the shareholders. Nothing can seem pleasanter than the party assembled on the platform, and your spirits begin insensibly to go up as

you contemplate their serene and smiling faces. The liquidator is smiling, as he well may, for your misfortunes have let him in for an excellent thing. The directors appear serene, because they have screwed up their courage to the sticking-place, knowing that they must make the best of awkward disclosures. While the secretary and manager smile like the liquidator—albeit, to the close observer, their grins have something ghastly in them—because they have an uneasy suspicion that they are unpleasantly compromised, and may have laid themselves open to civil, if not criminal, proceedings. The liquidator's exposition of the circumstances would be more satisfactory did it not deal chiefly in specious generalities, which seem odd in a man who has been bred to figures. But you cannot complain that it has no point, and the sting lurks in the peroration. It may be hoped that all will come right in the end; but in the meantime a heavy call is indispensable, "to place the Company in an advantageous position for liquidation." A call! and all your money is locked up in companies that are already entered on the blacklist. A call that must be paid, with the alternative of insolvency, and a certainty of pauperism or a future of privations. All your sense of independence is gone with your hopes in that unlucky speculation; and now there is nothing left you but to endure, or to appeal to the cool friendship of acquaintances. And call succeeds to call; for the first estimate of the ruined company's future was colored by the interests of those who had compromised it. It may be that the directors had disposed of the capital in flagrant contempt of the articles of association. There may be good grounds for an action for compensation against them. But even should they be worth powder and shot, no man of energy and business experience seems disposed to take a lead in the matter; for, as we said already, city men in such circumstances seem to have a kindly fellow-feeling for the gentlemen who have victimized them.

But the loss of one is the gain of another. If the confiding public seem to be periodically victimized, what would become of promoters and professional speculators? We have spoken of the great fortunes of such families as the

Rothschilds and Barings. But side by side with these hereditary magnates of finance and commerce, we see the rise of a class of millionaire *nouveaux riches*, who have apparently for the time an even greater command of money, or who scatter it, at all events, with more ostentatious profusion. Some of these unscrupulous upstarts have made themselves sufficiently conspicuous; for they are often not only cunning men of business, but they aspire to shine before society as well. Though far from hiding their light under a bushel, they do their best to keep their business secrets; and so long as all goes prosperously and their ventures turn to profit, their gold gilds the scandals of their careers, and their profusion stifles rumors to their disadvantage. But occasionally over-confidence will bring them to grief: their doings become the subject of judicial proceedings; and so we can compile a tolerably faithful biographical sketch from the impartial charge of a judge and the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses. We hear, perhaps, of an ambitious tradesman in a very small way, who recognizes that he has a happy turn for finance. He keeps a "coffee divan," and is brought into friendly relations with the clever Bohemians, invariably out-at-elbows, who lounge away their time in his establishment. He has "a friend" who has a little money to turn over, and he puts it out for him on bills at exorbitant interest, though generally on pretty safe personal security. His establishment is in the city, in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, and some of his shady clients are hangers-on of "the house," or fifth-rate solicitors struggling for a practice. All these needy individuals have dreams of growing rich, should fortune ever give them a cast of her favors. And the chance comes in a period of inflated speculation, when doubtful companies of all kinds are shooting up like funguses, and their letters of allotment are as good as bank-notes.

Our friend of the coffee-divan has his council of confederates, ready to scent out "good things," and to conspire to turn them to advantage. In picking and choosing among "rubbish" of purely ephemeral value, in deciding on the happy moment to realize he shows him-

self possessed of keen financial sagacity. He gets talked of as a shrewd fellow—he forms friendships with the rather disreputable brokers he employs—till at last his advice is applied for by promoters in a small way. When he has once insinuated a finger into the city pie, the whole of both hands is sure to follow. For be it remembered that he is really gifted in his way, and no impostor as to his ability in "rigging companies;" and his self-confidence growing with a run of good luck, his counsels come to be regarded as those of an Achitophel. He casts his slough, and sells the stock and good-will of his establishment. He comes out in garments in advance of the fashion, wears flowers in his button-hole, and acts the *petit-maitre*, though overdoing the aristocratic swagger of his manners. He gathers a good balance at his banker's; he is ready to adventure with it boldly; and thenceforward his rise is assured. From being consulted by men of some character and position, he takes to getting up companies upon his own account. With the characters and connections he has made, that is by no means difficult; and he begins prudently in a modest way. He can find money for advertising and circulating prospectuses; and the investing public bear him out with the rest. Generally, there is something ingeniously plausible in the scheme—at all events, he knows how to make a prospectus seductive, and how far he may take liberties with the public credulity. He selects his directors with judgment, so far as circumstances will admit, leavening the board of respectable dupes with a sprinkling of ready accomplices. His talents as a promoter come to be favorably regarded in speculative circles; and embarrassed members of the aristocracy who are looking out for directorships, pay him court as a promising patron. So it comes about that his enterprises develop with his opportunities. He sends safe emissaries across the ocean to draw up secret engagements, and secures concessions of undertakings, to be settled for after the shares are subscribed. He has his sumptuous offices, where a numerous staff of clerks is daily issuing prospectuses by the thousand; he has his luxurious reception-room, where he has his interviews with schemers of his own

stamp, and the jackal-directors and "guinea-pigs" who act as his providers; while, on the strength of his city triumphs, he becomes a sort of lion on the outskirts of society. Men talk of the Monte Christo-like magnificence with which he has furnished his residences in town and country. He entertains mixed companies with vulgar ostentation, and pays hack-writers in the press to chronicle his entertainments. He subscribes liberally to the advertising charities; he builds schools and restores churches; or he bestows public recreation-grounds where municipalities are willing to accept them. He has been making his game, in fact, with the money of the people whom we sketched as the victims of unhappy liquidations. Perhaps the day arrives when he is brought up with a sharp turn. Reaction following inflation has taken the wind out of his sails; his affairs are thrown into insolvency; he becomes the defender in numerous actions, brought with heavy damages by gentlemen who allege frauds, and seek to make him responsible for their losses; his establishments, with their contents, are in the hands of the auctioneers. But it is astonishing how one of these piratical navigators manages to weather the most appalling storms. He has made himself friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness; he has it in his power to make compromising disclosures; he has done his best to secure himself means of retreat; and he avails himself of the services of practitioners who are versed in all legal chicanery. As a rule, he slips through the toils that he has spread for himself, and he has hidden money out of the way in a reserve fund that eludes the perquisitions of his creditors. What is even more strange, though his character may have been torn into tatters, his reputation for financial adroitness still stands him in good stead; and before the scandals with which he is associated have been forgotten, he may be actively, though less obtrusively, engaged in business again. For it is a fact that however a really capable promoter may have been blown upon, his services are still in request, though his name is no longer paraded.

The professional jobber and speculator on the Stock Exchange is a more commonplace character, though perhaps

the qualities he should possess are even rarer. He is the last man in the world to lose his head, and he ought to be exceptionally gifted—mentally and physically. He must have a strong constitution to stand the constant wear and tear of excitement, and a strong brain to bear the perpetual strain on it. In forecasting the immediate future of a stock, he must be able to combine and analyze the circumstances that influence it. And it is scarcely necessary to add that he should have perfect self-command, and invariably assume an imperturbable countenance. Men know that he is in the habit of dealing largely, and generally to good purpose, so they keep a watch on him and his operations accordingly. Either on private information, or from the exercise of his judgment, he has decided that a certain stock should go up. If he went to the Exchange and gave his orders openly, the dealers would immediately raise the prices on him. The more eager he is, the less he shows it; he strolls quietly into the house with his hands in his pockets, drops some careless words of depreciation here and there, and probably makes a feint of selling. When he believes he has thrown the curious off his trail, he goes in earnest about the business he has in hand. It is evident that such an operator must have few scruples; and though he may deal fairly according to his own ideas, he has his peculiar code of morality. Though possibly less lax than that of our friend the promoter, it is easy enough in all conscience. He sees no harm in circulating false intelligence, nor does it give him a twinge to think that the profits of his day represent losses he may have gratuitously inflicted on his neighbors. In fact, the anxieties of his own life must naturally tend to make him indifferent to the sorrows and misfortunes of other people; nor can we imagine a more miserable existence, from whatever point of view we regard it. He might take for his Bashi-Bazouk motto the line of Byron, "I think not of pity; I think not of fear;" his life of care never knows a holiday; and should he be fortunate enough to retire on a competency, he is as miserable without his stimulants as the reformed laudanum-drinker. But what chance in the long-run, we may ask, with such cold-blooded professionals as

that, has the outsider who lightly ventures into the City, to win his loose hundred or two on one lucky deal of the cards?

Look at the inevitable odds against the latter. It may be assumed that he would find no professionals to deal with him, were they not morally certain of having the best of it in the end. He has to face better information and superior equanimity of temperament; and beside, to begin with, he must pay the broker's commission, which represents the fixed profit of the City gaming-table. There are minor circumstances he is apt to ignore, but which nevertheless may tell considerably. There are periodical seasons when the markets are sluggish, and slow to respond even to a decided impulse. In the first weeks of the year, for example, it is found that business is almost always dull; men are meditating over the Christmas balance-sheets or meeting Christmas liabilities, and are slow to commit themselves to new engagements. Then bad weather notoriously depresses the markets, and the operator may be caught in a downpour of rain, when the mud that is flying in showers from cart-wheels on the crossings disposes everybody to look at speculative prospects *en noir*. It is found in practice, moreover, that rises are for the most part very gradual, and are apt to be arrested by slight reactions, while some "bulls" are realizing small profits. The outsider who has bought on a reliable piece of news, or on conclusions which are substantially just—a very rare case indeed—hopes, let us say, to clear five per cent on his purchase. But he finds that though things may be tending upward, he is likely to have long to wait, and the settling day is approaching, when he must either close or carry over. While, on the other hand, some complication may upset his calculations; uneasiness tells far more quickly on sensitive stocks than hopeful expectation, and a fall of five or even ten per cent is nothing uncommon. It may be said, that being the case, that the outsider would do better to go in for "bearing;" but in fact, "bearing" is altogether antagonistic to his inclinations.

So we may imagine him retracting his way from the City, having effected a bargain for £5000 in one of those noto-

riously speculative railway-lines, the stock of which, though essentially sound, seems to be bandied about like a shuttlecock among operators. Perhaps he has acted on a happy inspiration; perhaps on a chance paragraph in a newspaper; possibly on the whispered intimation of a pushing broker, that parties behind the scenes have been buying. What objects of interest the papers become to him from that moment! How closely he scans the share-lists in each new edition! For it may be assumed that our acquisitive friend is hard up, and that the stake he is playing is of vital interest. A fractional movement upward excites his hopes; but the stock sticks there or thereabouts till the eve of the settlement. He hardly likes to pay a commission merely for a prolonged trial of his patience and cabs off to take advice. His broker arranges to carry over on easy terms, and he takes out a fresh lease of expectation—when one evening his appetite for dinner is spoiled by an item of intelligence in "our latest edition." It may be the announcement of an issue of fresh stock; an unfavorable estimate of dividend, given with judicial authority; or possibly a collision is set forth in glaring type, with a melancholy report of dead and maimed. The paragraph appeared after the closing of the market, so he has to wait for the morrow to learn results. The bulletin of the opening sales is deplorable; and the latter ones, with unimportant fluctuations, are going from bad to worse. The bears, who are always sniffing at the stock, come down upon it with the full weight of their paws, and the weak holders are alarmed. Our friend, who scarcely contemplated the chance of losses, goes through paroxysms of mental anxiety in his hesitation as to cutting them short, but finally resigns himself to a sacrifice which leaves him £300 or £400 out of pocket. Had he resources to fall back upon, he would have done better to hold on, as the effects are out of proportion to their causes; but for the moment he almost feels happy in having made up his mind to the worst—a mood which changes in a week or two, when he has the bitterness of noting the stock going up again. Being hit so hard is perhaps an extreme case, and may possibly prove a blessing

in disguise if it drives the victim in disgust out of the betting-ring. If he merely burns his fingers, he has a craving to have his revenge; and when an embarrassed and excitable gentleman takes to gambling, we pity him almost as much as his family.

Speculative enterprise is one thing, and speculation in stocks is another; and the growth of both has been almost beyond calculation in the lifetime of the present generation. As to Stock Exchange dealings, it has been estimated on good authority, that barely one bargain in twenty in London is genuine, while the percentage of *bond fide* purchases on the Paris Bourse is probably even smaller. As for speculative enterprise, it necessarily expands as the world becomes richer; and the wealth of the world seeks outlets and remunerative undertakings, which increase it indefinitely when judiciously undertaken. So the one goes on reacting upon the other, and fresh centres of activity are opened everywhere. Take our own manufacturing and mining districts for example. In prosperous times they yield a flowing volume of superfluous capital which floods the stock-markets, seeking safe securities. That has been going on to such an extent of late years, notwithstanding periods of stagnation and depression, that now the stocks of the choicer railways scarcely give higher returns than consols formerly; while the funds of America and the leading Continental States have been rising till they no longer tempt the needy. So shrewd promoters have their inplings periodically, competing for the employment of the plethora of capital, with schemes and concessions more or less plausible. On the solid foundation of the capital they can obtain, they rear a vast superstructure of credit that gradually becomes top-heavy. And as we already remarked, speculation is so diffused nowadays, that its hazards are vastly increased. Formerly, a man who stood heavily committed in London might content himself with watching the storm-warnings in the City. Now, the foul weather that breeds financial cyclones may be blowing up on the other side of the Atlantic, or on one of those *bourses* of Eastern Europe which are the creations of yesterday. As the activity of

the volcanoes of Iceland and South Italy preluded the great earthquake of Lisbon, so the "cornering" of a Vanderbilt in New York, or the collapse of a Stroussberg in Berlin and St. Petersburg, may send a panic through the London Stock Exchange, and swallow up a shoal of small speculators.

In fact, the sudden commercial activity of the Eastern Continental nations is one of the most suggestive signs of the progress of the world, and it presents some remarkable phases of business-romance. Not so very many years ago the greater part of Europe was still lying fallow, while the riches of the East were being leisurely *exploité*, chiefly by nations of hereditary traders, who confined their commercial pursuits to their own groups of colonies. The Continent was like an unimproved farm, partially cultivated with primitive simplicity by men who sometimes saved but seldom ventured. The scanty surplus of produce was almost worthless for want of communications; and the use of credit was almost confined to governments that spent what precarious accommodation they could obtain on wasteful wars and the redemption of territory. The railways have changed that. People who never stirred from their homes have taken to travelling and picked up ideas. New wants have been created and new ambitions awakened, and the example of rapid money-making has proved contagious. There has been an energetic propaganda by Anglo-Saxon promoters, whose success has inspired a feverish jealousy, tempting the steady-going natives to turn speculators and take enterprise out of the hands of the foreigners. Notably our old friends the Jews have come to the front, working together, as is their habit, with the unanimity which is the characteristic of their race, and which has incited some of their Christian fellow-countrymen to fresh outbreaks of persecution. Great powers, in spite of their crushing armaments, have found means to subsidize useful public works, which have proved sufficiently remunerative to encourage them in similar undertakings. The imposing architectural proportions of the new Bourses of Berlin and Vienna are the outward and visible signs of a financial revolution that has subverted social re-

lations and levelled the old landmarks. Banking firms that have risen from inconsiderable beginnings, form syndicates to float promising schemes. Tradesmen whose fathers lived in dingy apartments over their unpretending shops, have pushed their connections, put plate-glass fronts to their establishments, and gone to inhabit handsome villas in the suburbs; but nevertheless find money somehow to be turned over on the Stock Exchange. Nay, the great landed nobility, who used to wrap themselves in the pride of their caste, leaving the management of their properties to land-stewards and "mayors of the household," no longer stand aloof from the vulgarity of traffic. Princes and arch-dukes have set the example of either transferring great stretches of country to land societies; of granting concessions of their forests and mines on condition of heavy "fines" and handsome royalties; or they have invested largely in the appliances of modern machinery, and become miners or manufacturers, stock breeders or vine-growers, on a scale that reminds one of West American enterprises.

The *boursiers* began by encouraging the citizens to reconstruct their cities; and in fact it is in urban building operations that speculation has had its wildest swing. The stirring of the dry bones has been universal. Flourishing seaports, from Hamburg to Trieste, have received a vast accession of trade, because the volume of imports and exports from the interior has been swelling steadily. Decayed imperial cities, like Nuremberg, are resuming the activity that enriched them in the middle ages, and breaking through the picturesque girdle of their venerable walls, to the intense disgust of artists and antiquarians. Swampy tracts of the Hungarian plains, where herds of cattle and horses used to run wild, are smiling, year after year, with golden harvests; while the sheds on the quays of towns on the Danube are stacked with the agricultural machinery of our Howards and Fowlers. For even backward states, like Roumania, have not only entered on the race, but are already outstripping more powerful competitors. Yet this sudden awakening to activity has its dangers. Nations that had been in the habit of hoarding

and looking closely to each shilling they spent, appreciate the excitement of easy money-getting, and are becoming dependent on unfamiliar luxuries. But they are nervous as ever about their savings, though they speculate freely, and a serious check will bring a severe revulsion at any moment. The great *krach* of Vienna, during the exhibition year, shows how lightly even the comparatively sober Austrians become excited. We chanced to be in the Kaiserstadt at the time, and we shall never forget the abject panic that prevailed. Doubtless a great deal of risky business had been done, and the collapse of inflated stocks was inevitable. But the depreciation of intrinsically valuable building property and of solid land securities, was out of all proportion to the causes affecting them; while the credulity which took the wildest falsehoods for gospel, was simply inconceivable. And now Vienna and Berlin, even Constantinople and Cairo, are in the closest speculative relations with London and Paris—a truth which cannot be too often repeated for the warning of our home investors. As for the present rage for financial speculation in France, which is said to be sending many lunatics each settling day to the Paris and Lyons asylums, we should hope that English eyes are open to its risks, as we believe it is carried on with foreign capital.

The Old World has been making marvellous progress, and rival nations running each other hard, have been amassing fortunes undreamt of by their fathers; but the United States of America are, after all, the stage for dramatic business *par excellence*. They boast the broadest field, the biggest capitalists, and the boldest ventures. There would seem to be something in the climate and soil that breeds a certain quick-sighted daring, which is nevertheless tempered by caution and shrewdness. While not a few are attaining to enormous wealth, while many are making splendid competencies, multitudes are continually being ruined and beginning again, for hope springs eternally out of disappointments and misfortunes, nor is anybody inclined to resign himself to failure. The average American seems to turn to business as Charles Fox betook himself to the

hazard-table. Making money is the greatest pleasure in life, but next to winning comes the excitement of losing. In fact, the Americans are perpetually playing at games of chance; from the agricultural pioneer who shifts westward from farm to farm, selling each successive holding in a vague notion of bettering himself; from the miner who goes prospecting for the precious metals in the wild solitudes of the Western Territories, to the tradesman who starts his dry-goods store on credit, and the professional man who stakes his savings in railway stocks. Nowhere does money change hands more quickly; nowhere is retail trade brisker in good times; nowhere does any plausible schemer or inventor so easily find backers with dollars in their pockets. An American who has "made his pile" hedges against future ill-luck while making free with his capital. Should all continue to go well, he lives in luxury and dies respected as a "cute" capitalist. Should his hopes prove fallacious and his business speculations unfortunate, he has the satisfaction of having had his fling and the zest of recommencing an animated struggle. Nay, even the ladies of go-ahead Chicago, as we see by the journals of that city, have left the parks and the ball-rooms to go upon the corn exchange, and have taken to gambling heavily in grain, which may or may not prove profitable to their husbands. While those magnates of finance who tower above the mass, have attained to the acme of financial enjoyment. They stand together in groups and "rings," intriguing and forming alliances, to monopolize the control of vast national undertakings, which fluctuate according, to the results of their combinations. In fact they are the men who hold the national hazard-banks against all comers. And whatever may be the changing fortunes of individuals, the great tide of prosperity flows and swells, thanks to the inexhaustible natural resources of the mighty watershed it drains.

But, notwithstanding all the marvels of modern enterprise, the most sensational chapters of American commercial history were the earliest, and relate to the rivalry of Englishmen with the natives of the States. The name of Jacob Astor, the father of American millionaires, associ-

ates itself naturally with the fur trade; and we know nothing more thrilling in historical fiction than the lives of the trappers and *voyageurs* of the fur companies. When the greater part of the northern continent was an unreclaimed game-preserve, stretching from the icebergs that skirt Alaska and Rupert's Land to the waterless deserts in the old Spanish province of New Mexico; when the strength of the savage Indian tribes was still unbroken, as the countless herds of buffalo were scarcely diminished—the Indian trader of those lawless days literally carried his life in his hand as he tracked his way into the pathless wilderness, laden with such seductive treasures as powder and fire-water. He risked his scalp on the doubtful guarantee of the self-interest of the "friendly" Indians he hoped to deal with. Yet the trader, though his scalp might be "raised" at any moment, at least made his journeys in comparative comfort. But the trapper had to skulk like the beasts he hunted, in a country swarming with hostile savages, who always kept their eyes "skinned" in search of "sign." Scalps at any time had an irresistible attraction for the wandering braves; and, moreover, they naturally gave no quarter to the intruders who scared the game from their hunting grounds. So when some little knot of trappers was caught and "cornered," there was nothing for it but to sell their lives dearly. The chance of death had few terrors for them. But whether game was abundant or plentiful they still might have to endure terrible privations, for when they knew the Red men were around them on the war-path, they dare neither discharge a rifle nor kindle a fire. They followed the fur-bearing animals like the sleuth-hound, and though they never neglected immediate precautions, no fear of consequences stopped their advance. They committed themselves on brawling torrents flowing into unexplored wildernesses, to the frail canoes they constructed of birch-bark, and were swept down between walls of precipices and past coverts that might be alive with lurking enemies, to the rapids that sucked them towards plunging cataracts. Farther to the north, or in the depths of the winter, they had to endure such terrible extremes of cold,

that even these men of iron often succumbed. Nor was it only with the savages and the elements they had to contend. Competing companies of merchants and respectable investors winked at the ruthless warfare of the people in their service, if they did not positively encourage it. It might have been supposed that the lonely white stragglers meeting in these inhospitable wastes, would have readily lent each other help and sympathy. Not a bit of it. In the territory of the United States, the American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Company—in the British Dominions, the Hudson Bay Company and the North-Western Company—perpetually carried on a remorseless warfare, subsidizing for one side and the other the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the tribes. In these circumstances the trading posts of the Companies, dotted over the wilds, and isolated in the winter by hundreds of leagues of frozen snow fields, were comparatively luxurious havens of refuge. Yet even in these, mere handfuls of roughly armed whites had to garrison imperfectly stockaded wooden shanties against mobs of savages, who, when they were brought together for the sake of trade, were maddened as a preliminary with drugged whiskey. So there was hardly a fur robe in the palmy days of the fur trade, but was stained with the blood of the trappers who had toiled for it; hardly a beaver hat or bonnet that might not have bristled with the memories of some desperate mountain-fight or hair-breadth 'scape.

The history of the United States is emphatically that of a trading people. Other nations have emerged slowly into wealth and prosperity through ages of war, waste, and ignorance, and in spite of the prejudices, indifference, or discouragements of the aristocratic caste that governed them. The Spaniards, who preceded our English emigrants in the New World, were a race of conquerors—literally men of blood and iron—who sacrificed their new subjects to their lust for silver, and left only garrisons behind them in their territories. The French settlers in Canada and on the Mississippi had few of the qualities of successful colonists had the fortunes of war not gone against them. But the pilgrim fathers, and even the cavaliers

who turned planters in the Southern States, carried mercantile and industrial aptitudes with them as the most valuable part of their freight. They found the grandest openings ever offered to agriculture and commerce, in an unlimited expanse of fertile soil with every variety of genial climate. They had magnificent harbors, with an unrivaled network of water communications, that brought each fresh bit of country they broke up into cheap connection with their seaports. They had only to contend with wild animals and roaming tribes of savages, who could offer no appreciable resistance to their advance, and who were inevitably doomed to slow extermination. And when once they had fairly organized themselves together for their *clan*, their progress was as rapid as irresistible. Recruits swelled their hosts from the commercial nations of Europe; and the energy of the Englishman was backed up by the stolid resolution of the Dutchman, and the perseverance of the frugal German. Ireland has sent them legions of sturdy arms, though the mass of Irishmen there, as at home, seem destined to do the rough drudgery of the community. But the result of that blending of blood and races has been a people of feverishly earnest temperament, working with the restless force of a high-pressure engine, abounding in ideas they are bent on realizing, grappling with the difficulties they are determined to vanquish, carrying business into their brief hours of relaxation, and making money one way or an other, in season and out of season. Never has a nation lived faster in every sense; and their very distractions take the form of speculations and business enterprise. The lives of the careworn men who scramble through their meals, who pass their moments of conviviality standing up at refreshment bars, who sleep night after night in the railway or on the steamboat, travelling thousands of miles with nothing but a hand-valise, is typical of their pregnant national history. They can boast of no venerable associations, but already the country is one vast World's Fair, exhibiting on the grandest scale and in infinite variety the whole broad range of modern invention. Already the "New" England States, offshoots almost of yesterday from our Pu-

ritan England, have fallen behind in the race of enterprise, and are comparatively overcrowded. Already the town of San Francisco, whose "Golden Gate" was only yesterday an outlying postern, giving admission to the wildernesses and back settlements of the Union, has assumed such imposing proportions, and admits such a flood of traffic and population, that it seems likely to dispute with the Empire City the claim to be the principal entrance to the country. The rival railway lines, running parallel across the continent, are fast obliterating the picturesque memorials of the wild Western society of the last generation. Not a dozen years ago the railway bridges had to be picketed by pairs of armed watchers, who earned inadequate wages on the understanding that their scalps might adorn an Indian wigwam. It was nothing unusual for a through-train to Truckee or Omaha to be brought to a stand-still by a stampede of buffaloes. Now the last of the Sioux or Cheyennes have been relegated to their reserves, or lounge about the stations in the last stage of moral dilapidation, ready to lend the Palefaces a hand with their luggage. The buffalo have been wantonly massacred for their robes, and have retreated behind the Red River or to the confines of Texas and New Mexico. The Smoky Forks, famous in frontier warfare, are dotted over with farms and thriving townships; while the "Bloody Creeks," so named from the massacres of mountain-men, are moorings for fleets of canal-boats and grain barges.

The scope that is offered to financial and industrial ambitions in developing and manipulating the resources of such a continent, with its inexhaustible water-power, is practically unlimited. How quickly may money be turned over, and how general must be the diffusion of wealth, when a cluster of wooden shanties in some favored situation springs into a town in the course of a year or two, and grows by geometrical progression from a town to a great city! Steady men are placed in comfortable circumstances by ordinary industry or by the natural advance of legitimate investments. They buy the land or building sites, and bide their time, till the price goes up with the spread of population, in

the meanwhile raising money upon mortgage, which they turn to profitable account. Others with keener brains seize on one of the chances that are always presenting themselves in a new country, and originate some local industry that is the making of a neighborhood, and yields fabulous returns. While others, again, who are pronounced still more fortunate, hit off a vein of silver, discover a coal-field or a copper-mine, or strike petroleum, probably selling the concession for millions of dollars to a company who can find the capital for gigantic works. What with the extraordinary impulse given to joint-stock enterprise; with the growth of the grain trade, the cattle trade, the pork trade—which not only supply fifty millions of home consumers, but flood the foreign markets; what with the constant construction of railways and other indispensable works—a class of men have come into existence who are leviathan speculators *par excellence*. They have no fancy for locking up their money in land. They have no temptation to turn their attention to politics, except in so far as controlling the legislatures may serve their purposes. They have no ambition even to found a family, for those who come after them may take care of themselves, which generally they are very well able to do. They have, for the most part, few personal wants, and no extravagant tastes; and even their lavish expenditure, which has usually a practical object, bears an infinitesimal proportion to their fluctuating incomes. The one pleasure of their existence is making successful hits, and, to do them justice, they care less for the stakes than the excitement of playing for them. They have their friendships of convenience, and their bitter feuds, like those mediæval barons who were always at daggers-drawn. They have their trusted retainers, too, and their troops of dependants, who hold stock by their favor or in their name, and back them up at the board meetings. And, like the feudal barons, they are unscrupulous enough in their dealings, though they may have their peculiar notions of chivalry and honor. So the Vanderbilts and the Dreads and the Jay Goulds, with many others whose names have been less familiarly known in England, using the spare

millions which are really of little use to them except as counters, give a strange zest to their feverish lives, by devising combinations to the discomfiture of their opponents. Sometimes the war is waged openly, as when a concerted attack is opened on some combination of lines which has been appreciated by a group of rival capitalists. Or the snares are laid with such skill, that even a "long-headed" ring plunges headlong into them; and then the question is, whether they be strong enough to hold the victims. Only the other day a daring conspiracy of outsiders caught the knowing ones, almost without exception. An incident of this kind is of rare occurrence, and says more for the courage of the plotters than for their wisdom, unless they are satisfied with the *coup* they have made, and take their leave of Wall Street with their profits. The men who were victimized accepted the defeat with

characteristic stoicism, saying as little as possible as to the extent of their losses. But, sooner or later, they are sure to take their revenge; and indeed it would be contrary to all the principles of successful operations, if so unparalleled a piece of audacity went unpunished.

Within the limits of an article, we can but cursorily indicate what might be matter, as we said, for a most entertaining work. Nor would it be an anticlimax, even after allusion to the gigantic speculations and colossal enterprises of the American continent, to end, as we began, with a reference to the life romances of the humble business-folk who are toiling to keep body and soul together. For only genius with dramatic gifts of description could do sympathetic justice to the struggles that are sustained from day to day, and unbrightened by a gleam of either hope or excitement.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ELECTRIC PROGRESS.

LET no reader groan on seeing this title, fearing that he is to be treated to an *olla podrida* of scraps from scientific textbooks, served up with a mysterious sauce of algebraic and technological spicing. There is no intention to set on the table any such indigestible and unsavory compound. No dishes with long and incomprehensible names, more puzzling to the uninitiated than the things they profess to describe, will be thrust before him. No jargon of Volts, and Ohms, and Webers shall bewilder him. No magnetic molecules shall dance a maddening war-dance round his chair. Neither internal nor external "resistance" shall vex his soul. That mystic EMF over which scientific men gloat as schoolboys over plum-cake, will not be allowed to enter here. Polarization and induction, tension and electrolysis, foot-pounds of energy, anodes and cathodes, $A+B-X$ and $SO+HO$, with all their kindred, will find no place. The table is spread for natural and not for scientific palates. The bread is not to be cut in mathematical figures, as in Laputa, nor the food provided made hideous by being dissected before the eyes of the guests, with the scalpels of

learning. "Ladies," said the Professor of Chemistry, on finding a screen before the fire, "I observe you are repelled by the caloric." "That 'saturated solution' of pedantry should be 'precipitated' down-stairs," was the prompt reply of the guest who followed him into the room; and who shall not say he was right?

Electricity has long been a subject which had little interest except for the lovers of scientific research. A generation has not yet altogether passed away in which all industrial use of electricity was unknown; and the only practical application of knowledge in regard to it was not one to apply it usefully, but only to check its powers of destruction. Fifty years ago, lightning conductors were the only electric works in common use; and the proper construction of these themselves was so little understood, that to this day such appliances are constantly made and put up in the worst possible way for effecting their purpose. Now all this is changed. The thick network of wires that disfigures all our great cities is a daily demonstration to all of electricity being put to most important practical uses, and our means

of communication are such as the most imaginative fairy-tale that ever was written could not excel for wonders. The putting of a "girdle round the earth in forty minutes," was a pretty flight of fancy; and Ben Jonson's Fortunate Isle, where

"You have made
The world your gallery, can despatch a business

In some three minutes with the Antipodes,
And in some five more negotiate the globe over,"

was intended to please mortals with a vision of the unattainable; yet such things are now done prosaically for a payment of so many shillings—the G. P. O. Ariel, with his yellow envelope, bringing us tidings which have outstripped the sun; so that we know by noon what occurred in the evening of the same day elsewhere. But wonderful as has been the development of the telegraph, it appears likely that ere long we shall look upon it as but one, and by no means the most marvellous, of countless applications of electricity. We seem to have discovered a giant whose powers are illimitable, yet whose strength can be applied to do the most delicate and subtle work—who is always ready for duty, and whose energies can be drawn out in a thousand ways—whose strength can be generated at one place, and carried to another for use, without serious loss—who can accumulate his vigor, so that, if it is not employed for a time, he can then do work much harder than he could do continuously—who will begin working, and stop working, at a touch—who will bore our hardest rocks, and carry our gentlest whisper to a friend miles away—who will be always docile, noiseless, untiring, never capricious, and ever on the alert.

No doubt many will say, and many do say, that the electrical world has got excited, and is promising too much; that insuperable difficulties will come in the way; that when the temporary excitement is over, electricity will not be found to be so much more advantageous than other forces after all; in short, there is plenty of pointing at cold water, a good deal of throwing of it. Even scientific men are found now pooh-poohing in a grandiloquent manner the future of electricity, magnifying difficulties and minimizing advantages. But let the

reader be patient in the reflection that it always was so, and always will be so. The greatest men are sometimes behind their age in practical matters. It is not much more than sixty years since the most learned men of the day gave evidence on the subject of gas which to us now seems almost comic. The Royal Society reported, in 1814, that no gasometer larger than 6000 feet capacity should be permitted. Such men as Sir Humphry Davy and Sir William Congreve gave evidence before a Select Committee that gasometers of 20,000 feet capacity were too large for safety; that they could not understand the "temerity" of the Parisians, who then were building one of 300,000 feet capacity—Sir Humphry declaring that 12,000 was his limit, and that he would be uneasy if he lived near one of 20,000. Great fear was also expressed that if a street-lamp went out, the wind might *blow down the burner and cause an explosion in the main!* And other witnesses prophesied the most disastrous consequences from jets flaring up and setting fire to everything near them. In the same way, when the first steamer was launched, it was averred that no steam-vessel could ever cross the Atlantic; and later, when the screw was introduced, one of the largest and most successful Atlantic shipping companies was satisfied, on full investigation, that no screw steamer could ever make an Atlantic voyage. That same company but a few years ago possessed the only remaining paddle-ship on the American route, and has lately launched the largest screw-steamer in the world for the Atlantic traffic—the Great Eastern, though larger, being both paddle and screw.

But it is in the history of electricity itself that the most extraordinary instances are to be found of the narrow-mindedness and want of foresight, even of learned men, in regard to the practicability and usefulness of discoveries and inventions. The man who first suggested an electric telegraph, in a letter to the *Scots Magazine* in the year 1745—Charles Marshall—was looked on as having dealings with the Evil One, and had to leave his native country and go to America. When Ronalds, about the year 1817, laid his plans for an electric telegraph before the Government, they would not even take

the trouble to investigate the matter. An under-secretary, in the usual official style, informed him that he was "directed by his Majesty's Secretary of State, etc., etc., to inform Mr. Ronalds that a telegraph is of no use in time of peace, and that in the time of war the semaphore then in use was quite sufficient for the purpose." The full effect of this sapient deliverance will be understood if it is imagined that it were proposed now for the first time to introduce the electric telegraph, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt should intimate to the inventor that no telegraph was required, as we were not at war; and that, if war should break out, Mr. Childers could use things like the signal-posts with the projecting arms, which we see on railways, put up at distances of a few miles, and by waving their arms about into different positions, telegraph news quite rapidly enough. Again, after the electric telegraph had been established in this country, the French Government refused to have anything to do with it, unless it could make the same signals as the semaphore with its waving arms; and an ingenious clock-maker had to invent an instrument by which the electric current waved about the arms of a miniature semaphore into the required positions. And when Mr. Cooke, who had successfully introduced the telegraph in England, went over to Paris and proposed the erection of an electric telegraph between Paris and Havre, the idea was laughed to scorn, as being Utopian and impossible, and he came home disgusted.

Coming to the present time, it is easy to find instances of the same tendency to put aside with contempt things that are destined to effect enormous changes in our daily life; and in no branch of science has the wisdom of the Yankee—"Don't you prophesy unless you know"—been so strongly exemplified as in the case of electricity. In 1878, a French *savant* declared that when the Exposition of that year was over, the fanciful mode of lighting by electricity would disappear, and we should hear no more of it. In 1879, scientific men declared that it would be found impossible to adapt electric lighting to dwelling-houses or small rooms. In the same year one of the most able and experienced electricians of the day stated, before a select committee,

that he did not think the telephone would be very much used in this country, giving such reasons as the following:

Query 539.—"Do you consider that the telephone will be an instrument of the future which will be largely adopted by the public?—I think not."

Query 540.—"It will not take the same position in this country as it has already done in America?—I fancy that the descriptions we get of its use in America are a little exaggerated; but there are conditions in America which necessitate the use of instruments of this kind more than here. *Here we have a superabundance of messengers, errand-boys, and things of that kind. In America they are wanted.*"

People in all positions in life sometimes speak nonsense; still it may safely be said that no one but a scientific man would have uttered such folly as this.

Another extraordinary instance of similar narrowness of mind on the part of scientific men is to be found in a most admirable electric treatise, in which the author gives a description of modes by which two messages can be sent at once along the same telegraphic wire, or cross messages sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time. He concludes his description by saying:

"Both these systems of telegraphing in the opposite directions, and of telegraphing in the same direction more than one message at a time, must be looked upon as little more than 'feats of intellectual gymnastics,' very beautiful in their way, but quite useless in a practical point of view."

This was written so late as 1869; yet now telegraphing is practically carried on not by two messages only on the same wire, but by four, and sometimes even five and six.

But perhaps there is no instance so remarkable of this want of foresight and practical grasp which is often displayed by the most able and learned men, than what was said about gaslight when it was first introduced, particularly as what was then said of gas is almost word for word the same kind of thing as some are now saying of electric lighting.

In 1819, Desormes wrote of gas:

"The light is of a disagreeable color, entirely different from the red and warm gleam of our oil-lamps. It is of a dazzling brightness; its distribution will be impossible and irregular, and it will be much dearer than oil-lighting; and even if it should be improved, it will still remain much dearer than those lights which we already possess."

Substituting the word "gas" for "oil," and reading the passage as if electricity were being spoken of instead of gas, the kind of criticism which is now being made on the electric light is exactly reproduced—"cold, dazzling, impossible to distribute it, irregular, dear."

The moral of all this is, that the public, while not adopting any new developments of electricity until they are practically and economically useful, should refuse to allow the pessimist croaking of men, even though they be learned and scientific, to deter them from giving encouragement to the development they must see going on all round them. And the aim of this paper is to give to the non-scientific public some notion of what has been accomplished already, from a practical point of view, in electric development; and also to endeavor to point out how recent discoveries and inventions may be extended in the future, not by way of prophesying what will be accomplished, but of indicating what seems likely. But of this at least the reader may be assured, that if at any point what is said may go beyond that which is actually to happen, what is within that point embraces marvels beyond the wildest imagination possible a generation ago, and practical applications of these which will be beneficial everywhere and in countless ways.

Till lately, the practical applications of electricity were limited to those appliances which could be worked without very much power. No means had been discovered for producing electric energy in powerful form and in large quantity with ease and cheapness. The modes in use were cumbersome and expensive when applied on a large scale; so much so as to debar their use for work requiring great power. But in those departments in which a moderate quantity could be made use of, enormous progress was made from the time when the first great practical use of electricity was begun in the establishment of the electric telegraph. It seems to us now almost incredible, with our tens of millions of telegrams yearly, that the importance of this great step in science was so little understood, that on the opening day of the first Electric Telegraph Company in the world, in London, only two messages were handed in for transmission during

the whole forenoon. But when the success of the telegraph in securing the arrest of Tawell, the Quaker murderer, drew public attention to its value, a great stimulus was given to interest in electrical subjects, and rapid strides were made in such industrial inventions as could be worked with the moderate quantities of electricity that could then be obtained. Still, all that could be done was but as the twitching of the finger of the sleeping giant, compared to what men who understood the subject knew they might expect, if only means could be discovered by which electricity could be developed on a large scale cheaply and easily. This difficulty has at last been overcome, and machines have been constructed which produce electricity in enormous quantity, no other appliance being necessary to cause the machine to produce, than rotary motion obtained from a steam or gas engine, or a water-wheel or windmill, or even from horse or hand labor. This has effected a perfect revolution in the electric world; it has brought electricity from the field of scientific research and delicate appliance into the field of actual mechanical labor; and this not only as a substitute for other modes of doing mechanical work, but in another infinitely more valuable character—that of a vehicle by which such power can be carried at small expense, and practically without loss, from any place at which there is the means of producing it, to any other distant spot where it may be desired to apply it. A very simple illustration will make this plain. A windmill is the cheapest of all sources of powerful mechanical work, if wind is always available. But as there is generally most wind high up where there is no shelter, while the work has to be done on the plain, windmills are rapidly disappearing. Now, however, that electric power can be produced on a large scale, the fact that it can be transmitted along wires makes it possible to use the prevailing wind on the top of the hill to produce electricity, and to use its power at the bottom of the hill to do the useful work required. In the same way there may be great water-power at a spot where no mill can be built, and where the labor and expense of bringing material to be worked in it would be too great.

But now the water-power can be used where it is found, and its strength, converted into electricity, conveyed to a mill erected in any convenient place, to do the work required.

This, then, is the first giant stride that has been made in matters electrical. But its full importance cannot be estimated by considering the power to do mechanical work above described. It has other and enormous advantages. Power in the form of electricity is not only as useful for the kinds of mechanical work which other powers, such as wind, water, steam, or horses, can perform—and convenient from the ease with which the power can be carried to any required spot to do the work required—it will produce a great number of practical results which cannot be obtained from any of the other mechanical sources of power without its aid, and many which can be obtained from others it will produce in a more easy and efficient manner. Take once again the illustration of a water-wheel. In former days, such a wheel could give power to grind our corn, or weave our cloth, or make our paper, or crush our quartz, provided the materials could be conveniently brought to the water-power. Now, not only can such water do the same work miles from where it is running, by its power being used to produce electricity; not only can it work our clocks, drive pater-familias's lathe and mater's sewing-machine, pump the water, turn the spit, work the dinner-hoist, in our private houses, and thresh, grind, spin, weave, and calender in our factories—it can with ease do much more than the water-power could not do, even if close at hand and with the most complicated appliances. It can make the running water far way ring our bells, regulate our clocks, rectify our alcohol, plate our spoons, gild our ornaments, multiply our engraving-plates, make permanent our photographs, and work our ploughs and our tram-cars. These are but illustrations of what can be done and is being done. But even here the wonders do not stop; for not only will power such as water, when employed to produce electricity, be available at a distance from the place where it exists, and for purposes which it could not of itself fulfil—strange as it may sound, the

power of water will produce by its new application heat and light. A water-wheel, by being employed to generate electricity, may light our rooms, cook our dinner, and ripen our peaches. We can have light from it by which we can work as easily at night as in the day—a light which will neither consume our fresh air, nor vitiate it with foul gases, nor smoke our ceilings and destroy our curtains; which can set fire to nothing; the globe of which can be hooked to an invalid's bed-curtain, without risk, or attached to flexible wires and taken into the most confined corner to give light to a workman, without danger of fire. It would fill a volume to state at length all the practical advantages which this development of electricity has opened up already, and more than a volume to state all that it may be expected yet to accomplish. Let it also be understood that while the foregoing illustrations have been stated in relation to water-power, they are equally true for any other power, such as steam-engine, gas-engine, horse-power, or human labor. The fixed engine on a farm can do the ploughing hundreds of yards off. The gas-engine that pumps water by day, can light the house at night. The horses that drag coal-carts for many miles to work a steam-engine in some outlying place, can be used at home instead to work an electric machine, with no loss of time, and in many cases with less waste of labor. The convicts on a treadmill can be doing work by it at any part of, or even outside, the prison. In a word, the power for work can be generated by any ordinary means, and at any place where the means exist, and can then be economically conveyed to the spot where it is to be usefully applied, without loss of time, and practically in full strength. The tide on the shore can do work inland; the stream in the mountain-gorge can do work on the hill-top; the wind-mill on the eminence can do work in the valley; the horse in the yard, or the man in the outhouse, can do work inside the dwelling. And with all its power, and its universality of application, this new servant which science has supplied us with is the most docile of menials. A touch of a lady's finger will bring into action a power which a thousand men

could not resist ; another touch will stop its action or reverse it in a moment.

But even this is not all. This power, that can be thus used for a thousand different practical purposes, and with countless varieties in the mode of application, can not only be obtained freely, and at a moment's notice, at any place, and in illimitable quantity ; it can also be stored up when needful for future use. It may be said that our genii will not only come at the rubbing of the ring or the lamp, but that they can be bottled up harmless, like the *jinn* hauled ashore in the copper vessel by the fisherman's net, and yet remain in full vigor, ready to stand up in his strength when liberated. It is almost literally true that the lightning can not only be seized and made do our work, but that it can be bottled up and stored, and carried from place to place at pleasure. Within the last few years the problem of producing electricity, and storing it up ready for immediate use, has been practically solved ; so that Sir William Thomson could in Glasgow perform powerful mechanical work by electricity which had been generated in Paris, and brought ready for instant application from Paris to Glasgow, just as a clock wound up abroad could be brought to this country and set going here. Of course it will be understood that this is only a popular description of the operation—the reader being presumed to be at present only interested to know what can be done. A scientific explanation of the process would be out of place here. The fact it is desired to impress upon the reader is, that not only can the force of electricity be carried far from the generating source for immediate use by being conducted along wires, but that it may be bottled up in movable vessels, which can be carried like any other goods to a distance, and at once made available for any purpose for which the electricity could have been used at the spot at which it was first produced. Electricity can be stored in square cases, which can be conveyed by hand or carriage to any spot where it is required. The doctor can take his bottled electricity to the sick-room under his arm to perform an operation. The lecturer can bring it stored up to the lecture-table. The

aeronaut can carry it stored up in his balloon. The owner of a boat with a screw can convey electricity in a wheelbarrow to the water's edge, place the cases in which it is stored in the bottom of his boat as ballast, and turn his propeller with it. The lady can have it delivered at her door as the milk is, and work her sewing-machine with it. The tricyclist can put a case under his seat, and run by it. Lamps can be lighted, clocks can be worked and regulated, safes secured, spoons plated, copper-plates made, by electricity stored up in cases. Indeed any operation within the power of electricity to accomplish otherwise, can now be done by stored electricity.

Still there is something more. Not only can we control this power to do work, whether directly or after storing up. The storing up does not merely enable our genii to come out of their bottles at any time ready for work ; we can roll a number of weak genii into one of enormous strength. We can apply the power we possess for producing electricity in a concentrated form by the aid of the discovery of the means of storing it. The *jinn* of the "Arabian Nights" was no stronger when he left his copper bottle than he was when he entered it ; but the one who is now impressed into our service excels all those of the Thousand and One Nights in this, that if we choose we can work up his strength for hours, so that in the next hour he shall be many times stronger than he was. If he was strong enough to lift a ton in one hour, we can store up his strength for six hours, and use him then to lift six tons. We can store up his strength all night, so that he can do twice the work he would otherwise be able for during the day. In other words, we are not limited to using this power at once to its full extent when it is generated, or allowing it to go to waste ; we can store it up, and apply it as concentrated power afterward. This, it will be seen at once, is an incalculable mechanical advantage. It very often happens that there is power available and work required, but that the power available is too weak for the work to be done. One horse is useless if a weight to be moved requires the strength of two ; but if a man who owned only

one horse could by any means get it to do the work of two horses for one hour, instead of doing its own work for two hours, he could then with one horse move a weight that at present it requires two horses to move. This is practically what can be done. A source of power which can only produce electricity in very limited strength, may have what it does produce accumulated, so that it can do work requiring great strength. A feeble fall of water which would only keep up one electric light continuously, can by the power it develops during the day being stored up, keep several lights up for a few hours at night. A steam-engine or gas-engine of limited size, kept constantly going, can enable work to be performed for a short time that could only be done by a very much larger engine of the same kind.

But if our giant is thus a prodigy both of strength, and of application and concentration of strength, let it not be supposed that he resembles other giants in an unfitness for work that is refined and delicate. He is no lumbering clumsy mass of power merely, too rough handed for work that requires sensitive touch, and too gross in perception to be able to separate the coarse from the fine. Powerful as he is from the merely mechanical point of view, his powers in regard to minutiae are quite as marked, and, if possible, more marvellous. The hand that is so weighty has a touch as fine as the most delicate woman. It can catch up and repeat along a long conductor the most minute vibrations caused by the human voice, reproducing them with most perfect accuracy. It can grasp and magnify the vibrations of the movements of the tiniest insects, so that they become audible to the human ear. It can detect the most infinitesimal speck of metal in any substance, and disclose its presence unerringly. It can record permanently the rhythm of the feeblest pulse. It can measure, in degrees so close that it is difficult to put them down on a scale, the variations in the heat of a body. It can detect a trace of moisture to which a drop is as the Pacific Ocean. It can act with such rapidity, that by its aid a photograph can be taken in the 5000th part of a second, so that several distinct pictures of

a horse can be taken in the successive stages of one bound. It can correct clocks long distances apart to the tenth part of a second. It can move in motions so minute and rapid as to resemble the vibrations of an insect's wings. It can take a cast of the most delicate moulding without losing a shade of its perfection. It can record the variations of the speed of a bullet from the time it moves from the breech till it leaves the muzzle of the gun. There is almost no limit to the minuteness of its action, or the refinement to which it can be brought.

The extraordinary development of this wondrous force of nature which has taken place during the last few years, has led to the subject of electricity being more popularly treated than it formerly was, and to exhibitions devoted to electrical science only being opened to the public. The very great interest which these have excited, will doubtless stimulate the development of the industrial appliances of this power to a greater extent than ever, and may lead to still more interesting and useful discoveries in regard to it. But already the day is gone by when electricity was a thing of mystery, associated with telegraph rooms sealed to the public by the "No Admittance except to the Company's Officials" placard. It is becoming rapidly our servant in the social region, as it has been for some time in that of business. The interesting pet of the *savant*, the amusing child of the amateur, has developed itself into a youth of promise, already doing great things, and giving certain hope of still greater.

The recent Exposition in the Palais de l'Industrie at Paris, enabled many thousands to form some idea of what is being done in this comparatively new field for invention. The building, originally erected for an International Exhibition of the industries of all nations in all departments, was filled from end to end with machinery and models all relating to the subject of this paper. A visitor might wander about in the Palais for weeks, and find every day some new marvel to astonish and interest him. Whatever his tastes might be, he could not fail to encounter something congenial to them from time to time. Those

interested in the culture of plants might inspect greenhouses in which shrubs and flowers were growing freely without any other light than that supplied from an electric source. Lovers of art could see the operation of reproducing in metal, with the utmost delicacy of finish, statues or bas-reliefs. Students of photography saw pictures of exceptional excellence taken by electric light. Meteorologists could watch the variations of the barometer and thermometer, and the speed and pressure of the wind, being automatically recorded from minute to minute. Tradesmen had recommended to their use electric tills in which every payment was recorded. Millers gazed with astonishment at electric rollers sorting bran from flour. Nautical men saw M. Trouvé steering his boat, driven by electricity, in the basin of the fountain. Aeronauts were encouraged to hope for balloon navigation by M. Tissandier's model balloon driven by stored force. Members of Parliament were shown how their weary journeys through division lobbies on obstructionist motions might be saved by electrical voting machines, each member's vote being recorded by pressing a button marked Aye or No. Crowds heard the performances of the Opera or Comédie Française by telephones connected with the theatres. People who require to have their premises guarded at night, saw how their watchman could be checked on his rounds as often as desired. Soldiers could inspect the appliances by which communication is kept up between the divisions of an army, and a telegraph erected or taken down as rapidly as the column can march. Those interested in gunnery saw how the speed of shot, both within the bore of the cannon and during their flight in the air, can be recorded. Divers were shown lamps which they could take to the bottom of the sea, requiring neither air nor trimming. Owners of coal-mines had demonstrated to them how it was possible to light the underground workings without risk of explosion, and to know at once in a manager's office if there was a tendency to accumulation of fire-damp in them at any spot. Quarrymen could see the hardest rock being bored, and apparatus for blasting, by which the shots can be fired from a

distance. Musicians were amazed to see at work an instrument by which they will be enabled to sit down at a piano-forte and improvise for any length of time, and find all that they have played recorded at length. Ladies gazed in wonder at sewing-machines which seemed to go of themselves, and at a pace which no human foot could keep up. Travellers saw in all directions most ingenious devices for preventing collisions on railways. Lovers of punctuality rejoiced at the sight of clocks automatically regulated to fractions of seconds. Timid people were offered burglar-scarers and thief-detectors of most ingenious construction. Invalids had a choice of scores of medico-electric appliances, bands, baths, rubbers, and coils for curing all manner of nervous disorders. Surgeons could find many ingenious instruments for diagnosis and operation. Lovers of billiards were shown tables provided with appliances by which the game could be scored on the marking board without leaving the table. Persons going to or from the Palais could ride at twelve miles an hour in a carriage driven by no visible agency. Pumps going as unaccountably raised tons of water to a height. Lifts by which people could ascend and descend by electric agency were at work. Electric ploughs cut deep and well-turned furrows. At night the scene was like fairyland. Hundreds of brilliant lamps made the Palais far lighter than it had been at the brightest period of the day. Pictures were to be seen lighted by the electric lamp, demonstrating successfully that the colors are not changed by it, but remain as they were during daylight. Saloons, more perfectly lighted than they could possibly be by gas or oil, were as cool, and the air in them as pure, as when no lamps were burning in them.

But it would take pages even to state all the wonders of brilliant discovery and invention already made, far less to speak of what may be expected to follow. One final illustration in relation to recent sad events which have horrified the world, may give some idea of what can and will be done with this power as now developed. Within the space of a single year, two tragedies have occurred—one in the Opera House at Nice, and the other in the Ring Theatre at Vienna—in

which the loss of life has been appalling in its extent, and sickening in its details. So strong is the impression on the public mind by these harrowing events, that in all countries those in authority are anxiously considering what can be done to diminish the risk of occurrence of fire, and of its becoming serious when it does occur—fire being the primary cause of these catastrophes—and to prevent the panic which results from alarm of fire, which is the chief cause of the loss of life in such cases; and should there be panic, to minimize the evil resulting from it.

To all these most desirable ends electricity can give most important help. A theatre can now be lighted in such a way that the lamps require no fire to be applied to light them, nor can they set fire to anything. The lights in the body of the building and in the passages can be freed from all connection with those in the parts devoted to the performance, and can be so adjusted that any accident affecting a portion of them cannot influence the rest. Matters can be so adjusted that pressure applied to any one of a number of buttons placed in different parts of the house will at once lower an iron screen dividing the building, throw open every door (ordinary and extra), summon the fire-brigade and the police, and raise instantly a powerful pressure of water.

An enterprising manager of a London theatre has already fitted up his house with electric lights, both behind and before the curtain. That his example will

soon be followed is not doubtful. Even were the light very much more expensive than it is, the additional expense would be by no means a costly insurance for all large public buildings, where not merely loss of property, but terrible loss of life, is the result of fire. And it is reasonable to expect that, as the march of invention goes on, cost of production will be substantially diminished. But when to safety from danger there are added the advantages of freedom from heat, non-consumption and non-contamination of air, and absence of smoke, the advantages of the new invention are seen to be such as to make it certain that its general adoption for use in all large buildings is only a question of time.

If what has been already accomplished in this now rapidly expanding region of practical science is so wonderful, the future prospect is still more so. A few years may bring about a state of things in which men will be astonished that they ever could have thought the appliances of 1860 practical and convenient, and the wonders of the steam-engine be to us as the loom of old days was to those in whose generation the Jacquard was introduced. That the development will be the more rapid and the more useful in proportion to the general interest taken in it by the public is sure; and it is hoped that what has been said may tend to promote such a feeling of interest in a subject which is daily proving itself to possess substantial benefits for it.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LINES TO A LADY WHO WAS ROBBED OF HER JEWELS.

WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

BY FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

WHEN, jewel-girt, the priest to pray
Entered his holy place alone,
From Judah's God flashed forth a ray
Which gave a soul to every stone.

Ay, and in other lands men taught
How gems with secret power shone bright,
And that their changeless charm was fraught
With something of a spirit-light.

Dead is that dream, but none the less
Life's fountain through their lustre flows,
And fills each sparkling barrenness
With growths which blossom as the rose.

As we look back, a diamond ring
 May Hope's white flag once more unfurl,
 Love's blush around some ruby cling,
 And Memories throb within a pearl.

Then, since no fresh gaud of to-day
 Can match what vanished hours endear,
 Let thy heart frankly have its way,
 And sorrow without shame of fear.

Yet, sorrowing, on this faith repose,
 That all who know and love thee feel
 The richest of thy gems are those
 No thief—not even Time—can steal.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE REVISION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

BY JOSEPH REINACH.

I.

"HAPPY," said a certain Roman, "happy is the woman who has no history!" "Still happier," said one of our own times, "is the people which has no written constitution!" Of such peoples, the English occupy the first rank. Where, indeed, is the constitution of England? It is like Pascal's famous circle, whose centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere. There are in Westminster numerous old charters, old bills, old laws, old parchments, in which the customs and practices of the country are registered, and it is this mass of old, mysterious papers that contains the most solid political constitution in the world—a constitution more durable than a rock of granite, and as little to be analyzed as a mystic dogma.

Is it well that a people should or should not have a constitution mapped out like a code? The philosopher who reasons in the most absolute manner hesitates before such a question. The politician simply answers that all depends on the degree of latitude—in other words, on the people itself. The English eat more beefsteaks than the French, and the French drink more wine than the Italians. That is all. Were the English to eat less meat, and the Italians to drink more wine, they would fall ill—that is to say, regimens vary according to climate, as also they should according to age.

I have often thought that it is with political regimens as with other regimens, and that they also should vary according to the country, epoch, or other circumstances. Truth, pure and absolute, can be found but in the positive sciences, and should not be sought elsewhere. It is true all over the world that two and two make four, that the square of the hypotenuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides; but it is not true all the world over that a republic is the best of governments, or that a parliamentary monarchy is the best of republics, that centralization is better than federation, or the contrary, that universal suffrage is preferable to restricted suffrage, that the Church should be separate from the State, that the House of Lords should be hereditary, etc. "Truth this side the Pyrenees," said a philosopher, "is falsehood the other side." In politics nothing can be absolute. Those republicans who reproach Voltaire or Mirabeau with having been royalists are simply imbeciles, and he who writes these lines deems he affirms the simplest and most natural thing in the world when he declares that a republican on the banks of the Seine would probably have been a royalist had he been born on the banks of the Thames or the Danube. True good sense and true patriotism, from our point of view, by no means consist in examining which are the best political and social solutions

in the ideal republic of Plato. They consist in trying more simply, and at the same time more laboriously, to find out what political and social solutions would, at a certain epoch, and under certain circumstances, contribute most largely and most efficaciously to secure the grandeur, prosperity, and force of the nation. Thus it is that a constitution which exists only in name is excellent for the other side of the Channel, and that on this side of it we absolutely require a constitution as precise, as exact as our civil code.

Why can England do perfectly well without a precise constitution drawn up in a set number of articles? Why is a very strictly defined constitution indispensable to France? This problem is a complex one, and is capable of more than one solution. It must first be admitted that, if the English people is more practical than the French, the latter people is, in a certain sense, more idealistic, and at the same time more positive; more idealistic, in that we endeavor to obtain in politics as elsewhere more perfect solutions; more positive, because when we think we have found these solutions we must absolutely materialize them, for it appears to us that our political conquests only become real and definite when written down in some formula. Secondly, it must not be forgotten that the English Revolution is three centuries old, and that, after a short republican interim, it completed what it had begun by consolidating it and surrounding it with most liberal and parliamentary institutions; the monarchy, which at first it had thrown down, thus following up and continuing through succeeding ages the advantages it had gained. But how different is it with our French Revolution! This Revolution, indeed, is not yet a hundred years old, and what it last brought forth is this: the establishment of a republican democracy in a country which has behind it fifteen centuries of monarchical government, and monarchical government of the strongest and most glorious. The Republic may have been proclaimed in France as early as 1793, but between proclaiming a form of government and sustaining it the difference is great. Those who have studied our contemporary history know it to be in reality but a

long struggle between the *ancien régime* and the *nouveau régime*; the nation has very naturally felt a desire to mark each important step in this struggle by a new constitution. For this is worthy of notice: the old monarchical France was exactly like England is—that is to say, it had no written constitution. Our written constitutions date only from the Revolution.

Our constitutions, as has just been said, mark the great steps in the struggle between the *ancien régime* and the Revolution during the past ninety years. We must show how they have been brought about, for that alone will explain our having had in France so large a number of constitutions which have resembled each other so little. First, then, the men of that magnificent assembly, the Convention, endeavored to put into practice a form of government utterly impracticable. For the most part disciples of Jean Jacques Rousseau, they intended to form a constitution on the *Contrat Social*. Was not the *Contrat Social* the highest ideal of justice? The men of the Convention, with the exception of Sieyès, only forgot one point, which is, that one of the most powerful influences that act on the life of a people, as on the life of an individual person, is the influence of the past, of history. No matter what may happen, a people cannot raze to the ground its national history—that is to say, its customs, its habits, its education, all it has imbibed while still at its mother's breast, and breathed with its native air. Consequently, whatever spirit of progress animate a nation, whatever be its aspiration toward the future, that nation can create nothing, nor can it found anything serious without taking into account the past, without uniting, so to say, the past with the future.

Those who drew up the grand constitution of the year III. neglected to take this into consideration, and thence ensued their rapid failure. They drew up a constitution which, when contemplated purely and solely with the eye of reason, as said Kant, was admirable, full of the noblest and most elevated views, breathing justice from the first line to the last; it was patriotic, republican, and democratic in the highest degree; it would have met with the acclamations of Plato,

it would have been unanimously sanctioned in the country of Idalia. But this constitution had one drawback: it was like Roland's celebrated horse, possessed of every quality except life. This constitution took no deep root in the country. It was in itself a perfect monument. The Convention thought that to introduce and to proclaim it would suffice. But the old French soil was full of fissures, it was still covered and encumbered with the foundations of the old monarchical establishment, and these foundations by no means suited the new structure. Hence this inevitable and fatal result. The constitution of the year III. rested about as firmly on French ground as a house of cards on a table. Having no foundations it fell to pieces at the first breath of wind, whatever may have been its ideal beauty and its marvellous harmony.

The constitutions which followed that of the year III. fared the same. They were principally the work of theorists, and numbers of years had to pass before it was generally acknowledged that a constitution can live only if, besides its philosophical beauties, it corresponds to the real necessities of a nation; it can only live if deeply rooted in the history of the nation. Sieyès understood this, Napoleon understood it a little; the authors of the constitutional charters of 1814 and 1830, Benjamin Constant in 1825, already understood it better. Whether these statesmen conducted monarchical or republican institutions, it is certain that they made it their study in the Republican institution to keep in sight the grand centralizing traditions of the monarchy, and the solid establishing of the principle of executive power; when they wrote monarchical constitutions, they kept in sight the victories gained by the French Revolution, that love of liberty which had taken possession of the country, those democratic customs which more and more it seemed to cherish. It must be even owned that, as a general rule, it was the authors of monarchical constitutions who, in 1814, 1815, and 1830, most carefully took into account and kept sight of the divers aspirations of the country, and whose work best corresponded to the general sentiment and the veritable wants of the nation. However sad a true French

patriot may feel even at the present day, when he calls to mind the causes that brought about the first Restoration, with whatever anger he may contemplate the attempted return from the island of Elba, whatever may be his feelings with respect to the monarchy of July, 1830, he will be forced to admit that these three charters were, for the time being, the best in the world, or nearly so. They took into consideration monarchical traditions which were, for the most part, simply governmental necessities, nor did they lose sight of the new and powerful aspirations of the new world. And this, indeed, occasions no Frenchman thoroughly acquainted with our contemporary history surprise or astonishment; it is of little moment with what names our numerous constitutions are labelled; these names were, as a rule, fallacious. Thus the Napoleonic Constitution of 1851 was called democratic, while, when compared with the constitutions of 1814 and 1830, it was the last degree of most detestable Cæsarian absolutism and reaction. It is true its frontispiece was universal suffrage, but universal suffrage becomes a solemn lie when coupled with plebiscitum, when *scrutin d'arrondissement* is substituted for *scrutin de liste*, when official candidature is cynically exercised.

In short, since 1789, modern France has been endeavoring to find, sometimes groping in the dark, so to say, and meeting with painful misadventures, but still endeavoring to find the truest political constitution. Is it to be wondered at that she has not found it at once? No, for this constitution must attain two principal objects, which were indeed difficult to attain. It must first be the constitution of *France* in all the force and beauty of that name, which represents not only a geographical entity, but also an admirable historic entity. It must then be, but simultaneously, in perfect harmony, the constitution of that new world, the basis of which had been laid by the Revolution.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that this double aim was not reached at the first trial; this aim was not even easily understood the first day, and many people have not even yet understood it. But I do believe that a very large majority of the French people has understood

what ought to be the general and leading character of our constitution. Of all our past constitutions, that of the 25th of February draws nearest to that character. Its revision has been asked by the *Président du Conseil*, Gambetta, in the name of the President of the Republic, Grévy. I will give a short account of this constitution, and of the *ensemble* of reforms actually proposed to Parliament.

II.

"The assembly elected in February, 1871, and which has successively borne the names of *Assemblée de Bordeaux* and *Assemblée de Versailles*, was monarchical, it was still so the very day it voted the Republic; for this vote was not a disavowal of its opinions, but a simple declaration of its own powerlessness to found a monarchy. M. Thiers comprehended this incapacity at a glance. He had understood that, in the face of a country of Republicans, all the efforts of a majority, united only in its hate for the Republic, but otherwise split into three irreconcilable factions, would only end in repeated defeats. And in this he proved to be a true statesman."

We have been desirous in these terms to cite literally what our judicious friend, M. Ranc, characterizes as the political history of the National Assembly of 1871. This Assembly comprised, at its origin, some 200 Legitimists, 150 Orleanists, 10 Bonapartists, and more than a hundred members without any decided political opinion, but who on the morrow of the Empire, and of the terrible events by which the *début* of the Third Republic was marked, thought that the fittest government to raise France from its ruins would be a constitutional monarchy. At the commencement, the National Assembly could not count 300 Republicans—a very feeble minority, one will say now, as was said then by the Republican party. But in the month of July, 1871, this minority represented the majority of the country. Indeed the National Assembly had been called not for the purpose of forming a constitution, but to make peace with Prussia. France was exhausted by the gigantic effort and strain of *défense nationale*; and though she had, during the four long months which

followed the fall of the imperial army at Sedan and Metz, astonished the world by the heroism with which the armies of Trochu, Faidherbe, and Chanzy were brought forth, though on the German invasion each inch of French ground was most manfully defended and ceded only at the last extremity, and though the heroism displayed at the siege of Paris eclipsed all heroism spoken of by history, in the month of February, 1871, our great and unhappy nation was exhausted. The most tenacious and courageous men would have liked to continue the struggle. But as a whole the nation felt incapable of further resistance; and in this they were wrong, according to my personal opinion. It must not be denied then, for it is a historical fact, that the National Assembly was elected for the purpose of making peace. In the beginning it was by no means called together for the purpose of giving France a republican or a monarchical constitution. The large majority of the electoral programmes may be consulted, and it will be found that the question there treated does not bear upon republicanism or monarchy. The question of war or peace alone is considered.

At first, the members of the *droite* in the National Assembly, whose numbers were not exactly known, thought so too. They thought nothing about a constitution of any kind; and a very manifest proof of this may be found in the double fact that in the first days, and very spontaneously, they named as their president that ancient and very eminent Republican, M. Grévy, and as head of the executive power that same M. Thiers who, as far back as 1848, had repeatedly said that the form of government under which France is least divided is a Republic. These two men were elected, then, without any political intention. Peace once signed and the insurrection of the 18th of March suppressed, thanks to the energy of M. Thiers, then only did political questions become preponderant; the *droite* prepared for the overthrow of M. Grévy, who was replaced by M. Buffet, and for that of M. Thiers, who was replaced by Marshal MacMahon.

At the present day it is a well-attested fact for sincere and honest minds, that to invest the National Assembly of 1871

with constituent power was not the intention of its first electors. It was a real abuse of power even to declare that it had the right of providing France with a constitution. The number of members of the *droite* was known now; the adversaries of the Republic were in the majority, from which they drew the apparently logical conclusion that a monarchical constitution could now be drawn up. All Republicans who walked in the same direction as M. Gambetta were violently opposed to this manœuvre, which was punished in the most curious way.

The National Assembly declared itself constituent in order to bring about a monarchy. In reality a Republic was founded by it, not until after much hesitation, it is true. As Virgil says:

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.

Why was not a monarchy founded by the National Assembly, the majority of which was for a monarchical government? There are several causes for this historic phenomenon; we will endeavor briefly to enumerate them. The first has been very picturesquely pointed out by M. Thiers: "Three pretenders," said he, "cannot sit on one throne." There were indeed three pretenders, the Count de Chambord, the Count de Paris, and Prince Louis Bonaparte. And note, that after the 24th of May, after M. Thiers' fall, when the Duke de Broglie had formed that most ungrateful coalition against *le libérateur du territoire*, M. Thiers, only in order to found a monarchy, after the Count de Paris had been to Frohsdorf to abdicate formally in the presence of the Count de Chambord, there still remained two pretenders, the one a Bourbon, the other a Bonaparte. It is true there was, or at least it was thought so, a legitimist-royalist majority. "We will have the monarchy," said M. Edouard Hervé, "even if we can get but a majority of one voice." But the Count de Chambord is a personage unique in history; he was offered one of the finest thrones in the world—this throne was known to be rather worm-eaten, it is true—but on one condition: the adoption of the national tricolored flag. The descendant of Henri IV. refused, and declared he would never give up the white flag. And then Marshal MacMahon summed

up in one happy phrase the second cause by which the Restoration was prevented. He said one day to the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier: "If the white flag were to be raised in opposition to the tricolored one, and if it were hoisted at a window while the other floated opposite, the *chassepots* would go off by themselves." That is to say, civil war would break out. The Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier was too patriotic, the Duke de Broglie too prudent, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia not made enough to attempt such an undertaking.

Such are the two best known reasons which hindered the reinstatement of a monarchical constitution in this country. I must now set forth the third and least known, which really philosophic historians ought to consider as the principal one. The reason is this: If the majority in the National Assembly was unquestionably monarchical, the great majority of the nation was already (May-October, 1873) strongly attached to the Republic; and in a country such as ours, in a country where the Revolution had been made, and which had seen thirty or forty years of parliamentary government, *plus* twenty-five years of universal suffrage, no chance majority will hold good or even count. It is impossible to force a certain form of government on thirty-six millions of men who want none of it, except by bloody and violent measures, with the aid of fifty thousand bayonets, and with a most criminal and infuriated determination to stop at nothing.

This, in our eyes, is the true cause of the check to the monarchical restoration in 1873. France wanted the Republic. Its express desire was known even to those who were trying to re-establish the monarchy. They could find none but the most paltry pretexts for overthrowing M. Thiers. They never dared to speak openly to the nation of their ambitious plans. When they were trying to bring about the Restoration, they did so in secret, like people who defraud and deceive. I believe they tried to hide the true state of the mind of the nation from the Count de Chambord. But, however behindhand the Count de Chambord may be in some respects, he is perspicacious enough; he understands at a glance. Is it simply and wholly out of

respect for the monarchical tradition that he refused the tricolored flag, and thus compelled his own partisans to renounce their designs? We think not. We imagine the white flag to have been partly a pretext, that the Count de Chambord thought it the most honorable *porte de sortie*. He certainly must have been aware that even if his throne were built up, it would be but ephemeral, and that the Restoration would be the beginning of a frightful period of discord, which would be the ruin of France, and which, in the end, would probably cost him very dear. He was afraid, then. This fear, we admit, was patriotic and very praiseworthy. But what does it prove? It proves that the Count de Chambord himself understood that France wanted the Republic.

Yes, the France of 1873 wanted the Republic, and each day that passed after the failure of the negotiations at Frohsdorf showed this more and more. The coalition of the 24th of May, once convinced that it was not possible to form a monarchy, decided that at least they would form no republic. They had the most ingenious plans. They and Marshal MacMahon wanted to make a kind of Stadtholdership. Without giving it any precise denomination, it was to last seven years, time enough for the Count de Chambord to repent in or die. This machine was now called *septennat personnel*, now *septennat impersonnel*. In a word, the Dukes and their party would accept anything but the Republic. All their ability was brought to bear on one point—not to proclaim a Republic.

But what then took place in the country is well known. While the Republican party, whose courage increased with hope, was becoming more firmly established, and, under the powerful impetus given it by M. Thiers and M. Gambetta, was growing steadily to what it had never before been except by accident, one part of the Government, the monarchical party, was becoming completely disbanded. Some, with the wavering mass always so numerous in every country, came over to the Republic. The others, disconcerted, sick at heart of the growing disunion of the Assembly, went over to swell the Bonapartists. Directly after the war, this unlucky party was reduced to a state of impotence. It ap-

peared that, for the honor of the country oppressed by it for a space of twenty years, and finally dismembered by it and given over to invasion—it appeared then that this party would never be reorganized. It was otherwise. The numerous blunders committed by M. de Broglie and M. Buffet enabled them to find soldiers for the empty armor, and all at once, in 1874, the ill-omened men of Sedan and of the 2nd of December again raised their heads. They got the better of it in several elections. They raised their voices high. They threatened. They made frenzied protestations in favor of Louis Napoleon's son. But, as luck would have it, in this we found safety. The Orleanists were startled and afraid. It is true they were not fond of the Republic, but they remembered the *coup d'état* and the odious *régime* which had been so harmful to them, and which had ended in our losing Alsace and Lorraine. They feared for their country and for themselves; they feared this sinister and menacing Imperial Restoration, and resolved to overlook the past. The best of them were already among M. Thiers' followers in his adhesion to the Republic, and formed with M. Léon Say, the two Rémusat, Casimir Périer, Dufaure, and Count Duchâtel, the right wing of the Republican army. The others, who formed the *centre droit*, decided after some deliberation, in their patriotic hatred of the Empire, some to vote the foundation of a Republic, the others not to hinder a definitive Republic being proclaimed. M. Thiers and M. Gambetta availed themselves admirably of this favorable state of mind. They persuaded their colleagues of the Extreme Left to give up their old theories of 1848 before the more important interest of the constitution of the Republic. They decided Edgar Quinet, Louis Blanc, and Madier Montjon to accept the principle of two Houses and the Presidency of the Republic. They triumphed over M. Grévy's theoretic scruples; and when an understanding had been come to, the constitution, under the direction of an until then obscure author, was voted by the National Assembly on the 25th of February, 1875. The first article had been voted on the 30th of January with the majority of *one* voice, that one and only voice

which a friend of Orleanist princes had declared sufficient to found a monarchy. Fate is sometimes so ironical.

Such was the origin of the existing constitution of the French Republic. It was not the work of the Republican party alone. It being impossible to find a king, and being confronted with the menacing danger of seeing a third emperor, it was the work of standing Republicans for the time being, and of some twenty Orleanist patriots. And so was admirably effected the fusion of governmental traditions which belonged to the past method, and the aspirations after liberty and democracy which were to distinguish the future one. According to the definition stated above, this was really and truly the constitution of modern France. The Republic had been proclaimed by it, and universal suffrage was its basis. A strong executive power, under the hands of the President of the Republic, had been created by it, and its legislative power was divided into two Houses. It was the veritable concentration and summing-up of the political experience of the nation. When times were altered, the partisans of the *ancien régime* had thrust away universal suffrage; but patriots accepted it among themselves. When times were altered (M. Grévy, M. Louis Blanc, M. Edgar Quinet, in 1848), they had refused to receive the duality of national representation and Presidency of the Republic principles. They accepted them now, and as the Republicans had become a governmental party the constitution they voted was that strong constitution required by a country equally of liberty and order.

Such was the constitution of the 25th of February as a whole, and such are the reasons why it was accepted by a great majority of the nation. This constitution was certainly not perfect; but it contained an amending clause which, though the edifice was to be kept intact, allowed the amelioration and repairing of certain parts of it. The country has thought it necessary to make use of this clause in the election for the integral renewal of the Chamber of Deputies on the 21st of August, and that for the partial renewal of the Senate on the 9th of January. The Cabinet, presided over by M. Gambetta, has taken upon itself the responsibility of this revision.

We will now explain how he understands this revision, and upon what points it is to be brought to bear.

It will be seen that it is by no means destined to shake the constitution of the 28th of February, 1875, but, on the contrary, to strengthen and consolidate it.

III.

It would be tiresome for the English reader were I to enter into the circumstantial details of the causes which, in the month of July last, led to the popular movement for the revision of the constitutional laws of 1875. What is of moment to point out is, that although a great number of Republicans had from the first day been dissatisfied with the imperfections of the constitutional edifice, the nation on the whole was only roused the day when these vices brought about legislative measures in contradiction to the most legitimate aspirations of our young democracy. We are still a people of idealists, that is very certain, but the last ten years we have not been so utterly disdainful of practical necessities as we formerly were. I might sum up the transformation which is going on in France by saying that *opportunism* tends more and more to become the very basis of the new political character of the nation. Now, what is opportunism if not politics itself, that is to say the art of discerning the favorable moment for such or such social or legislative operation recognized by reason to be good and useful?

From the very first hour the leaders of the Republican party had been cognizant of the following flaws in the constitutional pact. First, the strange provision which fixed the place of sitting of the Chamber and Senate at Versailles. Secondly, the silence of the constitution as to the mode of electing the Chamber of Deputies, which, according to the spirit of democracy, ought to be by *scrutin de liste*. This is clearly demonstrated in my former article.* Thirdly, it was stipulated in the text of the constitution that three-fourths of the Senate, 225 Senators, should be elected by an assembly of electors composed, in each department and in the colonies, of dep-

* "Scrutin de Liste and Scrutin d'Arrondissement," *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1881.

uties, *conseillers généraux*, *conseillers d'arrondissement*, and of representatives, one of whom was elected by each municipal board. This led to the abnormal fact of each parish being uniformly represented whatever might be the number of its population; in other terms, a parish of one hundred inhabitants had the same share in electing the Upper House as had a parish of 300,000; a municipal board returned by fifteen electors, as one returned by 200,000 citizens. Fourthly, that the remaining quarter of the Senate, 75 Senators, was named for life and by the Senate alone. Lastly, in consequence of the inexact interpretation given, contrary to M. Gambetta's opinion, to Article 8 of the constitutional law of February 25, the fact, which must really seem monstrous to all Englishmen, that the Senate had the same attributions and legislative power as the Chamber of Deputies in matters relating to the Budget.

Such were the only serious objections that could be made to our constitution; for the rest, it corresponded marvelously to the historical and political wants of the nation. In our country with its monarchical past, it firmly fixed and supported the executive power, as indeed should be done in every well-organized country. The President of the Republic was elected by the two Houses, and not, as in 1848, by the nation. Directly he was named for a period of seven years, he had the right to ask the Senate for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, a right which corresponds to the American *veto*. Besides this, the legislative power was divided between two Assemblies; the dangerous principle of a single Assembly had been given up, it having been recognized that a single Assembly is without control, and that it tends then to grow into a tyrannical Convention whose slightest errors may be terribly fatal to the nation. Of these two Assemblies, one was elected by universal suffrage, so as to represent the progressive spirit of the country; the other was elected by suffrage two removes from universal, so as to represent the conservative spirit. All this, it cannot be repeated too often, was excellent, and all these and other provisions may be considered as having entered

into the very marrow of the French nation.

But it is precisely for this reason, it is precisely because the nation prizes and esteems, as the best of constitutional covenants she has until now possessed, the law of the 25th of February—it is precisely for this reason that at a given moment she ought to endeavor to efface from this monument these several defects, for these defects, were detrimental to the sincere and complete application of the fundamental laws themselves. On one hand *scrutin d'arrondissement* prevented universal suffrage from manifesting itself in all its force, independence, and wisdom. On the other the articles I have cited from the constitutional law relating to the Senate shut out our vivifying democratic spirit from that Assembly. The result of this was that politicians sometimes considered the Chamber of Deputies as not sufficiently political, and that the Senate became unpopular in the great centres. The National Assembly had stipulated that the constitutional pact should be revisable during the seven years, only if the movement was proposed by the President of the Republic; and indeed this was wise, for in seven years the true merits of the system would be tried and all hazardous and inopportune revisions averted. The revision was only to become common property when the vices of the constitution were undeniably established and known, and when the working of the machine had brought them to light. When it had been ascertained that *scrutin d'arrondissement* caused local interests to outweigh general interests in the Chamber of Deputies, and that the Senate, because of its too narrow origin, had ceded to reaction in dissolving the Chamber of 1876, refusing obligatory and lay instruction, throwing out certain laws relating to religious associations and electoral reform, then the cry for the revision became general. This was the cry of the elections of the 21st of August, 4th of September, and 8th of January. It was adopted by the very statesmen who in the beginning wished to put off the revision still longer; by M. Gambetta in his speech at Tours, by M. Jules Ferry in his speech at Saint-Dié, by M. Léon Say in his

speech at the *Hôtel Continental*, by M. de Freycinet in his last Paris speech, by all Republicans in short, by the most moderate, as M. Teisserenc de Bort, M. Dauphin, M. Frédéric Passy, by the President of the Republic himself.

It is this national cry which has been at three different times sanctioned, as well by universal as by restricted suffrage, that the Cabinet presided over by M. Gambetta has just responded to by moving the revision.

I will not enter into the details of the proposed revision, but will only bring into relief the essential points of it, after having reminded my readers that M. Jules Grévy's first political act when he took the Presidency of the Republic was to ask for the return of the Houses to Paris.

The motions brought before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Gambetta at the sitting of the 14th of January, and which have been developed in an *exposé de motifs* to which it should suffice for the author of this article to refer, are the following :

1. In conformity with the vote of the last Chamber, and in order to comply with the clearly expressed will of our democracy, the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste*.

2. In order that the Senate may be more easily impregnated with the spirit of the democracy, a provision according to which each parish shall not be restricted to naming one representative elector of the Senate, but that each group of 500 registered electors may name one representative, thus establishing the proportionality of the representatives of parishes in the electoral body by which the 225 Senators for departments are named.

3. The abolition of the naming for life (*mandat à vie*) of the remaining 75 Senators ; for, if the departmental Senators and the deputies had to give an account of their votes and acts to those who elected them, the Senators for life were only responsible to their own conscience, and that is not saying much when it is a question of a conscience such as M. Jules Simon's, for instance. So that we shall be imbued with true democratic principles, we propose that these 75 Senators shall from henceforth only be elected for a period of nine years, and

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elected not by the Senate alone (co-optation being but a kind of academical nomination), but by both Houses, forming together a national body of electors and representing the entire nation. So that no one may suspect the government of wishing to take advantage of this opportunity to throw out of the Senate some senators who are against the Republic, such as M. Buffet, M. Jules Simon, and M. Chesnelong, the Président du Conseil has generously requested that all posts acquired may be retained.

4. In order not to depart from the spirit of constitutional verity, and to further the good administration of the finances, M. Gambetta demands that the Senate shall have no power over the Budget except that of controlling it—the House of Lords does not possess this privilege—and that the Upper House shall never be allowed to renew a grant abolished by the Lower House.

Such are the reforms in the constitution proposed by M. Gambetta in M. Grévy's name. You see how wise, moderate, and practical they are, and that they have but one aim—to consolidate the constitutional edifice of the 25th of February, to put it above all criticism, and, above all, to secure for it that essential condition of all parliamentary government and of all democratic government, viz., the dividing of the legislative power between two Houses. Accordingly, the Government bill has excited the most violent wrath of reactionary men, and especially of that band of madmen, the *intransigeants*, who would like to do away with everything, the Presidency of the Republic, the Senate, and since communal autonomy is one of their favorite hobbies, with the very unity of the French land. For my part, I know nothing more in favor of the Reform Bill than the sarcasms, jeers, and abuse of the *intransigent* press. These people can never forgive M. Gambetta's being a patriot and a government man. Lately they have heaped imprecations on his head because he is a resolute adversary of all extravagant radical measures, because he wished the Republic, instead of being a small, closed church, to be a grand temple open to all good, intelligent, and capable Frenchmen, whatever may have been their past

political opinions ; because he has declared himself opposed to all scandalous disorder and riot in the street, and, especially, because he more than any one holds the national flag firm and high before all Europe, and that he replied to those miscreants who sought to dishonor our representative in Africa and to renew against him what some disloyal Englishmen, condemned by all good Englishmen, had done against Warren Hastings, by sending M. Roustan to Tunis again.

If M. Gambetta should succumb in this question through any coalition whatsoever, he will nevertheless come out of the battle greater than before,

and with the approbation of all true patriots and all true statesmen, but the country will be in the saddest state ; *intransigents* and *intrigants* would demolish in a few weeks the labor of long years, and great would be the damage for the Republic and for the nation. If, on the contrary, he comes out victor, as we have still great reason to hope, the Republic will be definitively established on immovable bases, and for the honor and happiness of the nation. The happiness of France is one of the necessary conditions for the peace of Europe, and for the prosperity of the entire civilized world.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MR. SWINBURNE'S TRILOGY.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

MARY, Queen of Scots, has hitherto been unfortunate in her poets. She is one of the most picturesque figures in history, and till the last fifteen years it would have been difficult to refer readers in search of an ideal portrait to anything more satisfactory than Scott's sketch in the "Abbot," and the still more slightly filled outline in the "Tales of a Grandfather." Alfieri and Schiller were tempted by her fame ; but neither can be said to have succeeded. Alfieri, in spite of his instincts, could not escape the influence of the example of Metastasio, who hovered through a long and not unprosperous career on the confines of melodrama and opera. Alfieri's zeal (which decidedly outran his knowledge) for Greek severity and simplicity of treatment constantly tended to efface everything but the main lines of the situation, and to reduce the characters to puppets, who would seem sentimental if the strings that set them dancing were not held so tight. The whole tragedy of Darnley's death is transacted as if no one had been concerned in it except Mary and Murray (called La Moreë), Bothwell, and Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, called Ormondo. One may measure how much Alfieri cared for literal historical truth (perhaps how much he knew of it) by two or three facts. Morton does not appear or make himself

felt at any point of the action ; Murray is in Scotland, and in communication with the Queen to the last ; Darnley is simply a faithless and thankless husband, who has the bad sense to be jealous, instead of the tragi-comical zany whom it might have seemed easy beforehand to put away amid universal applause. As for the general local color, Murray exhorts Darnley—as he explains without any personal interest—to foster the chosen children of God, not the God of Rome, who is a God of blood and wrath, as if the God of John Knox were a God of sweetness and light. On the other hand, in Alfieri, Mary and Bothwell are at least well-bred. Mary is the perplexed lady ; Bothwell is the urgent champion, whose sense of his mistress's wrongs is, perhaps, a little over-quickened by his desire to possess and console her : but still they make a more dignified pair than modern historians, with the Casket Letters before them, are apt to reproduce.

Schiller cannot be accused of isolating his chief figures unduly. He brings Queen Elizabeth and all her court to Fotheringay ; he assumes that the French marriage and Mary's trial are on the *tapis* together, in order that he may bring upon the stage the whole intricate scene of Elizabethan politics, and make the long personal rivalry of two women, each

of whom had charms of her own, culminate in a skilfully managed scolding match. If one feels that Alfieri gives his readers too little history, one feels that Schiller gives them too much. He spends a great deal of ingenuity in providing his characters with opportunities to make reflections and express opinions which would have found a more appropriate place in a good quarterly article on a work on the subject, by Robertson or Alfieri, and with all his pains he is magnificently unhistorical. He passes dry-shod over the conspiracy of Babington, and invents a conspiracy of an imaginary Mortimer to rescue Mary at the last, which is only defeated by the intervention of Leicester. To be sure, there is a certain justification for this, as it enabled Schiller to make dramatic use of one of Queen Elizabeth's worst weaknesses. It is clear that it would have cost her less to have had her rival assassinated than to authorize her execution, and the most effective way of emphasizing this essential element in the situation is to place her in communication with a volunteer assassin, who deceived his employer as she deserved to be deceived.

Alfieri and Schiller had the good or evil fortune to write for a public which knew as much or as little of Mary Stuart as we know of the obscurer Lives of Plutarch or Cornelius Nepos. Mr. Swinburne writes after Mr. Froude, and gives his readers credit for having studied his predecessor diligently; the Elizabethan dramatists were more at ease in embroidering the stout canvas furnished to them by chroniclers like Hall or Holinshed. They did not feel themselves bound in any way to penetrate by dint of imagination into secrets that will always perhaps lie out of reach of historical knowledge. Victor Hugo undertook to do this with characteristic daring before the original documents of the past had been made accessible to contemporary readers. He divined what he announced to be the essence of the past, he expounded his own divinations in his prefaces, and he illustrated them by plentiful and impossible inventions in his plays.

Mr. Swinburne is too intelligent a disciple to be misled by the errors of his master, if he is too pious to detect them. The gravest liberty which he takes with

history, throughout his trilogy is a suggestion that Mary Beaton decided the fate of Mary Stuart. There may be authorities for the belief that Elizabeth was moved to sign the warrant by the sight of a letter which Mary had had sense enough to wish suppressed, because it showed too much of her inclination to believe all the scandal the plain-spoken Countess of Shrewsbury had to tell of her mistress. But no known historian has ever asserted that the paper was forwarded at the decisive moment because Mary Stuart, when she heard Chastelard's last song again after more than twenty years, could not or would not remember the name of the singer. Fletcher, it may be remembered, did not disdain a more or less imaginary accident of the same kind in Henry VIII., and since then dramatists have generally felt it due to their art to play Providence, even in historical plays, to their characters. Shakespeare himself leaves his principal characters to bear their historical fate, so far as he knew it, unaltered and uninfluenced by his own devices; but even Shakespeare has more than one half historical character like Falconbridge or Falstaff, who are at once actors and spectators, and give the kind of unity to the play which used to be given by the chorus.

Apart from her one decisive intervention, this is the position of Mary Beaton throughout Mr. Swinburne's trilogy; and her *rôle* is certainly indispensable. It would have been impossible to represent the real unity of Mary's checkered career as queen and captive through five-and-twenty years within any possible dramatic limits, and the three episodes which form the subject of the three plays have no visible connection of their own. But this is admirably supplied by making the victim of the tragedy of Chastelard the witness and the judge of the tragedy of Darnley, and witness, judge, and executioner in the final tragedy of Mary. The parallel is carried out in detail. Mary Beaton watches the death of Mary, as she had watched the death of Chastelard, and hears the same curse on the Queen's enemies after both. As a matter of stage management, perhaps the scene of Chastelard's execution is better contrived than that of Mary's. A conversation between two ladies at a

window about what is going on in the street, out of sight of the spectators, would look more lifelike than a conversation in a balcony about what was going on in the hall below, if the hall was to be out of sight of the spectators too. As a matter of dramatic construction, both may be said to combine the advantages of the Elizabethan method of leading the characters off the stage to execution, and the Greek method of sending a messenger from within to describe the catastrophe to the chorus.

One cannot say that these details are unimportant, because neither *Bothwell* nor *Queen Mary* can have been intended even for a regenerated stage; even a closet drama is acted in the imagination. Perhaps in all dramas the most beautiful figures owe something to the imagination not only of the writer, but of the reader.

And this, if true at all, is especially true of Mary Beaton: it is little that she can do, it is not much that she can say. We have to remember what she is. Upon this condition her simple reiterated—

“But I will never leave you till you die,”

has the same sort of impressiveness as the mute shrouded figure of Achilles mourning for Patroclus, which occupied the centre of the stage half through one of the most famous tragedies of Æschylus. She is an incarnate Nemesis; her pale, shadowy, placid features are the mask of the avenging deities who are always shod with wool. She helps her beloved to his doom without reproaching him; she watches her mistress without menacing her; she listens to her ecstatic piety without rebuking her; she prays to be delivered from the necessity of betraying her; and at last she sees her die without exulting over her. Her only hope in the death of her Queen is to be able to die soon after, with all her passion burnt out long ago. We heard already—

But now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are.

Mary Beaton makes us say the same of destiny; for the poet assumes throughout that destiny is bound to fulfil her desire and her trust. The retribution which makes her heart beat with intolerable satisfaction is not to be called ven-

geance, or even justice. Mary Stuart has suffered far more keenly before; in her last strait she feels herself comparatively innocent, more righteous at any rate than her denouncers; she has had the last triumph of putting them in the wrong; her death comes upon her as a not unwelcome surprise. To the last she sees in Mary Beaton only a faithful companion, who has never been able to speak out the love which she doubtless felt. After all Mary Beaton's awestruck waiting, after all her bitter heart-searching, death comes at last out of her hand more like a deliverance than anything else. It is seldom a tragedy which deals with such bloody matter leaves the reader so calm. We are made to feel that the worst does not need to be explained, or atoned; nature and time are sure to be too strong for it; at last it will be left behind and vanish away. In spite of Mary Beaton's mistrust, if we are to think she is mistrustful, it seems as if Mary Stuart met her own end in a nobler mood than Mary Beaton witnessed her beloved's, when Mary Beaton says—

I too have prayed.

God hear at last her prayers not less than mine,
Which failed not sure of hearing.

We do not ask who prayed most sincerely, but who prayed most generously.

The character of Mary Beaton has another value. She is the one ideal element throughout the trilogy, and brings the end into harmony with the beginning. As we turn from *Chastelard* to *Bothwell*, and from *Bothwell* to *Mary Stuart*, we feel as if we were going all the time from bad to worse, leaving a world of gracious imaginings, of bright passions, though their fruit is death, for a world of coarse violence, of brutal desires—a world of dull intrigue. It would be too abrupt a transition to the serenity of Mary's last hours, if through all we had not seen the same pure and patient figure watching for what she alone foresees, till she has ceased to wish for it.

Throughout we have spectators of another kind: representatives of the passionate Protestantism which made any real loyalty impossible in Scotland, while for the time it seemed to intensify loyalty in England. In *Chastelard* they only appear like the little black specks of cloud in a clear sky, that are the pre-

cursors of the hurricane in *Bothwell*. Knox and the citizens of Edinburgh make themselves felt as a greater power than Murray or Morton: though the action of the play is carried on without them, their part is more like the scrivener's scene in *Richard III.*, than like the tribunes and the citizens in *Coriolanus*. In *Mary Stuart*, again, Phillips is meant to show what was noblest in the temper of the Puritan Association in defence of Queen Elizabeth, of which we are shown less worthy samples in the citizens who meet to gloat approvingly over the spectacle of Babington and his fellows hung, drawn, and quartered. Mary herself is almost the sole representative of Catholicism until we come to Babington and the rest, and the only effect of their creed which the author cares to represent is that they were open to be convinced by Jesuits of the merits of killing heretical sovereigns. As Mary died a quasi-martyr, it is natural that poets and historians should combine to represent her as a zealot who only lacked the power to be a persecutor, though there is a good deal of evidence that at bottom she was of Catherine de Medici's mind, and cared more for the maintenance of her own authority than for any creed whatever. A zealous Catholic would have hardly enjoyed the defeat and execution of a rebel who offered to set up the mass again in three shires; but it was Mary's interest to pose as a zealous Catholic in her correspondence with France and Spain, for her friends in France were zealots and the King of Spain was the paragon of bigots. For herself, so far as she was capable of conscientious attachment to any creed, she was attached to the creed of her mother and her uncles; and she had a truly royal repugnance to see her own creed persecuted, especially when it was persecuted in her own name, which, so far as the evidence goes, was in a fair way to expand into a wholesome objection to persecution in general. In theory, and so far as they dared in practice, her descendants who came to the throne were decidedly in advance of public opinion in all that concerns toleration.

It need not be said that Mr. Swinburne takes the severest view from first to last, especially at first: historians have commonly hesitated to condemn

her in the matter of Chastelard, who certainly behaved as if he were crazy, and in those days criminal lunatics fared the worse and not the better for their frenzy. Mr. Swinburne makes Mary play with her mad lover like a cat with a mouse, enjoying his admiration and his accomplishments all the more because she sees his danger, and never so near loving him as when she has decided to let him die for her after she has humbled herself to coax and to scold him to get back the reprieve she had granted. At last Chastelard breaks out—

Why there it lies, torn up.

Queen.

God help me, sir!

Have you done this?

Chastelard. Yea, sweet; what should I do?

Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet?

God speed you well: you have a goodly lord.

Queen. My love! Sweet love, you are more fair than he;

Yea, fairer many times: I love you much.

Sir, know you that?

Chastelard.

I think I know that well.

* * * *

Queen. It may be, man will never love me more,

For I am sure I shall not love man twice.

Chastelard. I know not; men must love you in life's spite,

For you will always kill them; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead. Yea, though
you would,

You shall not spare one; all will die of you.

Mary Beaton says to her—

Pray you love me, madam;

And swear you love me and will let me live,
That I may die the sooner.

This is in answer to a passionate protestation of Mary's resolution to save Chastelard, of which the only visible object is to send Mary Beaton and Mary Carmichael away. Indeed, all through *Chastelard* Mary's cowardice is as strange as her cruelty; three-quarters of the play seems to be written on the hypothesis that she is a self-indulgent coward.* the other quarter, which on a first and second reading gives the tone to the whole, is mystical, and tragical. According to this Mary is—

A Venus crowned who eats the hearts of men.

Chastelard says of her before she has betrayed him or wronged him in any way—

* Mr. Swinburne relies upon Knox for his typical scene, where Mary begs Murray to save her from the risk of a public trial by having Chastelard taken off in prison.

I know her ways of loving, all of them.
A sweet, soft way the first is ; afterwards,
It burns and bites like fire ; the end of that,
Charred dust, and eyelids bitten through with
smoke.

The thought of love always seems to call
up the thoughts of God and of hell ; at
least, in the mind of the true lover, the
false Queen stops short at God.

All this element of the play belongs,
not to the subject or to the heroine, but
to a mood of the author which, while it
lasted, ransacked his richly-furnished
imagination for illustrations. Theatrical
performances used to be regarded as a
religious service. From this point of
view *Chastelard* might have been com-
posed for a feast of Dolores, and *Erech-
theus* for a feast of Hesperia, and, per-
haps, *Mary Stuart* for a feast of Proser-
pine.

There is nothing of this ambiguity of
aim in *Bothwell*. Mary is treated quite
objectively for her own sake, not as an
embodiment of a hectic day-dream, and
on the whole she may be said to gain by
it ; she is harder and coarser, and her
attractions are not represented as some-
thing to rave about, but her wit is keener
and her courage higher ; she has made
so much progress in honesty that she
even shrinks from deceiving her husband
at the bidding of her lover, and her
courage and faithfulness at Carberry Hill
are strong enough to rivet the mercenary
heart of Bothwell. And though her love
for Bothwell raises her to the highest pitch
of heroism, one feels that it is only an
episode in her pursuit of power and ven-
geance. True, there are still traces of
sentimentalism : when Mary is tired of
overruling Rizzio's good advice, she
wishes she could be a shepherdess.
Rizzio thinks she would weary if she
were.

Faith, who knows ?

But I would not be weary ; let that be
Part of my wish. I could be glad and good,
Living so low, with little labors set,
And little sleeps and watches, night and day
Falling and flowing as small waves in the sea.
From shine to shadow and back, and out and
in

Among the firths and shallows of low life.

I would I were away and well. No more,

For dear love, talk no more of policy.

Let France, and faith, and envy, and England
be,

And kingdom go, and people ; I had rather
rest

Quiet for all my simple span of life,

With few friends' loves closing my life days
in,
And few things known, and grace of humble
ways,
A loving little life of sweet small works.
Good faith, I was not made for other life.

But in the main Mary is a manful ad-
venturess who only trades upon her
womanhood when luck goes against her,
and she has to seduce her enemies from
Darnley to Murray upwards by a pathet-
ic display of her weakness. In *Chaste-
lard* she is striving vainly to live up to
her delight in the fight at Corrichie,
where Huntley the elder was put down
in her name ; in *Bothwell* the delight in
battle is her truest and highest happi-
ness. Again and again the poet makes
opportunities to repeat speeches like
this—

I had in mind

Either to sail or drive the deer to-day.

I fear not so much rainfall or sea-drift

That I should care to house or hide my head.

I never loved the windless weather, nor

The dead face of the water in the sun.

I had rather the live wave leapt under me,

And fits of foam struck light in the dark air,

And the sea's kiss were keen upon my lip,

And bold as love's and bitter.

After these reflections she naturally
goes on to explain that the memory of
the past ought never to outlast the
blurred sunshine on a wave ; and find-
ing Bothwell ready to agree with her so
far, goes on—

If I were man, I would be man like you.

Bothwell. What then ?

Queen. And being so loved as you of me,

I would make use of love, and in good time

Put the scythe to it and reap ; it should not
rot,

As corn ungarnished, it should bring forth
bread

And fruit of life to strengthen me ; but mark :

Who would eat bread must earn bread. Would
you be

King ?

Bothwell. Nay ; but servant ever to my
Queen.

It is certainly a proof of courage that
any writer should commit himself to the
hypothesis that Mary was really in love
with Bothwell even for a time. The
only evidence available is that of the
Casket Letters, which were certainly
garbled when translated from French to
Scotch, and back again, though it is a
difficult question how far the bad faith
of Mary's enemies reached, whether they
were compelled to adapt her letters to
Darnley to their view of her relations to

Bothwell, or whether they had genuine letters to Bothwell in their hands, and had only to suppress any evidence they might have contained of how many accomplices Bothwell had in making away with her second husband. However, if Mary was in love with Bothwell, and not merely frankly fond of the one powerful noble who had been uniformly loyal and shown no desire to dictate to her, Mr. Swinburne makes the most of the situation. The apparition of Jane Gordon is unprepared and unexplained; it is inconceivable that she either could or would have thrust herself upon the Queen and her late husband in the way Mr. Swinburne describes. But if we will forget what is conceivable, her apparition is truly tragic both in itself and in its effects. She makes Mary jealous of Bothwell, and this makes Bothwell jealous of Mary, and in his jealousy he shows how little he cares for her as a lover, and how tyrannous he can be as a master, though even then as soon as luck turns against them, her blithe devotion forces him to recognize her as an invaluable comrade.

Her parting with Bothwell is characteristic. She sacrifices herself to save him, and she is desolate at losing him; but she promises nothing, she hopes nothing from him, she looks forward to no happier meeting; they have had their day together, and perhaps there may come better days for either or for both. Bothwell has reason for his jealousy; it was only the common peril that united them. If the scandal had not been so strong her fancy would have gone ranging again, even if it found nothing better in reach for the moment than the lay Abbot of Arbroath. At Lochleven Bothwell is already forgotten. Mary passes from pleading despondency to petulant irony, and from helpless bursts of baffled rage to well-acted penitence, which answers its purpose in playing upon the kindness of Murray. At Langside it is characteristic that she is less vindictive than at Edinburgh or at Dunbar. She actually is willing to content herself with five heads, which is moderate considering all she had gone through. When the battle is lost she finds consolation in the prospect of a hard ride by night to the border. One almost wishes the play could have ended

there. The long scene with Herries on the retreat into England is too full of political calculations. No doubt Mary reckoned, more or less rightly, that she would find it easier to make herself felt in England than in any other shelter that was open to her, but we may be sure that she did not unbosom herself at length to Herries. All through perhaps the author is a little over-anxious to explain the political situation: more than once the characters seem to be talking, not to influence one another or to carry on the story, but simply to give the reader information.

Babington and his fellows have a certain opportunity of action, and the poet represents them as wrangling over it through a long and vivid scene. The leader is vainglorious, and his comrades are jealous, sceptical, and scrupulous. The one man of business among them is the Jesuit Ballard, who is arrested almost as soon as he appears to rebuke them for their folly. Babington himself is a truly magnanimous fop; he is almost as exquisite in his way as Darnley; his mock wisdom is as edifying as Darnley's mock energy, and when the time of trial comes he is as unable to be true to himself as Darnley. He is not a thorough craven, and he does not turn against his confederates, but his last word is—

I have not conspired for profit, but in trust
Of men's persuasions, whence I stood assured
This work was lawful which I should have
done,

And meritorious as toward God; for which
No less I crave forgiveness of my Queen,
And that my brother may possess my lands
In heritage, else forfeit with my head.

Ballard judges him as he deserves.

Yea, Master Babington,
Quoth he: Lay all upon me; but I wish
For you the shedding of my blood might be
The saving of your life; howbeit, for that,
Say what you will, and I will say no more.

And Mary is really no less severe: she corresponds with him, and her letter sends him into an ecstasy of excitement, but upon the rest it has very reasonably the effect of a douche of cold water.

Tichborne. This rings well;
But by what present mean prepared doth hers
Confirm your counsel? Or what way set forth
So to prevent our enemies with good speed
That at the goal we find them not, and there
Fall as men broken?

Babington. Nay, what think you, man,
Or what esteem of her, that hope should lack

Herein her counsel? Hath she not been found
Most wary still—clear-spirited, bright of wit,
Keen as a sword's edge, as a bird's eye swift,
Man-hearted ever? First, for crown and base
Of all this enterprise, she bids me here
Examine with good heed of good event
What power of horse and foot among us all
We may well muster; and in every shire
Choose out what captain for them, if we lack
For the main host a general;—as indeed
Myself being bound to bring her out of bonds,
Or here with you cut off the heretic queen
Could take not this on me;—what havens,
towns,

What ports to north, and west, and south, may
we

Assure ourselves to hold in certain hand
For entrance and receipt of help from France,
From Spain, or the Low Countries; for how
long

Raise for this threefold force of foreign friends
Wage and munition, or what harbors choose
For these to land; or what provision crave
Of coin at need and armor; by what means
The six, her friends, deliberate to proceed;
And last, the manner how to get her forth
From this last hold wherein she newly lies.
These heads hath she set down, and bids me
take

In all seven points, counsel and common care.

Obviously Mary must have known
what fools her last friends were, and can
hardly have expected any real help from
them, and yet she is "fey" with a pleas-
urable excitement at the prospect of
their success. Apparently we are to
understand that the mere physical rest-
lessness of her confinement has thrown
her judgment off its balance. Her spir-
its flag for a moment, and she sings an
exquisite Scottish song:

And ye maun braid your yellow hair,
And busk ye like a bride,
Wi' seven-score men to bring ye hame,
And ae true love beside.
Between the birk and the green rowan
Fu' blithely shall ye ride.
Oh! ye maun braid my yellow hair,
But braid it like nae bride;
And I maun gang my ways, mither,
Wi' nae true love beside.
Between the kirk and the kirkyard,
Fu' sadly shall I ride.

But her spirits rise again as she rides
to the hunting party, which was arranged
on purpose that her papers may be rifled
in her absence; while she expects Bab-
ington and his friends to meet her, and
to carry her off to some place of safety,
of which they have told her nothing,
wisely and straitly as she questioned
them. She bears herself with dignity
when arrested; but when she finds that
she has been robbed and cheated, her

indignation breaks out in a way that
shocks Sir Amyas Paulet all the more,
because he is heartily ashamed of the
shabby treachery imposed upon him.
With the writer's usual abstinence, we
only get the news at second-hand.
Paulet complains of Mary's invidious
behavior to Mary Beaton, who justifies
her mistress as loyally as Paulet tries to
justify his. Even in the trial scene the
characters seem more anxious to state
the case for the public than to convince
one another. Mary of course could not
afford to press her points, but the Com-
missioners could not afford to stop short
of their mark.

Any writer of a "chronicle history,"
from Marlowe to Massinger, would have
made the trial prove Mary's guilt or in-
nocence of complicity in Babington's
designs against Elizabeth's person. No
ancient dramatist, except perhaps the
author of the *White Devil*, would have
attempted to find a dramatic expression
for all the points which were raised in
the course of two days' debate within
the limits of a single scene. Even
Webster would not have worked through
the State Papers as Mr. Swinburne has
done, and he might, if it had pleased
him, have undertaken to set forth the
whole public controversy between Mary
and Elizabeth more easily because he
was not overweighted with knowledge
of it. Mr. Swinburne, one thinks, is a
little overweighted; he assumes Mary's
guilt in her soliloquies, and does not
trouble to prove it in the dialogues.
Again, one fancies that an elder drama-
tist would have made less or more of the
selfish vacillations of the French and
Scottish Courts, would have given us the
debates of Edinburgh and Paris, or else
have spared us their sterile manifesta-
tions at Greenwich. Mr. Swinburne, it is
true, gives us nothing but what is neces-
sary to enable us to enter into the vacil-
lations of Queen Elizabeth, whom he
handles as tenderly as Isaak Walton
would handle a worm. If it had to be
done, it is done once for all with abso-
lute objectivity: only the treatment is a
little too objective to be in any measure
ideal. Mr. Swinburne's Elizabeth is
not impressive, or pathetic, or even
hateful or ridiculous. She is simply a
shrewd, kindly, elderly woman in a diffi-
cult situation, more than half spoiled by

adulation and bravado, for her courage, according to an uncontradicted saying of Mary, is only a matter of words. Before we have done with her we feel it was quite reasonable of her to expect her zealous subjects to rid her of Mary in some way without forcing her to take the pain and risk of a decision. It was they who desired Mary's death. As for herself, in the bottom of her mind she had a feeling that it was not safe for a queen to admit that another might be regularly and lawfully executed; and this feeling would have been satisfied equally well by a magnanimous pardon or a discreet assassination. Her long habit of deference to her subjects forbade her to pardon; and since she was prepared to give way in substance, it was hard that they would not give way in form. All the ideal side of her character is completely sacrificed; we never learn how men came to believe in her, how they came to burn incense before her, till they persuaded her that it was impossible to see her without falling in love with her, impossible even for her lovers to gaze steadfastly on the majesty of her countenance. Of course she was living upon her reputation, like most sovereigns who have reigned close upon thirty years; but one wishes Mr. Swinburne had shown us how he thought it was made. Perhaps it was made, after all, largely by Mary's method of giving little and demanding much. What he does dwell upon rather too nakedly is the contrast between the joyous nature of Mary and the joyless nature of Elizabeth. One never missed a pleasure, the other never failed in the long run; one commanded admiration from all and devotion from many; the other found as much profitable service as she wanted. Elizabeth's servants speak before her with bated breath; they never dare to remonstrate with her about her schemes for assassinating Mary, as Mary's servants remonstrate with her against her marriage with Bothwell. But none of them extol her, except to her face; when Phillips is trying to pacify Paulet's scruples about tampering with Mary's correspondence, he does not say that a man ought to be willing to dishonor himself for Elizabeth, but makes a splendid speech about devotion to England.

Against this we may set Drury's monumental character of Mary:

Such things will pluck
Hard at men's hearts that think on them, and
move
Compassion that such long, strange years
should find
So strange an end; nor shall men ever say
But she was born right royal; full of sins,
It may be, and by circumstance or choice
Dyed and defaced with bloody stains and black,
Unmerciful, unfaithful, but of heart
So fiery high, so swift of spirit and clear,
In extreme danger and pain so lifted up,
So of all violent things inviolable,
So large of courage, so superb of soul,
So sheathed with iron mind invincible,
And arms unbreached of fire-proof constancy,
By shame not shaken, fear, or force, or death,
Change, or all confluence of calamities;
And so at her worst need beloved, and still
Naked of help and honor when she seemed
As other women would be, and of hope
Stripped, still so of herself adorable,
By minds not always all ignobly mad,
Nor all made poisonous by false grain of faith,
She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,
Not without praise, not without noble tears.
And if without what she would never have
Who had it never, pity—yet from none
Quite without reverence, and some kind of
love
For that which was so royal.

One of the subtlest things in the whole play is Mary's attitude in her fight for life. She hardly cares to live except when for the moment she fancies she is going to triumph. Pitiless as the poet calls her, she is not without regret for all who have perished in her defence or her service, especially as they all perished in vain. Of all, she seems to think most tenderly of David Rizzio; she fancies apparently in all good faith that it was he who warned her of her evil fortune, though Mary Beaton remembers but too well that the warning was given by Chastelard, and taunts her with being unable to remember her friends unless she has built them a monument. But Mary's vitality is stronger than her love of life: she cannot bear to surrender to her enemies. She boasts:

I am sure,
Or so near surety as all belief may be,
She dare not slay me for her soul's sake; nay,
Though that were made as light of as a leaf
Storm-shaken, in such stormy winds of State
As blow between us like a blast of death,
For her throne's sake she durst not, which must
be
Broken to build my scaffold.

Though she knows or guesses that her life hangs upon the scandalous letter which she gave Mary Beaton to destroy, though she knows that Mary Beaton has kept the letter, she persists in trusting her as she persists in trusting Curle, her secretary, when he is taken from her into the custody of Walsingham. Of course the confidence is not exactly uncalculating in either case, but one does not meet throughout the trilogy another character noble enough for such a calculation, which after all seems to be more than half instinctive. And her nobility is not something put on at will and put off when she is alone and unwatched: at least, in the last part of the trilogy she is always herself, in the first she is always false, in the second she is often fitful, in the last she is reckless, having outlived desire and hatred, even of Elizabeth, and her hope, if any, is mere constitutional buoyancy. When her doomsmen are at the door with her sentence, she says:

I cannot tell at last
If it should be fear or hope that should expect
Death. I have had enough of hope, and fear
Was none of my familiars while I lived
Such life as had more pleasant things to lose
Than death or life may now divide me from.
'Tis not so much to look upon the sun,
With eyes that may not lead us where we will,
And halt behind the footless flight of hope,
With feet that may not follow; nor were aught
So much, of all things life may think to have,
That one not cowardly born should find it
worth
The purchase of so base a price as this,
To stand self-shamed as coward. I do not
think
This is mine end that comes upon me, but
I had liefer far it were than, were it not,
That ever I should fear it.

It is quite in character with this that when she hears her sentence she refuses to believe the Clerk of the Council until his testimony has been confirmed by

her old keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury. She insists upon his testimony, simply out of coquetry to try how much of her old power upon him is left her, although she has no use for it.

The scene serves only to give the last touch to Mary's character, for it leaves Shrewsbury as colorless as Leicester, or Rosencrantz, or Guildenstern. Elizabeth's Court and Council were in reality a more interesting, as well as a more dignified, spectacle than Mary's; but it is not Mr. Swinburne's fault that the background of *Mary Stuart* is tamer and more prosaic than the background of *Bothwell*. Morton, and Ruthven, and Lindsay, and Bothwell, and Herries, are much distincter and more picturesque than Burghley, and Walsingham, and Kent, and Paulet, just as a moss-trooper is more picturesque, though he is not really more interesting, than a gillie or guardsman. One cannot say in either case that the worthier object is excluded from artistic treatment; art would come to a standstill if it were dependent for its material on reminiscences of barbarism, or compelled to concentrate itself upon the inner struggles of the highest natures. But it is true that in dealing with the material which civilization offers, new and subtler forms of art are needed. Much can be said in a novel which cannot be said in an historical drama. When Byron turned from the barbaric world of the *Corsair* and the *Giaour* to the modern world of *Don Juan*, he discarded his tragic mask. Mr. Swinburne has published his opinion that *Don Juan* is the greatest work of a poet whom he rates higher than any competent critic since Goethe. Many of Mr. Swinburne's admirers would, like the present writer, look forward with interest to meeting him as a satirist.—*Fortnightly Review*.

FASHIONS AND PHYSIOLOGY.

BY J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

FASHIONS and Physiology are not linked together from their association, but because of their divorce. The spirit of unreason seems to inspire the inventive genius of the modern *modiste*, just as it inspired her mediæval predecessors

in the days of the farthingales and stomachers.

History repeats itself; and so does fashion! In its ceaseless round of variation common-sense rarely gets an opportunity; and then never for long.

Fashion oscillates within extremes, and only now and then happens to cross the line of common-sense; from being on one side, it soon passes to the other. Paris is responsible for fashions. The taste of the French governs the world! The French, if they do not love extremes, certainly practise them. In politics they pass from Republicanism to Cæsarism; from Democracy to Imperialism. So, when the pendulum of fashion begins to swing back from one extreme, it passes steadily on till it reaches the opposite extreme. Crinolines came in with the physical needs of a great personage; now for some time skirts have been so strait that it is impossible for the wearer to step out properly, and as to running—well, the less said about that the better; though we are passing through a phase of lawn tennis. When some person's hair grew thin she adopted "pads" and false hair to eke out her scanty locks; and, presto! every woman, whether she possessed abundance of hair or not, must follow suit, diseases and parasites of the hair notwithstanding.

The goddess of reason was once adopted as their deity by the French, at a time when such worship seemed singularly inappropriate; and her sway was brief. The goddess of unreason would seem the more permanent deity for the volatile race, though her worship is not avowed. Where is the unknown sanctum from whence issue these edicts, more absolute than Russian ukase or Turkish irade? Even the most obedient devotees cannot, in my experience, give an answer, or even a clew. Yet they obey, unhesitatingly. The car of Juggernaut is not more pitiless than is the rule of fashion. Victims fall under it, but their sufferings are unheeded by the admiring crowd of votaries.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes. The heel of the human being projects outward, or rather backward, and gives steadiness to "the sure and certain step of man." But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get as near the centre of the instep as possible. Instead of the weight of the body resting upon an arch, in the modern fine lady it rests upon pegs with the toes in front, which have to prevent the body from toppling forward. Then the

heel is so high that the foot rests upon the peg and the toes, and the gait is about as elegant as if the lady were practising walking upon stilts. In order to poise the body on these two points, a bend forward is necessitated, which is regarded as the correct attitude of the "form divine." It is needless to say that there are few ankles which can stand this strain without yielding; and it is quite common to see young ladies walking along with their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps with the sole of their shoe or boot escaping from under the foot, and the side of the heel in contact with the ground. With such modern improvements on sandals (which allow the feet perfect freedom and play) the present mademoiselle, when she attempts to run, is a spectacle at which the gods—well, not quite that, but at which her mother might well weep.

Then, again, what has physiology to say to evening dress? Decency hid her head in shame long ago at low dresses, and has been silent. Physiology says such dresses are a violation of the laws of health. Let it be granted they do not entail much harm in the heated atmosphere of dining-room and drawing-room, yet what of the drive backward and forward, even with the help of numberless rugs and wraps? What remarks have been made from time to time about the long tarrying in cold anterooms, halls, and passages at Royal drawing-rooms? of colds and chills and of unprotected lungs injured thereby? It seems us not to parade the horrors of "a drawing-room" here; but the fact is well enough known, that many a residence along the shores of the Mediterranean has been the long outcome of such exposure.

Whether it be that he is a less æsthetic creature, or that convenience presses more strongly upon him than upon the gentler sex, man certainly escapes the grave changes of dress seen in the other sex. He mildly oscillates from the weakness of pegtops or knickerbockers to continuations of a fan-like character, where the trousers almost conceal the boot, as is the apparently permanent fashion with our blue-jackets. The lapel of the coat covers the tip of the lung just where the low dress leaves it exposed, as if inviting disease to settle there.

The shirt-front is exposed in a very liberal manner in man; but a well-starched linen shirt-front is no bad protection against a rude blast, provided the exposure be not too prolonged.

Even when there is no low dress, the upper portion of the chest in women is often far too thinly clad. Above the corset there is nothing but the dress-body over the tender skin. Fair reader, my connection with a hospital for diseases of the chest tells me somewhat about female underclothing, or perhaps rather the want of it. In private practice, too, opportunities are afforded for observation of the scanty and utterly insufficient under-clothing worn by many whose means do not prevent their indulgence in proper raiment. A thin chemise is often all that is worn under the corset, even in the coldest of weather. It is a perilously pernicious practice. If ladies would only wear something approaching the merino vests, etc. seen in gentlemen's hosiers' windows, they would not require the heated rooms at present rendered necessary from the insufficient attire now in vogue. To be sure, this admits of heavy over-clothing being worn when out of doors—cloth jackets, furs, furs trimmed with fur, and all the paraphernalia of costly outer attire in which the female heart rejoices. But stouter under-clothing would be far, far better, in every way. It would admit of lighter outer-clothes, and be compatible with a healthy stroll, even for those who are not unfamiliar with a carriage.

Then what shall be said about the corsets? What does the Ladies' Rational Dress Association, with Lady Haberton at its head, say about the advertisements in the *Queen* anent corsets?—"They reduce the size of the figure without causing any injurious pressure, while their graceful shape adds a new charm to the form." Whether the audacity or the mendacity of this statement is the greater may be a matter on which opinions can differ, the magnitude of each being so great. A liver compressed till the marks of the ribs are visible after death; that is not "injurious pressure!" Neither is displacement of some of the less fixed organs "injurious pressure," I suppose? To have the viscera driven downward until displace-

ment follows is quite a trifle from the *modiste's* point of view, perhaps; but to the physician it is a grave matter, often entailing ill-health for the rest of a lifetime. And as to the "graceful shape" of a wasp-waisted lady—that, too, only exists from the *modiste's* point of view.

Then as to the lower limbs; why are they to be merely concealed from view by flowing skirts? decency is honored, but why not health? Warm woollen coverings to the lower limbs are quite as desirable for the softer as for the more robust sex.

Next as to hats or bonnets; common-sense, as representing physiology, has never attempted to seriously discuss a lady's head-dress. It is scarcely possible to observe the windows of a lady's outfitter's shop without weeping; and the only thing which prevents laughter in front of a bonnet shop is the prices. A lady may suffer from severe facial neuralgia on exposure to cold, but if the goddess of fashion decree that the bonnet shall be worn on the back of the head, she must suffer patiently till the reaction to poke-bonnets arrives; then she will have a temporary respite from her agony, till the next change again leaves the facial area exposed. She may have sensitive eyes; but no shade of head-dress shall protect her from the sun's piercing rays, unless broad-brimmed hats happen to be *à la mode*. If her skin is sensitive and given to blister, there is a legion of cosmetics advertised—at prices which make a serious inroad on a lady's pin-money. To beautify the skin and clear the complexion it is not essential to wear a suitable head-dress; the *modiste* settles the form of hat or bonnet, and if the cosmetic-vender is benefited thereby, why, there is no great objection to that. Is not the lady of fashion one of the fat kine, on which the lean kine can subsist? and the *modiste* plays into her fellow-trader's hands.

What can be said also of the fashionable life, so craved after by many who cannot enter it, so loathed by many who cannot get out of it? Ladies setting off at midnight to a ball, and dancing till daylight, with what stimulants, alcoholic and vinous, let the novelists who aspire to depict high life be the evidence; turning day into night, and night into day, for no earthly reason

except that such life contrasts with every other life. No wonder a cup of tea is requisite, the first thing in the morning, to rouse the jaded frame to sustain the effort of dressing, aided by a cold bath, to give a fictitious sense of energy; or some potent wine at lunch to keep up the delicate frame. A season of fashionable life requires an autumn in the country, or at Carlsbad—"for papa's gout"—in order to set the young frames up again. It may be a life of

pleasure to be looked forward to in the grand optimism of youth; but what is there in it to make it pleasant to look back upon? It is an outrage on all physiological laws. It makes the life of a lady of *bon ton* more arduous than her housemaid's, more irksome than a ballet dancer's. Yet because it is the life of the highest circles, those in the social strata beneath think it is to be coveted. The physiologist thinks otherwise, and very decidedly so too.—*Good Words*.

"LET NOBODY PASS."

A GUARDSMAN'S STORY.

I.

WHAT construction is an officer to put on the order "Let nobody pass?"

To Lieutenant Archie McEwen, of the Guards, the order seemed plain enough. His Colonel had set him at the head of a staircase which was barred at top and bottom with silken ropes, and said, "*Nobody must pass here.*" This was at Dublin Castle, and the Lord Lieutenant was giving a ball that night. Ireland was no quieter at the time than it usually is, and there had lately been rumors of plots and explosions. Officers were consequently on the strictest alert as to their duties, and it did not occur to Archie McEwen that there could be a twofold interpretation of his Colonel's order. "*Nobody must pass*" obviously meant that a passage must be allowed to nobody.

So the handsome young Guardsman stood on the landing, where, being alone, in full view of the guests who were sweeping through the vestibule below to a broader staircase on his left, he cut a gallant figure. He wore his bearskin, his gold sash and belt, and he held his drawn sword with its beautiful damasquined blade carelessly in hand. Behind him were some folding doors wide open, which gave access to a large room brilliantly lit, intended, he supposed, as a resting chamber for his Excellency's more distinguished guests. As he mounted his guard McEwen received many nods and smiles from ladies of his acquaintance passing below, and some

pointing with their fans to the staircase, arched their eyebrows, and inquired by this pantomime whether they could ascend and shorten their distance to the ball-room. But McEwen had to shake his head laughing. At last the stately Countess of Bellair appeared, with those lovely girls of hers, the Lady Flora and the Lady Amabel. Archie had often danced with the Lady Amabel, and there had been some little flirtations between them which had not left the Guardsman quite heart-whole. Her young ladyship now gave him a pretty nod, which he was going to return, when, to his confusion, he saw Lady Bellair coolly duck under the silk rope at the foot of the staircase and beckon her daughters to follow her.

Lady Bellair was a sister of the Lord Lieutenant's wife, and it was evident that she must rank among the most privileged guests. What was McEwen to do?

"I am afraid, Lady Bellair, there is no admittance this way," he said very deferentially, and standing aside, so as not even to seem as though he barred her progress.

"Oh, the order does not apply to me, Mr. McEwen," answered her ladyship good-naturedly. "It was only given so as to prevent the mob of people from crushing through the private rooms," and so saying Lady Bellair quietly unhooked the rope at the top of the staircase and swept on with her daughters.

"What a dragon you are!" whispered Lady Amabel in the Guardsman's ear as she passed by.

Unhappy young Scot! The ladies had scarcely gone when he perceived the awkward position in which they had placed him. Many people had seen them pass. Somebody unhooked the rope down-stairs, and a whole throng now ascended the steps, having at their head a gentleman in Windsor uniform, attended by another in Court dress.

"Confound it, that's the Chief Secretary," muttered Archie to himself; but this time he stood his ground, while he said politely, "I am sorry I cannot admit you this way."

"But Lady Bellair has just passed," answered the statesman astonished.

"Her ladyship was an exception."

"I should think I ought to be an exception, too?" suggested the Chief Secretary with a shy smile; but Mr. McEwen remained firm; and this displeased the right honorable gentleman. He was a Parliamentary politician who knew little of military ways; and having lately risen to office had an exaggerated estimate of his own dignity. Turning round he saw one of the Lord Lieutenant's A. D. C.'s at the foot of the staircase and signed to him to come up. The A. D. C. hastened, and told McEwen that he could let the Chief Secretary pass. But the young Scot, excitable after the manner of his countrymen, reminded him rather bluntly that he had no business to give orders.

"Get me a written order from my Colonel, or else let the Colonel come and relieve me," he answered. "Otherwise, you know I can let nobody pass. You, as a brother officer, ought to uphold me in this."

The better disposed persons had already turned their backs to go down; but one of those ill-bred fools who creep in everywhere and who are always anxious to signalize themselves by misbehavior, thought to "show off" before some ladies who were with him by leading a rush who should force their way past the Guardsman. He was a florid barrister with big whiskers, and cried facetiously, "Up, Guards, and at 'em;" while he threw down the rope and charged across the landing with a girl on his arm. But in one bound McEwen had reached the door, and barred it by stretching out his sword.

The sight of the glittering steel had

its effect on the snob, who stopped, but cried out, "Come, sir, I don't suppose you've received orders to cut down his Excellency's guests with your sabre."

"I am ashamed of you, sir," replied McEwen, who had flushed scarlet. "You know I am but a soldier executing my orders. I request you to go down stairs this instant."

After that the staircase was promptly cleared, many ladies declaring, as they went, that, after all, the young Guardsman had been placed in a very trying position and had behaved remarkably well. But soon afterward the rumor of what had occurred, amplified and distorted by the blatherings of the man with the whiskers, reached the ears of McEwen's Colonel, and that worthy hurried to give his lieutenant a setting down.

This Colonel was not a good soldier, nor a good fellow. He was a time-serving courtier, a well-connected, stupid person, very conceited and vexatious in authority. He had never seen service, and would have been sure to blunder if sent into action. All his militaryism consisted in pipe-clay; and in a pompous, half-screaming tone, which he used in addressing his subordinates, he now asked McEwen why the d—l the latter had been making an ass of himself?

"An ass of myself?" echoed Archie, coloring to the roots of his hair. "I had your orders to let nobody pass, sir."

"And you allowed Lady Bellair to go by. Since you disobeyed me to please yourself, you might have had the sense to conclude that my orders did not apply to the Chief Secretary."

"Lady Bellair is the Lord Lieutenant's sister-in-law," replied McEwen; "but I admit, sir, that I was wrong to let her pass. As for the Chief Secretary—"

"Well, what about the Chief Secretary? Don't bandy words with me, sir. You have made yourself ridiculous, and me too. I relieve you of your duty. Go and dance—that's all you're fit for. I'll put a sergeant here who will understand my orders better than you."

McEwen bowed without a word as he sheathed his sword; but he was not the man to stomach such a lecture from a

Colonel whom he little respected. This affair of the guard was a slight matter in itself, but it formed the commencement of a hopeless misunderstanding between the pair. McEwen treated his Colonel thenceforth with all the coldness compatible with subordination; and the Colonel, who discharged his duties too ill to brook the presence of a subaltern alive to his faults, began to worry the Scotchman with petty annoyances. In consequence Archie McEwen soon applied for an exchange. It should have been granted as a matter of course, but the Colonel, pursuing his spite, contrived to raise obstacles, and thereupon the young Guardsman threw up his commission in disgust.

He was a younger son, however, and not over-rich, so that he did not know what to do with himself when he had left the service. Animated with the adventurous spirit of Scotchmen, he loved soldiering, and nothing but the unmannerly conduct of his Colonel could have made him forsake a profession in which he would have been pretty sure to acquire honor. But before long chance threw into his way an unexpected chance of buckling on the sword again. At a party in London McEwen met a Russian General, who knew his story and drew him on to talk about his wrongs. "Why don't you enter the Russian service?" asked this foreigner. "Our two countries are not at war, and I trust never will be. But in any case you would never be required to bear arms against England."

"But should I be admitted into the Russian army?" asked McEwen, recollecting that some of his ancestors had served in the Scottish Guard of the Kings of France.

"Oh, I think there would be no difficulty about it," replied the General. "We have many Germans among our officers, and a few French. A Scotchman would be welcome coming from the Queen of England's Guards. Let me see; you held brevet rank as captain, did you not? and you are of noble blood?"

"My grandfather was an earl," responded McEwen.

"And if your laws of succession were the same as ours you would be an earl too. All the sons of a count are with us

counts. You will be gazetted as Count McEwen. Let me manage the matter for you."

II.

Archie McEwen did not say Yes to the Russian General's proposal, but he did not say No. He gave the matter a few days' thought and consulted his relatives. They advised him that it would be better he should spend the next ten years of his life at least in some more profitable occupation than loitering as an idle man about town. They hinted that he might marry a wealthy Russian princess, which would be more sensible than dangling after Lady Amabel, who would never give her hand to a younger son. At the same time McEwen's relations used all their interest in his favor, so that his passage into the Russian army might be effected under the most honorable conditions possible. Thus it happened that the valorous young Scot one day found himself enrolled as Captain Count Maquine, in the Grand-Duchess Paulina's Cuirassier Guards, one of the finest regiments in the Russian service, and one which was always quartered near Court residences.

It was about a year after he had received his commission—a year spent very agreeably—that Archie McEwen was one night told off on just such a service as he had had to perform at Dublin Castle. By this time he had perfected himself in French, and, by dint of daily lessons, had come to speak Russian tolerably well. There was a ball at the Winter palace, and McEwen was posted in a passage leading to the Emperor's private apartments, with orders to let nobody pass on any account.

Remembering the trouble that had befallen him in Ireland about an order of this kind, the young Captain asked his Colonel (who was a thorough soldier and gentleman) whether this order was to be construed literally.

"Well, of course, if a member of the Imperial family presents himself, you must let him go by," answered the Colonel; "but I do not think that is likely. The order is absolute, except for their Imperial Highnesses."

Accordingly, McEwen stood with the confidence of a man who has explicit instructions. He was habited in a white

tunic, with gold epaulets and aiglets, white breeches, with knee boots and gold spurs, a silver breastplate with a double-headed golden eagle encrusted, and a silver helmet, with a gilt eagle perched with spread wings on the crest. Thus brilliantly accoutred, with a troop of men in the vestibule below to obey his behests, and with a lieutenant and cornet standing beside him in the corridor to give him support, our young Scotchman was in braver circumstance than when he had withstood the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Lord Lieutenant's palace. And yet, though his stay in Russia had been a pleasant one, though his Muscovite comrades had treated him with that kindness and consideration which Russians can render extraordinarily charming when they please, Archie McEwen looked back with a passing regret on the days when he wore a red coat, and when his highest ambition was to win a smile from Lady Bellair's sweet daughter Amabel.

He was immersed in his recollections of "auld lang syne" when suddenly a tall officer, wearing a helmet and muffled in an ample cloak, climbed the staircase two steps at a time and stood before him.

"You cannot pass, sir," said McEwen in the peremptory tone more usual in Continental armies than in our own.

"What, Captain! do you not know the Grand-Duke Nicholas?" and the officer, throwing back his cloak, revealed a dark whiskered face, and a breast covered with decorations.

"I beg your Imperial Highness's pardon," said McEwen, lowering the point of his sword; and he suffered the Grand-Duke to pass.

Half an hour elapsed; then the Grand-Duke reappeared, hurriedly answered the salute of the three officers, and ran down-stairs. Scarcely had he gone when a tall form darkened the doorway at the end of the passage, and McEwen raised his hand to his helmet-peak on recognizing the Emperor.

"Captain," said his Majesty, in a voice which trembled from excitement, "did you not receive orders to let nobody pass?"

"I did, sire; but I thought the Grand-Duke Nicholas—"

"That was not the Grand-Duke," re-

plied the Czar, with undiminished agitation. "It is General Strenko, a half-mad fellow, who bears some resemblance to his Imperial Highness, and who thrusts his company on me for the purpose of giving me annoyance with his crazy advice. How came you to make such a mistake?"

"I am profoundly sorry, your Imperial Majesty," replied Archie McEwen, who truly felt ashamed, contrite, and sorrowful.

"I absolve you from all bad intention," said the Emperor, in a gentler tone; "but I am ill guarded in my own palace if my guards do not know the men who should be forbidden to approach me."

Archie McEwen thrilled all over as he heard these words. The consequences of his mistake might have been so awful, that, as soon as he was relieved from duty that night, he sat down, conscience stricken, and wrote out his resignation. Next day, his Colonel, who had heard an account of the matter from the Emperor's own lips, good-naturedly told him that his Majesty had forgiven his indiscretion, as he was inclined to lay the blame on the officers who were on guard in the vestibule, and who ought not to have allowed the crazy General to get so far as the staircase. The Colonel added that it was the Czar's desire to hush up the matter, for General Strenko was a man whom the Court wished to humor, while keeping him at a distance.

But neither the kindness of his Colonel, nor the supplications of his brother officers, nor the graciously expressed wishes of the Emperor himself, wrought any effect on the young Scotchman. He persisted in his purpose of resigning, and of course his application had at length to be acceded to.

As soon, however, as he had received the intimation that he was out of commission, Count Makuine, as he was called, made immediate use of his liberty to don civilian attire and to pay a visit to his former Colonel, of whom he asked a favor.

"Colonel," he said, "I would beg you to carry a challenge from me to General Strenko. So long as I was in the service I could not fight him, for he was my superior; but now I am a civil-

ian I can send to him to say that he lied foully in telling me that he was the Grand-Duke Nicholas. He is either a madman or a rascal."

"I am afraid he is only a fool," demurred the Colonel.

"Fools are as dangerous as rogues," retorted McEwen. "I had a fool of a Colonel to deal with in England, who would have been all the wiser if duelling had existed among us to teach him caution."

"Well, I don't think you will do General Strenko any harm by reading him a lesson in veracity," laughed the Colonel. "I will take a friend with me and bear your challenge, my dear Count."

General Strenko could not refuse Count Makuine's challenge. He protested at first; tried, with the fawning grace of a Russian, to explain that a lie was under certain circumstances not a lie; that he was laboring for his country's good, and that in politics subterfuge was sometimes a necessity; but finally he was obliged to accept the young Scot's cartel.

The two men met at early morning, the weapons chosen being swords. Before the duel commenced, General Strenko made a last effort to convince his puzzle-headed antagonist that a fib might sometimes be a laudable thing. "I have proved my courage often enough to say this without appearing to falter," he remarked, sword in hand. "I wished to see my Sovereign, and I availed myself of the only means at my disposal."

"You told an infernal lie, and you left me to bear the consequences," replied the contemptuous Scot. "I am unversed in your casuistry. We are here to fight, not to palaver."

The General ground his teeth, and the pair of antagonists set to. The science was all on Strenko's side; the ardor on McEwen's. The latter quickly got a cut which laid his arm open and drenched his shirt with blood; but he retaliated with a lightning stroke, which, breaking through the General's guard, fell upon his cheek and clove his head like an apple. The wretched man dropped senseless, and was dead before he could be removed from the ground.

"That will teach others not to trifle with soldiers on guard," remarked Mc-

Ewen, as the surgeon was binding up his arm. "If that man had not been my superior I might have remained in the army to derive some profit from the lesson I have taught."

It was understood then that McEwen had resigned his commission solely that he might wreak his vengeance on General Strenko. The news of the latter's death was received not without pleasure at Court, and the stubborn spirit which Count Makuine had shown in the affair commended him to the authorities as an officer who ought not to be allowed to leave the service too hastily. It was conveniently discovered that there had been some informality in the Captain's resignation, and he was asked whether it would please him to withdraw it. He gratefully accepted the proposal, and was reinstated, with promotion as Major, and with the cross of the order of St. George.

From that time, Count Makuine was often ordered for palace duty on important occasions, and the saying "*Let nobody pass when Makuine is on guard*" became a jesting proverb among his messmates. The Scottish officer's troubles were not yet ended, however; for in proportion as a man is trusted so do occasions arise for putting his presence of mind to the proof.

One summer night, while the Court was at Tsarskoe-Selo (the Russian Windsor or Versailles), Count Makuine being there also in command of a squadron of cuirassiers, it fell to the turn of one of his troops to furnish the outer guard of the palace. The guard consisted of a lieutenant, two non-commissioned officers, a trumpeter, and twenty-four troopers; and their duty was to keep two mounted sentries stationed at each of the four entrances to the palace grounds. Makuine, as Major, was not on guard himself; but he had to inspect the guards in and out of the palace twice in the day. He had just finished his evening inspection, toward nine o'clock, and was walking across the park in one of those soft June twilights which are so beautifully clear in Russia, when he heard his name called, and, turning round, saw a young captain of the Briskatstartine Hussars, Prince Wildotski, walking toward him with no very steady steps.

"*Makuine, mon cher, je suis gris*" (I am tipsy), said this young man, with an apologetic smile, and drawing a hand across his forehead as if his head swam.

"And you are on guard at the Grand-Duchess Paulina's apartments?" rejoined the Scotchman, holding out his arm for the hussar to lean upon.

"Yes, that's the mischief of it," faltered the captain, leaning upon Makuine with all his weight. "I was on guard all this hot afternoon without touching so much as a glass of lemonade; but at seven her Imperial Highness's *maitre d'hôtel* brought me dinner, with such a bottle of champagne as I had never tasted before. By St. Ivan of Kiew, I believe it was effervescing brandy! and I had no idea of its strength until I had emptied it."

"Well, there is not much harm done if nobody save myself has seen you," replied Makuine, with a laugh. "I suppose you want me to take your guard for you?"

"Yes, please do, for—for—a couple of hours," hiccupped Wildotski. "I'll just go and put my head in cold water. As soon as I am fresh I will return."

For obvious reasons Archie McEwen never missed an opportunity of doing anything that could oblige one of his brother officers. In this instance he good-naturedly overlooked the fact that a subaltern officer had committed a serious offence both in getting tipsy on duty and in quitting his post without leave. He had learned to his cost that the heady champagne bottled in France for the Russian market was not a thing to be trifled with, and he could not help laughing at the lamentable plight into which Wildotski had put himself from not having dealt cautiously with this beverage.

He escorted the young man to a summer house, and advised him to remain seated there till a soldier could be sent to him with some water; and then he turned toward the palace. As he went, Wildotski cried after him:

"Of course you know the words for the night? *Neuchâtel* is the password, and *Nesselrode* the counterpass."^{*}

^{*} The password is always the name of a city; the counterpass that of a man. Both words must begin with the same letter.

III.

The Grand-Duchess Paulina and her suite occupied nearly a whole wing of the palace. Her Imperial Highness was a good-natured widowed princess about forty years old, who had many children, and kept a Court of her own, which was renowned for its easy intercourse and gayety. Her Highness—a handsome woman of majestic stature and mien—was very fond of the society of artists, authors, and wits, and almost every evening there was a gathering of such persons in her hospitable apartments.

On this particular night, however, no company was expected; and Archie McEwen had nothing to do but to sit in a nicely-furnished saloon, which was set apart for the officers on guard, and which by the thoughtful princess's orders, was always liberally stocked with pictorial albums and French novels. It was no business of his to prevent visitors from coming in or going out, unless summoned to do so by the major-domo, who of course had his own instructions as to what visitors were to be admitted. This confidential servant informed McEwen that her Imperial Highness was not at present indoors, having gone out with some of her ladies for a stroll in the park.

Seated near the open-window of the guard-room, with his helmet, sword, and gauntlets on (for he could not, while on guard, lay these aside for a minute), McEwen presently saw a party of ladies—among whom he thought he recognized the Grand-Duchess—cross the lawn and make for the principal entrance of the palace wing. He went forth at once to call out the guard and receive her Highness with due honors; but when they were at about a hundred yards from the door the party of ladies branched away to the left, and made for the main building of the palace, where the Czar's apartments were. McEwen remained standing under the portico to enjoy the evening air, and in a few minutes three ladies coming from another direction than that whither the first party had gone, approached the entrance. The lady in the middle was closely muffled in a cloak with a hood, and held a handkerchief before her mouth.

"It is the Grand-Duchess," said the major-domo, bustling forward.

"Impossible; I just saw her Imperial Highness go toward the main building," rejoined the Major.

"No; pardon me. It was the Grand-Duchess Anne whom you saw. And see, Major, you need not call out the guard. One of the ladies has waved her handkerchief, which is always a sign that her Imperial Highness wishes to enter unnoticed."

There was an anxiety about the major-domo's manner which made McEwen eye him closely. He had not seemed pleased when, an hour before, the cuirassier officer had come to relieve the tipsy hussar; and now he was over-desirous to pack off the Major to his guard-room. McEwen remembered how General Strenko had fooled him by pretending to be the Grand-Duke Nicholas, and a suspicion flashed upon his mind that the lady now advancing was not the Grand-Duchess Paulina. Considering the political condition of Russia, such a suspicion, once formed, had to be acted upon promptly.

"Please, Monsieur le Comte, stand aside!" exclaimed the major-domo, in agitation. "Her Imperial Highness does not wish military honors to be paid her."

"My post is here," answered McEwen, in a tone which struck the old servant dumb with dismay; and, flashing out his sword, he made the military salute as the three ladies entered.

The lady who was said to be the Grand-Duchess acknowledged the courtesy by a bend of the head. But this did this not satisfy McEwen. A true Grand-Duchess, thought he, would have shown her face, if only for an instant, to return the salute of an officer of her own guards. There was no reason for her keeping her features so closely muffled in summer time, unless, indeed, she had a toothache.

While these reflections passed rapidly through the soldier's brain, he remarked that the step of the suspicious lady was less assured and more quick than became her position. She tried to glide by with her face turned away; but McEwen, striding to the foot of the staircase, boldly confronted the three, though

he lowered his sword's point and made a low bow as he did so.

"Pardon me, Madam," he said, addressing the lady to the right, whose beautiful young face was unfamiliar to him. "Will you tell me whom it is that you are conducting to her Imperial Highness's presence?"

"Why, do you not know the Grand-Duchess herself?" exclaimed the young lady, her pretty features becoming pink with confusion.

"What is the password, Madam?" asked McEwen, convinced now that if he were really in presence of the Grand-Duchess, she would put an end to this scene immediately.

"I forget . . . isn't it the name of some cheese?" stammered the young lady, whose distress was now painful. "Roquefort, Brie, Gruyère. . . ."

"Make another guess," said the Scotchman ironically.

"Neuchâtel," whispered the lady in the middle to her attendant, but as she bent her head to do this McEwen whisked away the handkerchief she had been holding to her mouth, and lo! the mustached face of a man was laid bare before him!

"Soho, sir, who are you that come masquerading about palaces in this fashion?" cried McEwen, seizing the intruder by the wrist; and he was about to call for the guard, when the young lady hastily placing one of her small hands on his mouth implored him to be silent. Her looks had such a wild expression of entreaty in them that no soldier could have resisted it. At the same time the old major-domo, who was rushing about like an old hen frightened by the screech of a hawk, kept on cackling:

"For pity's sake, sir, have patience and all shall be explained. Let us come into the officers' room where we shall be out of earshot. Everything shall be explained."

"You had better explain things," cried McEwen, turning all his wrath upon the major-domo as a convenient scapegoat. "You were party to the whole affair; I read it in your eyes. March on in front, my man, I am not going to lose sight of you."

The old servant, trembling as if he

had the ague, shambled on in front; the gentleman in female attire, followed, muttering some not very ladylike oaths; but of the two attendant ladies, the younger and prettier one suddenly darted away and ran up the stairs as hard as she could go, without once looking round. On reaching the landing, she darted through the door leading to the Grand-Duchess's private apartments like one who knows her way.

Archie McEwen twirled his mustache in perplexity, as he watched the fair fugitive escape him, but the other attendant, who was a middle-age person of lowlier station, touched his arm and said to him in Russian: "You need not feel uneasy, my lord. Mlle. de Cypri has gone to fetch her Imperial Highness in person." McEwen thereupon walked into the guard-room, where he immediately obtained proof that the adventure which he had nipped in the bud had no such serious complexion as he had at first feared. The gentleman in lady's clothes had thrown off his cloak, and an elaborate blonde wig, and showed McEwen the good-looking face of a young nobleman who was well known to him.

Addressing him in a tone wherein mortification and some amusement were blended with vexation, this young man said: "There, Makuine, do you recognize me—the Marquis de Cypri of the Preobajenski Guards?"

"Certainly I do," answered the Scottish officer, who was too much astonished to laugh. "But why on earth did you come here in such a disguise?"

"That is no business of yours."

"I will leave your good sense to judge that. If you had been on guard and I had come here masquerading as the Grand-Duchess, what should you have done?"

The young man (who was a nobleman of French descent, though naturalized in Russia) made no direct answer; but a moment later, breaking into an awkward laugh, he said, "Am I to consider myself your prisoner?"

"Certainly not, now I know who you are," replied McEwen. "If you will send up your name to her Imperial Highness and she likes to receive you, the matter will not concern me. It was only that blundering old fool" (point-

ing to the shivering major-domo) "who made me stop you by saying you were the Grand-Duchess. If he had named you as any other lady I should have no right or desire to pry into your face."

"I think, though, you might have guessed that any one coming here with my sister, who is a maid of honor to the Grand-Duchess, had a right to pass unquestioned," remarked the Marquis de Cypri, with French testiness.

"Is that young lady" (he was going to say "that beautiful young lady") "your sister?" inquired McEwen. "I was not aware that she belonged to her Highness's household."

"It is true she was only appointed a fortnight ago," answered the Marquis. "But anyhow, Monsieur le Comte, this is a pretty kettle of fish which you have set stirring. We have not heard the last of it."

McEwen guessed as much, and wished himself a hundred miles away. He was afraid that he had unwillingly discovered the secret of some gallant *liaison* of the Grand-Duchess, about which a loyal subject would have preferred to know nothing, and he muttered silent anathemas upon Wildotski, whose tipsiness had brought him to this predicament.

It was too late, however, for regrets. Suddenly the door opened, and the Grand-Duchess Paulina herself entered the room, followed by Mlle. de Cypri. Her Highness had a commanding figure, and now bore her head with an imperial air rendered the more significant by a flush of anger that suffused her cheeks. Her countenance fell, however, when she beheld Makuine: "I thought young Wildotski was on guard," she said, her blush fading away into pallor.

"So he was, but he is unwell, and Makuine took his place," answered Cypri, who looked sulky and ashamed in his feminine clothes, and remained seated in the Grand-Duchess's presence.

"Ah! Malouieff, leave the room," said her Highness, addressing the major-domo; and for a moment after the servant had retired there was silence in the room. The Grand-Duchess was agitated, and cast two or three inquiring glances at Makuine before she ventured to speak. She was trying to observe on his countenance what effect the scene

had produced upon him ; but he stood in a respectful attitude, his expression quite composed.

"Count Makuine, you are a man of honor and can keep a secret," said the Grand-Duchess at last. "I cannot let you go away with any false impression about what has happened to-night. The Marquis de Cypri is my husband." Makuine bowed first to the Grand-Duchess, then to the Marquis, and tried to refrain from any look of astonishment. The princess proceeded with more calmness and dignity now that her secret was out. "The Marquis and I were privately married a month ago, but for many reasons we cannot yet disclose our union. The Czar disapproves our attachment, and last week my husband was ordered to go and reside for six months upon his estates. If it were known that he was here he would be arrested. That is why he was obliged to come to my house in disguise."

"You understand now the importance of holding your tongue about all this," remarked De Cypri, whose good humor was returning, though he was still a little vexed, and cast disgusted glances at his petticoats.

"Not a soul shall hear the secret from me," promised the Scotchman, bending his looks rather toward the beautiful Mlle. de Cypri than toward the Grand-Duchess, as he spoke. The young lady reddened and turned her head away.

"It is well : I know our secret could not be in safer hands," declared the Grand-Duchess graciously, and a very sweet smile spread itself over her plump dimpled cheeks, that were like cream and roses. "Since you know the truth, however, Count Makuine, we must see whether we cannot make it turn to your advantage and to ours. Colonel Solojine, my aide-de-camp, is going to be promoted, and his place will become vacant. If you will please to accept it you will gain a step and be able to render us some services."

"And you must promise me that I shall not share the fate of Strenko," laughed the Marquis as he held out his hand laughing to the Scotchman. "We have all heard the saying '*Let nobody pass when Makuine is on guard.*' It seems you are a terrible fellow with those who sail under false colors."

Here the interview ended, for when Makuine had kissed the Grand-Duchess's hand, her Highness retired with her husband, who disguised himself in his wig and cloak again to pass up the staircase unnoticed. Presently Prince Wildotski returned sober, with his hair damp from cold water ablutions and a merry apology on his lips for the trouble which he had given his comrade. He learned nothing of what had occurred ; and Makuine left the palace to return to his lodgings.

As may be imagined, he was not quite at his ease, for a man who has surprised a momentous Court secret experiences many of the qualms of one who is possessor of stolen property. It was no slight matter that a Grand-Duchess of immense wealth should have bestowed her widowed hand upon a Frenchman of broken fortune, fifteen years younger than herself. The Marquis de Cypri had a reputation as a gay gambler and libertine, and McEwen quite understood why the infatuated Grand-Duchess should desire to keep her espousals with him a secret. But what if she in her almost sovereign power should entertain fears about the Scottish officer's discretion ? She might have him arrested on some trumped-up charge and spirited away to Siberia before he could raise a voice in his own defence. Archie McEwen was the reverse of a coward, but in going to bed that night he put a six-chamber revolver loaded under his pillow, and resolved to sell his liberty dearly if any one should come to molest him.

The Grand-Duchess Paulina would have laughed at these apprehensions had she been aware of them, for she was a kindly princess, who had never used her power to hurt a human being. At heart she was rather glad—now the thing was done—that her secret was known to the Scottish officer, and this for two reasons : firstly, because her young husband, being somewhat feather-brained and independent in character, was likely to be on his good-behavior now that his status was known to a brother officer so esteemed as Makuine ; and secondly, because the Grand-Duchess reflected that an officer like this Scotchman, brave, cool, and chivalrous, was just the kind of man whom it would be useful to have

about her person in order that her secret might be guarded against eyes less discreet than his own. So her Imperial Highness very quickly redeemed her promise of getting Count Makuine appointed to her household. To the great surprise of his comrades, who could not explain his unaccountably sudden rise in Court favor, Archie McEwen was in a few days promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and gazetted as Aide-de-Camp in ordinary to the Grand-Duchess. By virtue of his functions he had apartments in the palace, and became practically, by reason of the confidence which his mistress placed in him, Marshal of her household.

He quickly perceived that, although not blind to her husband's faults, the Grand-Duchess was madly in love with the scapegrace Frenchman. The Marquis de Cypri was just such a person as women love not wisely but too well. Handsome, mirthful, overweeningly vain and self-confident, he was alternately wilful as a spoilt child and docile as a good-hearted one. There were moments when his fits of passion made his wife tremble and cry, and others when by humoring his weakness she could do with him as she pleased. He had run through a large fortune as a bachelor; and now his wife was engaged in privately paying his debts for him and relieving his estates from encumbrances. It was the Marquis's grandfather who had settled the family of De Cypri in Russia, at the time of the French Revolution, but Gaston de Cypri, the Grand-Duchess's husband, though born in Russia, had been educated in the country of his forefathers, and both looked and talked like a thorough Parisian. He was so extravagant that had it not been for his lucky marriage he must have been reduced to utter poverty: as it was, he had brilliant prospects, for his wife was intriguing to get him created a prince, hoping that when this had been done, and when De Cypri's estates had been reclaimed, she might publish her marriage with him without derogating. Meanwhile her Highness was also interesting herself about her husband's sister, Mlle. Berthe de Cypri, whom she thought of matching with young Prince Wildotski—not because the latter was a very respectable member of society,

but because he was part owner of a silver mine, and belonged to one of the most powerful families of the Empire.

The last scheme of the good-natured princess was upset, however, by Berthe de Cypri and Archie McEwen contracting for each other an attachment that was not long in ripening into strong love. They saw each other daily, and the young Colonel, who was not bashful, promptly cut out the light-minded Wildotski, who felt as yet no decided vocation for matrimony. The Grand-Duchess discovered the courtship between her aide-de-camp and her maid of honor, when the young couple had already exchanged troths, and she was at first mortally angry, stamping her foot, as Imperial ladies will do when in a rage. For some days she would not speak either to Archie or to Berthe; and she even threatened to dismiss the former from his post, and to send Mlle. de Cypri back to her relations. But events shortly occurred which restored the loving couple to her Highness's favor, by putting her in need of their attendance and services.

The Marquis de Cypri was continually hankering after Paris; and, unknown to his wife, had applied to the Czar for permission to travel for six months in France instead of spending the term of his exile from Court upon his own estates. The truth is, he felt the danger of visiting his wife in disguise, and had an uneasy dread of being some night collared and transported to Siberia. The petition he had forwarded was acceded to, and the confidential servant who brought him his passports from his country mansion to Tsarskoe-Selo advised him to hasten off at once, as he was in some fear that his master was suspected of not being in residence upon his estates. The Marquis thereupon made instant preparations for starting. He was in such a hurry to be gone, and so anxious to secure the friendly co-operation of Makuine to abet his flight, that he said to the latter, "You shall marry my sister if you like, Count; but for Heaven's sake, help me out of this hobble, and try to prevail on my wife not to follow me."

The Grand-Duchess, however, on being apprised of the Marquis's intended journey, resolved to go to Paris too.

She would not be separated from her husband. Perhaps she feared that sprightly young man's infidelity. At any rate, twenty-four hours after the Marquis had started, her Imperial Highness had set off in pursuit, taking only with her such attendants as knew her secret—that is Makuine, Mlle. de Cypri, and two female servants, besides four men servants. The rest of her suite, some thirty persons in all, including her children, were ordered to follow, for a Russian Grand-Duchess on her travels is something like an army on the march, and drags a long train of camp-followers behind.

As might have been expected, the Grand-Duchess's precipitate departure excited the Czar's suspicions, and before her Highness had reached Paris the Russian ambassador in that capital had received instructions about her by telegraph. His Excellency waited on the princess as soon as she arrived at the Grand Hotel, and remained closeted with her for an hour. When he was gone Makuine was sent for, and found the Grand-Duchess drying her eyes with her handkerchief and looking quite overwhelmed with sorrow. Mlle. de Cypri was endeavoring to console her.

"What am I to do, Makuine?" asked her Highness dolefully. "The ambassador has told me that I am on no account to receive the Marquis de Cypri, as the Czar will never consent to our marriage!"

"Let me return to St. Petersburg and tell his Majesty the whole truth," replied Makuine fearlessly.

"Ah, that is a fine proposal enough; but you do not know what you are saying. Before you could reach the Czar your errand would be guessed, and you be placed under arrest, so that you might not convey your message. You might remain in confinement for months before you could communicate with me."

"I am willing to run the risk, Madam," answered the Scotchman. "I think anything is better than secrecy in such an affair—especially transparent secrecy."

"It may be," replied the Grand-Duchess after a moment's reflection. "But I shall not consent to this. After all, I am free to marry whom I

please, and shall not let myself be bullied. Makuine, can you execute with the utmost strictness an order I shall give you?"

"Your Imperial Highness's orders would be obeyed to the letter, of whatever sort they were."

"Then, you must *let nobody pass* to my presence till you receive further instructions."

"Nobody, Madam?"

"Nobody—not even the ambassador, *not even my husband*. You are to say I am ill and can receive no visitors. Indeed, I do feel unwell, and require to be quite alone for reflection. Can I rely on you?"

"Certainly, Madam. But the Marquis de Cypri will no doubt think it strange that I should deny him admittance to his wife's apartments."

"No matter what he thinks. Do as you are told and you will understand my purpose in due time. If you obey me faithfully, Berthe's hand shall be your reward."

Archie McEwen bowed to the Grand-Duchess, exchanged a glance with the blushing Berthe de Cypri, and left the room to mount his novel guard. He little thought how long and arduous a one it was to prove.

IV.

Once more he was on duty with that trying order "*Let nobody pass*" to execute. But this time he was not in uniform, and he did not hang about passages.

The Grand-Duchess occupied in the hotel a large suite of state rooms, which was reserved for personages of her rank, and which had a private entrance. The servants of the hotel admitted nobody without referring to the Duchess's major-domo, Malouieff, and Malouieff had instructions to dismiss all the visitors of little importance himself, but to refer persons of high condition to her Highness's Aide-de-Camp and Acting Chamberlain, Count Makuine.

But this arrangement obliged Makuine to remain indoors all day and night. He did not dare to leave his apartments for an instant. On the morning after he had begun his guard the Russian ambassador arrived, and his Excellency evidently did not believe the story which

he had heard from Malouieff about the Grand-Duchess's indisposition.

"I must ask you, Colonel, to use your influence with the Grand-Duchess to procure me an instant audience," he said confidentially. "The matter is very important."

"I have no influence with her Imperial Highness, your Excellency," replied Makuine coldly.

"But you are aware that, as ambassador, I represent the Czar?"

"Certainly, but even his Majesty might hesitate to penetrate to the Grand-Duchess's bedroom if he heard she was ill."

The diplomatist bit his lips. "Will you ring for one of her Imperial Highness's ladies?" he said.

Makuine touched a bell and one of the Grand-Duchess's maids appeared. She was a Russian in the national costume, with a light-blue kirtle, and a velvet head-dress like a tiara. She was ordered to inquire if her mistress would receive the ambassador, and after five minutes' absence returned with a negative reply. Her Imperial Highness was resting after a sleepless night and could receive nobody.

The ambassador withdrew, looking ugly dispatches as a soldier is said to look daggers. Soon afterwards the Marquis de Cypri came tripping up the stairs as gay as a lark, with a flower in his button hole. He was not staying at the same hotel as his wife, and this was his first visit to her since her arrival. He pulled a very strange grimace when Makuine denied him admittance. "Why, why—what's the matter," he stammered. "Is she angry with me for not having called yesterday? Her arrival was only announced in the papers this morning."

"I think that the simple reason is that her Highness is ill—she can have no other reason for excluding you," answered Makuine.

"I say—you—you don't think she has heard of my having supped with actresses the night before last?" inquired the Marquis in a nervous and piteous tone.

"I am sure she has heard nothing to your damage," answered Makuine, who could not help laughing.

"And yet she gives orders to exclude me!" exclaimed the Marquis, whose

temper rose. "Do you know, Count, that, as her husband, I have a right to force my way into her presence?"

"Hardly that, for you are not officially recognized as the Grand-Duchess's consort."

"And supposing I *did* force my way through?" asked the Marquis, scanning the Scotchman, who was a full head taller than himself.

"I am sure you would not put me in such an awkward position," replied Makuine gently. "You would oblige me to give orders to the servants that you should not be admitted beyond the hall when you came again."

"Go to the devil," ejaculated the Marquis, and he went away muttering something about Jacks-in-office, and looking exceedingly uncomfortable under the fear that he had by some freak incurred his wife's displeasure.

He came again the next day, and the next; and so did the ambassador; but neither of them was admitted. Makuine was lost in wonder at the length of the Grand-Duchess's seclusion; but he could only obey the orders he received every morning from the Russian waiting-woman. The ambassador used to come with a very frigid expression, like an official who is prepared for an affront; but who only wants to be able to say, "This is the third—or fourth—time that I have had the door shut in my face." After the fourth day, however, his Excellency grew tired of this work, and began to send an attaché every morning in his stead. The attaché presented himself with a serious mien, asked *pro formâ* at what hour the Grand-Duchess would give audience to the ambassador, and on being told that her Imperial Highness was still confined to her room, he would shake hands smiling with Makuine, and go away without arguing the point.

The Marquis came every day in a far less philosophical mood. He had discarded flowers from his button-hole; he was pale and unhappy. Sometimes he tried to shake Makuine by question and arguments; sometimes he lost all patience, spoke with offended dignity, and used menaces. These scenes were very trying to the A. D. C.; but luckily De Cypri did not attempt violence. He was withheld from this extreme partly

by his sense of propriety, and possibly also by the recollection, as proved by the hapless Strenko's case, that the Scottish officer was a man to beware of. He confined himself to vowing that so long as he had a voice in the disposal of his sister's hand, he would never suffer her to become the wife of a man who seemed to take pleasure in flouting him.

Makuine took no such pleasure, as may be readily believed, for his tire-some guard was being prolonged beyond all reason. He had imagined in the beginning that it would last a day at most; but a whole week went by, and then another, and still he was not relieved. To make matters worse, at the end of the first week the Grand-Duchess's entire suite arrived from Russia—children, governesses, tutors, servants, in all thirty souls; and yet her Imperial Highness continued to be invisible. Every morning the children used to come in a row, with their tutors, governesses, and nurses, and ask the Colonel whether they would be allowed to pay their respects to their mamma, and Makuine had to inform them that their mamma was unwell, but without alarming them. He was beginning to feel alarmed, however. What if the Grand-Duchess should really be ill? If so, why was no doctor summoned? Makuine did not once see Berthe de Cypri, who might have told him the truth; but, on the whole, he was somewhat reassured by this, feeling sure that if anything serious had happened she would have come to tell him. For all this it was a weary, weary watch that the soldier kept. From his window he could see the bustle of the Paris boulevards; view the carriages going in the evening to the brilliantly lighted Grand Opera; and yet he durst not stir out. During the whole of his long guard he never once put on his hat; and withal his past experience did not afford him the comfort of feeling that a man who obeys orders with unrelenting strictness is always the better thanked for it.

It was on the seventeenth day of Makuine's vigil that a change at last occurred. He was taking exercise in one of the passages, in a state of mind approaching desperation, when he heard the Marquis de Cypri laughing in the hall below, as that gentleman had not laugh-

ed for a fortnight, and next minute he saw him ascending the stairs cheek by jowl with the Russian ambassador. This was news indeed, for hitherto the diplomatist and the Marquis had avoided each other like cat and dog. But now the Marquis waved his hat and cried to Makuine before he reached the landing—

"Well, you faithful guardian of empty coffers, I dare say you will be glad to be relieved from your watch?"

"Empty coffers?" echoed Makuine, without comprehending, for he saw a broad smile on the ambassador's face.

"Yes, my dear Colonel, you have been mounting guard for seventeen days over nothing," laughed the Marquis, deriving a keen, vindictive enjoyment from his friend's perplexity. "Why, the Grand-Duchess is at present in Russia!"

"Is that so?" inquired the Scotchman, scarce knowing whether he ought to feel very angry or very foolish.

The two gentlemen passed chuckling into a sitting room, and there, when they had taken seats, the Marquis, who was in the highest spirits, continued his explanations. "Why, on the very day when she gave you the order to mount this guard, the Duchess returned to St. Petersburg. She started on the evening of the day when she arrived here, taking my sister with her, and they both travelled in such strict privacy that nothing was heard of their movements till they reached the Czar's palace. . . . Well, as you imagine, this mysterious journey was not undertaken for nothing. The Grand-Duchess, perceiving that it would be unwise to conceal the marriage to which everybody, including his Excellency here, was objecting [the ambassador smiled and made a deprecating gesture of the hand], thought she would do best to go and make a clean confession to the Czar—taking him by surprise before any one could divine her intention and prejudice his Majesty's kind heart against her. The result has been that his Majesty, graciously yielding to my wife's solicitations, has created me Prince of Lukski, and has commanded that our marriage shall be publicly acknowledged. . . . Here, read this. . . ."

He handed Makuine a letter, in which the Grand-Duchess in great glee related the complete success of her expedition. The Colonel having glanced over it,

returned it to his friend, saying, "Well, Prince, I am happy in being the second to congratulate you, for I suppose his Excellency was the first?"

The ambassador smiled again. Whatever he may have thought of the whole affair, he had the diplomatic tact to accept irremediable facts with the best grace possible. "You have read her Imperial Highness's postscript, in which she says that we may relieve you from your toilsome duty?" he asked good-humoredly.

"It certainly *was* very toilsome," answered Makuine; "but may I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I was of use to her Imperial Highness?"

"Why, unquestionably you were, for you concealed her movements," replied De Cypri, "and you played your *rôle* uncommonly well, too. If his Excellency here had suspected the truth, he would have set the telegraph wires going and my good wife's affectionate little plans would have been marred."

"I have not to mourn over lost time, then," exclaimed Makuine cheerfully. "And now I think I'll go for a stroll on the Boulevards."

"Yes, we'll all go together, for I invite his Excellency and you to dine with me at the Café Anglais!" cried the new Prince in the elation of his blushing honors. "But, I say," added he with another laugh as the A. D. C. was taking up his hat, "you will get quite a renown for your experiences on guard, Makuine. I do believe if you were told to mount guard over yourself and not kiss your wife till further orders, you would obey without a murmur."

"We shall see when the time comes," rejoined the Colonel smiling. "Remember, I have not got a wife yet."

Archie McEwen did soon get a wife, however, for when the Grand-Duchess returned to Paris she was so overjoyed as

to be in the humor for making everybody around her happy. She faithfully redeemed her promise of bestowing her maid of honor's hand on her faithful aide-de-camp; and on the occasion of the wedding, which was solemnized in Paris, she made the bride a magnificent present of jewels. It was not necessary that she should add a dower besides, for Mlle. de Cypri was passing rich, having a private fortune of her own, which her spendthrift brother had never been able to touch. So the Scottish officer in getting a beautiful wife obtained money enough also to support his rank as became him.

Here his story may end. Patronized by the Grand-Duchess, and recommended by his exploits and qualities to the highest Court favor as a trustworthy soldier, he rose from honor to honor in the Czar's service, and ended by becoming completely Russianized. A little time ago his former love, Lady Amabel, being at St. Petersburg with her husband, who was an attaché, saw a glorious being, all gold, fur and stars, riding behind the Czar in a pageant; and she fancied she recognized in his lineaments those of an old friend.

Somebody informed her that this gorgeous personage was the General of Cavalry, Prince Archibald Makuine, a Knight of St. Andrew and Governor of the Province of Tcheremiss.

"He is a Scotch gentleman, Lady, who is very brave and fortunate. It has become a saying among us that nobody passes Makuine as an enemy without rueing it."

"He does not look very savage, though," mused Lady Amabel as the General's eye falling upon her for an instant beamed with good-humored recognition. Possibly she reflected that younger sons may carve out brilliant careers for themselves after all.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

NATIONAL WEALTH AND EXPENDITURE.

BY M. G. MULHALL.

THE increase of wealth in the United Kingdom during the last twenty years is a subject that appears to many people so vast as to carry us into the regions

of conjecture. Yet it may be as clearly defined as the distance from London to York. We know that two per cent of the adult population die yearly; and

if we multiply by fifty the amount of property on which probate or succession duty is paid in any year, we arrive at the accumulated wealth of the nation—that is, of the moneyed classes. It is true that estates under £100 are not included, and that legatees sometimes defraud the revenue by under-statements

of assets; but if we add ten per cent for such omissions we may conclude that we have attained a mathematical accuracy on this point. The growth of wealth has been almost equal in the two decades under consideration, as the following table shows:

	1860.		1870.		1878-80.*
Probate returns.....	£95,000,000	£125,000,000	£153,500,000
National wealth.....	5,200,000,000	6,880,000,000	8,420,00,000

The accumulations averaged £550,000 a day in the first decade and £500,000 in the second, Sundays being deducted; and if we take the medium population for the whole period at 30 millions, we

find the average savings were fourpence a day per inhabitant. Whatever corresponding test we may take will confirm the above statement, but it will suffice to quote three important ones, viz.:

	Millions sterling.			
	1860.		1870.	1880.
House valuation rental	£58	£81	£110
Income-tax „	335	445	578
Insurance „	1100	1600	2100

In a nation's history there are a few things that record more eloquently the progress in wealth and civilization than

its advance in building, and in this respect we have made great strides since 1860:

	No. of houses.		Value, million £.		Per house.
1860.....	5,384,000	1160	£213
1870.....	5,912,000	1620	275
1880.....	6,871,000	2210	320

We have not only built $1\frac{1}{2}$ million new houses, but we have rebuilt or replaced 800,000 old ones, and our people are 50 per cent better lodged than in 1860, as appears from the average value of each house. For it must not be supposed that this rise in value is artificial, since Mr. Howell shows, on the contrary, that the cost of building is much less than it was twenty years ago. An elaborate table before me shows that the average rental of each house is £43 per annum

in London, £15 in the rest of England, almost £15 in Scotland, and a little under £4 in Ireland, the average for the United Kingdom being £16 a year. It is something more than a coincidence that the number of carriages subject to Inland Revenue duty has risen in the same identical ratio as the Government rental valuation of houses—that is, 88 per cent since 1860—which shows the simultaneous improvement in the condition of our people:

	No. of carriages.		Inhab. to each carriage.
1860.....	245,000	120
1870.....	325,000	97
1880.....	463,000	75

The Income Tax returns show a greater increase by 9 per cent than we find in the Probate returns, which may arise from an improved method of collection. Formerly, the revenue was defrauded in the most outrageous manner, such was the hostility to income

tax; and of this a remarkable instance was quoted by Mr. Gladstone, in the debate on the Budget of 1853: "There were twenty-eight persons who claimed compensation in Cannon Street, on sworn testimony, to an aggregate income of £48,000, but who only paid tax on a

* Being the average for these years.

total of £9000 a year." Nevertheless, the income-tax assessments are not far from reality, for we find that the consumption of luxuries (tea, sugar, coffee, wine, tobacco, and dried fruit) averages 9 per cent of the value of assessed incomes in each year. The insurance returns are

only an indirect proof of growth of wealth, but it is notorious that London alone grows 20 millions a year under this heading. Bank deposits, including the market value of share capital and the deposits in savings banks, have risen 65 per cent since 1860, viz. :

	Millions sterling.	Per inhabitant.
1860.....	520	£18 12 0
1870.....	660	21 6 0
1880.....	850	24 6 0

So far, it will be said, we have seen only one side of the picture, as no account has been taken of the loss of capital from the depreciation of farming land. This is a matter of such moment, that estimates would be a statistical immorality. I have, therefore, summed

up all the land-sales reported in the London papers, at three distinct periods of two years each (excluding Welsh farms as of insufficient value, and all sales over £100 per acre, as not being lands for farming), and the result, for England only, is as follows :

	1860-61.	1870-71	1879-81.
Estates sold.....	285	107	166
Acres.....	71,360	43,276	37,783
Price.....	£3,254,000	£1,792,000	£1,458,000
Per acre.....	£45 10 0	£41 10 0	£38 12 0

Here is a decline of £7 per acre, or 220 millions for the area of England, being 11 millions per annum.* But this has been counterbalanced by the rise in suburban lands near London, Liverpool, and the other great cities, which explains the fact that the income tax assessment, for lands only, has risen from 64½ millions in 1870 to 69½ in 1880.

There is, therefore, nothing to be deducted on this score from the clearly

proved accumulation of 166 millions per annum in the first, and 154 millions per annum in the second decade. I shall now proceed to show how the said accumulations were invested.

II. DISPOSAL OF ACCUMULATIONS.*

This is one of the most interesting points in connection with the economic progress of the nation, and may be set forth in a few words :—

	Million £ per annum.	
	1861-70.	1871-80.
House-building.....	46	58
New railways.....	18	20
Ships (increase).....	3	6
Banks and trade.....	14	18
Public works.....	6	10
Art, Furniture, etc.....	3	4
Foreign investments.....	76	38
	166	154

As regards the first four items we have the most positive and conclusive testimony. The outlay on public works has been a little over 100 millions in the last decade, as shown by the loans for sanitary and like purposes, and although

one class of the community owes another for the money so employed, the country is none the less enriched by the work, which, is moreover, a very useful employment of capital, since it prevents or reduces sickness, and thus increases

* It is remarkable that the decline in our farm-lands is coeval with the rise of Australia, where the sales of land during the last six years have been over five million acres per annum.

our capacity for labor. How close is the relationship between banking and commerce appears from the coincidence

that both have grown at the rate of 16 millions a year since 1860, viz. :

Million £.				
	1860.		1880.	Annual increase.
Commerce.....	375	698	£ 16,150,000
Bank deposits.....	520	850	16,500,000

There has been a still greater increase in the Clearing-house returns, which averaged 295 millions monthly in the years 1867-70, and rose to 530 millions per month for the years 1880-81. It is very significant that in the second decade our home investments increased, and of the money that we placed

abroad at least three-fourths seem to have gone to the Colonies. Doubtless the revelations of Sir Henry James's committee about Peruvian and other loans induced British capitalists to be more careful about lending money to strangers. During the last ten years we lent our Colonies 268 millions, viz :

Millions sterling.				
	Loans.		Companies.	Total.
Australia.....	54	44	98
Canada.....	19	25	44
Cape Colony.....	10	12	22
India.....	45	59	104
	128	140	268

The aggregate of our investments abroad, according to the *Economist*, produces us at present a yearly income of 65½ millions; so that (after deducting bad debts) we must have at least

1300 millions invested abroad, a sum almost equal to twice our national debt.

The following shows how the national wealth was distributed at the three dates under consideration :

Millions sterling.				
	1860.		1870.	1880.
Houses.....	1160	1620	2200
Railways.....	348	530	730
Shipping.....	40	66	120
Bullion.....	95	118	143
Furniture, books, etc.....	330	400	500
Stock-in-trade.....	420	500	600
Public works.....	200	250	350
Lands.....	1740	1930	1950
Cattle, crops, etc.....	460	480	400
Sundries.....	87	66	127
Invested abroad.....	320	920	1300
	5200	6880	8420

Comparing these totals with population, we find that each inhabitant was worth £180 in 1860, almost £220 in 1870, and about £250 in 1880. With such an increase of wealth it is by no means surprising that the ratio of paupers to population has declined from 4 per cent in 1870 to 3 per cent last year, that the Savings Bank deposits have risen very

notably, and that the consumption of tea, sugar, and tobacco is higher per inhabitant than in the past years.

III. ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Having ascertained the accumulations, the next point is the expenditure, as by adding both together we shall arrive at the precise income of

the nation. Before going into details I may be permitted to state the principal items, and the average per inhabitant as well as for a family of five persons, viz. :

	Millions sterling.	Average per inhab	Per family.
Food.....	474	£13 12 0	£68 0 0
Clothing.....	138	3 19 0	19 15 0
Rent.....	179	5 2 0	25 10 0
Taxes.....	125	3 12 0	18 0 0
Sundries.....	177	5 1 0	25 5 0
1893		£31 6 0	£156 10 0

Although the expenditure approaches 1100 millions, the consumption does not exceed 800 millions, since the rent is simply a payment from one Englishman to another, and even the taxes are pretty much the same. Most of the interest on the national debt will be found to go ultimately into food and clothing, and the same may be said of the principal sums paid to soldiers, police, and all

public officials. But if we are to regard the country as a large house of business, it is impossible to classify the expenditure more simply than in the above table. Food is, of course, the largest and most important item, and calls for special consideration in all its component parts, distinguishing how much is produced at home, and how much imported, viz. :

	Tons.	Value, million £.	Percentage, British.	Do. imported.
Grain, etc.....	19,500,000	160	60	40
Meat.....	1,850,000	111	78	22
Butter, cheese.....	410,000	31	45	55
Eggs.....	100,000	9	75	25
Tea, coffee, etc.....	95,000	11	0	100
Sugar.....	910,000	20	0	100
Wine, beer, etc.....	—	128	94	6
Sundries.....	—	37	90	10
		507	70	30

It will be seen that three-fifths of our breadstuffs are home-grown, this item including not only grain but also potatoes, of which we produce about 4 million tons. As regards meat, we import nearly one-third, but this item in the above table comprises moreover poultry and game, which are not usually included; it is, however, irrespective of fish, of which we consume over 530,000 tons a year. Eggs of home production average 40 millions weekly, besides which we import 14 millions a week. We use annually 4½ lbs. of tea and barely 1 lb. of coffee per head, and if the duties were taken off these articles we might expect to see our bill for liquor much lower. Still, it is gratifying to note that the consumption of wines, beer, etc., has fallen 20 millions in value since 1876. The item for sundries consists of 25 millions for milk, 3 millions for fish, and the rest for fruit. From the above total of 507 millions it is necessary to deduct 33 millions for grain, corresponding

to the cattle annually slaughtered for our markets, and which comes back to us as meat, thus leaving the bill for food at 474 millions, as before stated. If we are dependent on foreign nations for one-third of our food supply, it is different with clothing, which (excepting two-thirds of our silks) is wholly of home production. Our expenditure under this head is shown as follows :

	Million yards.	Value, million £.
Cotton goods.....	1,100	15
Woollen ".....	330	30
Linen ".....	400	13
Silk ".....	55	19
Hats and boots....	—	26
Tailors' wages.....	—	28
Sundries.	—	7
		138

The home consumption of our textile manufactures is 35 per cent of all the produce, and just equal in value (65 millions) to what we pay annually to foreign nations for raw material. The

number of tailors, dressmakers, etc., employed in making clothes merely for our own population is almost half-a-million of persons.

Rent and taxes as stated in the summary before given are simply the Government returns on such matters. The rental valuation consists of 110 millions for houses and 69 millions for land. The taxes consist of 83 millions national, and 43 millions local. Furthermore, there are miscellaneous expenses that make up 177 millions as follows :

	Million £.
Locomotion.....	46
Fuel, gas, etc.....	30
Hardware, etc.....	63
Law, physic, press, etc.....	23
Church and charities.....	15
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Under locomotion I do not include freight, but only passenger traffic by rail and otherwise. Fuel does not comprise what is used in factories, etc., but merely in domestic use. Hardware comprehends all manufactures that are not textile. Finally, the last item includes 9 millions for the average amount of charitable donations.

IV. INCOME OF THE NATION.

We have seen that the expenditure amounts to 1093, and the annual accumulation to 154 millions, so that the in-

come *must* be 1247 millions, but when we proceed to inquire how the income arises, we leave the region of ascertained fact and enter on the debateable ground of estimates, viz. :

	Million £.
Agricultural products.....	249
Railway earnings.....	63
Shipping ".....	60
Minerals.....	73
Dividends on capital.....	115
Rents.....	179
Trade.....	140
Manufactures.....	368

1247

Some fifteen years ago the late Mr. Dudley Baxter estimated the national earnings (without house rent) at 814 millions. Since then the income tax and probate returns have risen 40 per cent, so that, if Mr. Baxter were right, the national income would now be 1260 millions. This shows that he was within 1 per cent of the fact, although he has left no evidence of how he came so near the reality.

In my next paper I shall call attention to the distinctive feature of this last quarter of the nineteenth century—a more general distribution of wealth and a proportionate decrease in the number of paupers, as well as a "levelling up" of the middle classes, especially in England, France, and Germany, the result of industrial development in these countries.—*Contemporary Review*.

ODDITIES OF PERSONAL NOMENCLATURE.

FROM many different points of view personal nomenclature presents itself as an interesting object of study. What have been the main forces concerned in the production of personal names? When, where, and why were the several denominations now current in England introduced among us? What circumstances have conduced to the survival of some of these through many centuries, and to the total disappearance of others once popular? Or, again, what amount of reference may be traced, in the name-creations of our own time, to the men, movements, ideas, and events of the day? These questions and many others directly or indirectly connected with them

are, it will generally be allowed, not wanting in attractiveness.

It is now many years ago that such questions were considered by the present writer [in the pages of this Magazine.* In the article referred to, the matter of personal names was, so far as available space would allow, dealt with at large, and its history, both past and contemporary, entered into. In our present remarks we shall be mainly concerned with the age in which we live, and with a single branch of the subject. Our facts will for the most part be drawn from the registers which have been kept

* See *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1871.

under statutory provision during the last forty-four years; and we shall, as our title implies, treat chiefly of the exceptional—the odd and droll—in personal names.

It may be noticed, however, as a help in classifying nominal oddities, that their sources are necessarily to some extent identical with the sources of personal names altogether. We will therefore begin our arrangement of facts by attributing to those causes with respect to which the identity exists, such names as seem to justify the assignment. The main original sources of personal nomenclature have been—(1) Some aspiration on the part of the parents as to the future character or career of the infant to be named; (2) some fact relative to the circumstances of the child's birth; and (3) some peculiarity of person or disposition in the child itself. But all existing eccentricities of personal denomination cannot be ascribed to these sources. Among their further causes we may mention (4) suggestive surnames, and (5) error and ignorance. It will, moreover, be convenient to keep a separate place (6) for names attributable to miscellaneous fancies; while, lastly (7), we shall speak of those appellational oddities which cease to be oddities, or become less odd than before, when they are rightly understood. We are far from claiming perfection for this arrangement; but it will suffice for the purpose now in view.

I. *Name-oddities answering to the description of aspiration-names.* Many of the current nominal peculiarities which appear to express the desires of parents for their children are of a religious character. The religious aspirations which in the time of our pagan forefathers had shown themselves denominationally by the simple adoption as personal appellations of the names and qualities of deities, and which, seeking a like mode of expression in the middle ages, had been mostly content to use the names of the saints—as pre-eminently in the case of *Mary*, probably to this day the commonest English name, whether male or female—found a more startling mode of utterance in the days of Puritanism. Not only did the Puritan ransack the Bible for appellations of the strangest sound, and call his child *Habakkuk*,

Epaphroditus, or perhaps *Mahershalal-hashbaz*; not only did he delight in fastening upon his offspring a preomen expressing some abstraction familiar in his religious phraseology, as *Experience Repentance*, or *Tribulation*; but he sometimes invented for his infant's personal denomination a lengthy sentence, either admonitory, doctrinal, or otherwise; such as *Fight-the-good-fight*, *Search-the-Scriptures*, *Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord*, or even *If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned*.*

These well-known extravagancies are here referred to because, although they are not to be traced in all their forms among the names of to-day, most current nominal oddities of the religious-aspiration class are nearly related to them. Some of this class have been by continuous family usage handed on to us unaltered from the seventeenth century; and those similar names with respect to which the remark cannot be made are distinctly owing to Puritan taste as it now exists. The following abstract nouns—most of them apparently representing parental aspirations, and many having, as it would seem, a religious meaning, occur as names in recent registers: *Admonition*, *Advice*, *Affability*, *Comfort*, *Deliverance*, *Duty*, *Equality*, *Faith*, *Freedom*, *Grace*, *Gratitude*, *Hope*, *Industry*, *Innocence*, *Liberty*, *Love*, *Meditation*, *Mercy*, *Modesty*, *Obedience*, *Patience*, *Peace*, *Piety*, *Providence*, *Prudence*, *Repentance*, *Sapience*, *Silence*, *Sobriety*, *Temperance*, *Truth*, *Unity*, *Virtue*, *Wisdom*, and *Zeal*.

We shall hereafter refer again to certain of these names in various connections, though for the moment we place them as abstractions in a single list. Some among them, it will be understood, do not *always* mean what they seem to mean. For example, *Grace*, *Hope*, *Peace*, and *Virtue* are surnames, distinguishing at this moment in most minds well-known laborers in different and somewhat incongruous fields of exertion, that is to say, a cricketer (or family of cricketers), a member of Parliament, a recent murderer, and a London publisher. It is manifest that any personal name existing also as a surname

* This last was the name of the brother of the famous Praise-God Barebone. See Hume's "History," chap. lxi. footnote. [Vol. vii., p. 230, ed. 1797.]

may have been given to children in its surname sense alone, without reference to the meaning of the word. This reservation as to surnames it will often be needful to make passingly as we go on; and in the proper place special remarks will be offered on the subject. The abstractions named were many of them used as prenomen in Puritan times, and are now common as such in America among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. There are other appellations of religious reference, which may also have been handed down as they are from the seventeenth century. The daughter of a shepherd, born near Chichester in 1879, was named *Hopestill*; and an illegitimate child, born near Rye in 1878, was called *Faint-not*; we have noted also *Liverwell* and *Diehappy*. These are quite in the religious style of two centuries ago. It may be noticed that Puritan tradition has still a remarkably firm hold of the personal nomenclature of Sussex, where two of the specimens last mentioned were found. The Old Testament names so commonly met with in that county—the *Enoses*, the *Ezras*, the *Jabeses*, the *Judahs*, the *Milcahs*, the *Naomis*, the *Reubens*, and the *Zabulons*—point probably less to present than to past religious feeling. Still, when every allowance of this kind has been made, there is good reason for recognizing in many eccentric names that are given the religious desires of existing parents for their children. Sometimes the aspiration is so vague as to find expression in a word merely sacred by association, and quite without meaning as a name. The titles of the books of Scripture thus become appellations. *Acts* and *Acts Apostles* have been observed as registered names, and a laborer near Lynn, called his son *Hebrews* in 1877. We have also met with *Abba*, *Olivet*, *Ramoth-Gilead*, *Selah*, *Talithacumi*, etc., which we suppose generally to represent indeterminate desires—very roughly expressed—for the religious good of the children thus named.

Among aspiration-names that are not religious must be ranked those given out of admiration for heroes; for mingled with the admiration, and with the desire to commemorate it and glorify the child to be named by applying to it the hero's

title, is usually, it is to be supposed, a wish that the infant may be worthy of its appellation and an imitator of its namesake's merits. Sometimes the hero appears to be *aristocracy in general*. The *Gordon Stanleys*, *Spencer Percys*, etc., so often now presenting themselves among the lower ranks, seem to disclose an indiscriminate worship of the patrician order. Or the homage may be more personal, the reference more specific. At Reading we recently found a *Richard Plantagenet Temple Nugent Brydges Chandos Grenville*; he was not a duke, but a waiter. The infant daughter of a farm-laborer near Bere Regis, Dorsetshire, lately received an appellation which appears to point to an opposite taste in heroes. She was registered *Archiner*, and this we suppose to be meant for *Archina*, and to be founded on the surname of *Joseph Arch*, the champion of the agricultural laborers. The embellishment of the last syllable will be recognized as representing a common tendency among the uneducated; it is one that received not long since another curious exemplification. A gipsy came to a Hampshire registrar to give information of a birth, and to his astonishment requested that the child's name might be entered *Liar*. He remonstrated; the informant persisted; and registration was put off, that further inquiry might be made as to what was meant by the offensive name proposed. It proved that the intention was to call the infant *Lia* or *Liah*, and this was an abbreviation of *Athaliah*, an appellation already in use in the family concerned.

The following are further examples of that variety of aspiration-names which is based upon hero-worship or something approaching it. They are given with the surnames to which they are found prefixed in the registers: *King David Haydon*, *Martin Luther Upright*, *John Bunyan Parsonage*, *General George Washington Jones*, *Lord Nelson Portman*, *Humphry Davy Avery*, *King George Westgate*, *Empress Eugénie Aldridge*, *John Robinson Crusoe Heaton*, and *Man Friday Wilson*. It is not necessary to prolong the list.

II. We go on now to consider the oddities of personal nomenclature which are suggested by *circumstances of birth*.

Twin or triple births supply opportunities for the selection of unusual names. Some of these are pretty. Twin girls were lately registered *Pearl* and *Ruby*, at Wantage, and others near Cranleigh, Sussex, *Lily* and *Rose*. In 1878, a laborer at Robertsbridge, in the same county, presented with three daughters at a birth, called them *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; and a farm-laborer near Bridport recently gave the names *Faith* and *Hope* to twin sons. But sometimes dual births render parents positively cruel in their choice of appellations. We have known the names *Hus* and *Buz* applied to twin boys. This was sheer inhumanity. *Peter the Great Wright* and *William the Conqueror Wright* figure in registration as twins. Here the parental selection seems to have been in part determined by hero-worship, though probably the duality of birth excited the primary desire for name-distinction. Another fancy created by twofold births is that of furnishing the children with identical names transposed. Twin sons of a gardener at Chard were a few months since endowed respectively with the names *James Reginald* and *Reginald James*; and at Ixworth, Suffolk, we noticed not many years ago the decease of a *Horace Horatio*, whose brother *Horatio Horace* attested the death-entry. These brothers we infer to have been twins also. An historian of parish registers remarks that about the sixteenth century it was not unusual for parents to give the same name to two or more of their children, with the view perhaps of increasing the likelihood of its perpetuation in their families. He cites, by way of proof, the following quotation from their will of one John Parnell de Gyrton: "8 Mar., 1545.—Alice my wife and Old John my son to occupy my farm together till olde John marries, and then She to have land and cattle. Young John my son shall have Brenlay's land plowed and sowed at Old John's cost."^{*}

The inconvenient practice here exemplified does not, we believe, now survive except in the modified shape just instanced; but it is not unknown among the lower classes for parents to give to

their later children names which their earlier ones deceased have previously borne. Some babies have been named *Enough*, in indication, as it would seem, of numerous predecessors; and on the other hand is found *Welcome*, which appears to denote satisfaction at a novel kind of blessing. *Una*, *Unit*, and *Unity** point, it may be supposed, to first arrivals; *Three* and *Number Seven* express different degrees of advance in family multitude; *Last* and *Omega* suggest a resolute protest against further increase; while *Also* hints at the grudging acceptance of an unwelcome addition, and seems to need after it a note of (melancholy) exclamation. *Posthumous* is an unmistakable nominal memorandum of a painful fact. Places occasionally give their names to children, as in the cases of *Matilda Australasia Yarra Yarra Holden*, *Odessa Silly*, etc. It may be supposed that in these instances there is usually some family connection with the locality at the time of birth. In such appellations as *Tempest Booth*, *Hustings Moore*, *Farewell Hampshire*, etc., we seem to trace references to special incidents, and may infer again that the occurrences so celebrated are circumstantially linked to the arrivals of the infants whom they name; while the titles *Admonition*, *Deliverance*, *Repentance*, and others already mentioned in our list of abstract nouns used as appellations, have probably sometimes been employed, in the same way, in allusion to various conditions under which the births of the children so named have taken place.

Festivals, seasons, etc., have long lent their titles to those whose entrances into the world have been associated with them, and not a few of the names so rendered personal have become surnames. *Munday*, *Noel*, *Pascoe*, *Pentecost*, *Sumption* (i.e. Assumption), *Yule*, and others are family denominations thus originated. This class of personal names has apparently not declined in favor, and there is an oddity about many that belong to it. The months of the year and days of the week sometimes name children now, particularly found-

* See "History of Parish Registers," by P. S. Burn, p. 69.

* *Unity*, however, as we have seen, is at any rate sometimes to be otherwise understood.

lings; there is a *Sabbath Ada Stone* among our collection of curiosities. We have known an infant born on June 24 registered *Midsummer*, and another who came into existence on Loaf-mass day (August 1) named *Lammas*. *Newyear* we lately saw as a personal name. *Easter* is not unfrequent; nor is *Christmas*—a *Merry Christmas Finnett* is known to registration. *Trinity*, too, we have observed. *Lovedy* is often to be found in current registers, especially in Cornwall. The meaning of this name deserves a passing notice, although it is now, perhaps, seldom remembered when the appellation is chosen. "In former times there was often a day fixed for the arrangement of differences, in which if possible, old sores were to be healed up and old-standing accounts settled."* The *Love-day* sometimes gave its title at the font to children born or baptized upon it; hence the name mentioned, which may often have been handed down to our time as a personal denomination by continuous usage, while—since it was early appropriated by family nomenclature—it has probably, in other cases, been returned as a *surname* to the category of personal names. *Noon* is a name borne by a few people, and may sometimes indicate birth at midday; but it is also a surname, being as such, in all probability, a north-country corruption of *Nunn* phonetically spelt; hence it must not be claimed as necessarily pointing to circumstance of birth. Anniversaries of events in royal history occasion some unusual appellations. At Culham, near Abingdon, is a worthy shoemaker who was named *King Charles* because he was born on that now abandoned thanksgiving day, May 29; and an old man lately died near Oxford whose prenominal was *Jubilee*, his birthday having fallen on the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George III.

Any matter of controversy or conversation which is current at the time of nativity may supply an appellation to the infant born. No one probably will ever know the number of *Rogers* who owe their names to the claimant of the Tichborne estates; but that number is certainly large. There are, too,

among us many living *Cypruses*, who came into the world when it was talking about the acquisition of the Mediterranean island; and in this case there would be no impossibility in reckoning the extent of the nominal appropriation. Again, if any future student of English registers is surprised to find that at a particular point in the eighth decade of our century the name *Cleopatra* was used a little oftener than before, he may discover the explanation in the fact that at the same period the famous "needle" made its difficult passage from Alexandria to the Thames Embankment. A name recently found in the registers, viz. *Sidney Joseph Anti-Vaccinator West*, seems to hint that the bearer was born in an atmosphere not unfavorable to the spread of disease; while *Temperance Sober Lane* must have come into being under conditions which would delight Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The circumstances of the birth of *Drinkall Cooper* might perhaps, on the other hand, be less satisfactory to that statesman.

III. We are to speak next of odd names referring to some peculiarity of person or disposition in the children to whom they are given.

Every one knows how largely our forefathers resorted to nicknames, both complimentary and otherwise, to distinguish individuals one from another, and how many of the sobriquets thus bestowed have established themselves among us as permanent surnames. The *Blythmans*, the *Coxheads*, the *Cruikshanks*, the *Curtises*, the *Gentles*, the *Lilywhites*, the *Slys*, and a host of other families give evidence of these facts in every quarter. But it was generally the outside world that conferred such nicknames, now become hereditary; hence it is not to be wondered at that a large number of them are unfavorable, for men are not given to be tender to the oddities of those who do not belong to them. The personal name, on the other hand, is for the most part of parental choice; and as parents usually take an indulgent view of the defects and weaknesses of their offspring, we should not expect to find among our prenomen many of uncomplimentary character. Some such, however, there undoubtedly are; for instance, *Giddy*, *Dirty*, *Faint*, *Fearful*, *Musty*, *Shady*, *Singular*, *Stubborn*, *Tempestuous*, and

* "English Surnames," Rev. C. W. Bardsley, p. 63. (Chatto and Windus.)

Troublesome are all recorded names. It will be conjectured that the infants thus styled must have fallen into hands other than those of their natural guardians. One name on the list is capable of the same interpretation as many other prenominal absurdities. *Giddy* is a surname; as such we lately came across it at Neath. It is perhaps possible that it has made its appearance as a personal name only in this connection.

Complimentary references to personal characteristics we are not surprised to find more common in personal nomenclature than the uncomplimentary. *Pleasant* is to all appearance one of these. When Dickens introduced this name into "Our Mutual Friend" he was not inventing. It has been a good deal used, and personal association, it is likely enough, has now as much to do with its employment as infantile sweetness of temper. *Happy* is to be met with as often. Any reader who may be familiar with the personal names about Loddon, Wymondham, and other parts of Norfolk, will recognize it as not unfrequent, *Patient* we have seen in Suffolk; *Grateful*—as the last of four names—at Reading; *Choice*, near Merthyr Tydfil. We have also noticed *Smart*, which may sometimes belong to the same class; and *Treasure*, which is, it may be, now and then used as a parental testimonial to general personal excellence; but it will not be forgotten that the two names last mentioned lead us yet again into cognominal territory. *Affable*, *Bold*, *Cautious*, *Civil*, *Energetic*, *Irresistible*, *Nice*, *Placid*, and *Thankful* have all appeared in modern registration, and are most of them intelligible enough as expressive of infant characteristics. So are *Affability*, *Obedience*, *Peace*, and *Silence* (already mentioned in our list of names created from abstract nouns), which may sometimes have been used descriptively. *Wonderful*, too, is a registered name, but it means nothing, for all children are wonderful in the eyes of their parents. *Loving*, again, we have found, and *Amorous*; the former may perhaps sometimes point to disposition, but we look with suspicion upon the latter, because in some places the name *Ambrose* is so pronounced as to be easily mistaken for it. There is a *Sanspareil Scamp* in the registers, *Scamp* being the cognomen.

The compliment implied in the forename—if compliment it be—is rendered doubly doubtful by what follows it.

There are many other nominal fancies which, although not outspoken in their references to baby idiosyncrasies, appear to hint at them figuratively. When we find such appellations as *Violet Snowdrop*, *Primrose*, *Mayblossom*, *Rosebud*, *Cuckoo*, and *Melody*, we imagine at once that their bearers may have possessed early a flower-like sweetness, vernal benignity, or musical charm of disposition. *Angel* and *Cherubim* take us back again to the higher regions of metaphor, and offer suggestions of even celestial temper. It is scarcely needful to say that the characteristics alluded to in the appellations probably had a larger existence in the imaginations of fond parents than in fact. There some rather pretty plant names which may possibly have been founded on personal characteristics. Such are *Holly*, *Ivy*, and *Myrtle*, with their pleasant intimations of merriment and constancy.

IV. *Suggestive surnames* have a great deal to answer for in the way of strange and striking personal nomenclature. There is a story of a Mr. Salmon, who on becoming the father of three children at a birth, celebrated the event by naming them *Pickled*, *Potted*, and *Fresh*. The tale is probably apocryphal, but it is certain that names no less remarkable than these are often actually given as complementary to the unfinished ideas discerned in many cognomens.* Some of the combinations thus created are merely the names of familiar heroes. Let us adduce a few examples. *Julius Caesar* meets our eye at the outset; it is the name of a man who witnessed a marriage-register at Easthampstead not long ago, and is indeed a couplet that has often appeared.† *Caesar* is a surname that was probably conferred in the first instance as a nickname for some assuming person.‡ It commemorates the imperious, not the imperial; so that the conjunction in question merely emphasizes an old joke against pretension. Many other such combinations alter their

* Since the above was written we have met with a registered "Joseph Fresh Salmon."

† See Lower's "Patronymica Britannica," p. 49.

‡ "English Surnames," p. 173.

significance when closely inspected. *Mark Antony* was doing a blacksmith's humble work at Mynyddyslwyn, Monmouthshire, only a short time since. *Wat Tyler* died scarcely two years ago at Dover. *George Frederick Handel* reappeared at Heytesbury, Wilts, in 1877; *Eveline Berenger* lately stepped from fiction into fact, and took the shape of a Margate shopkeeper's daughter; and there are *German Reeds* who have no connection with the Gallery of Illustration or St. George's Hall, and who perhaps never "entertain" any one.

Other tricks played with surnames by means of personal prefixes are very various, so much so as to render classification difficult. There is *Mr. Lance Lot*, who was married at Swansea in 1878. The manner in which a knightly turn has been given to his unattractive cognomen certainly shows resource on the part of the framer of the couplet. A little *Ivy Berry* lately fell prematurely to mother earth at Barnstaple. Surnames recalling seasons and days occasion some facetious combinations. The registers reveal an *Ernest Frosty Winter*, an *Autumn Winter*, a *Winter Summers*, an *Eve Christmas*, and a *Time of Day*. Sometimes a prefix is so judiciously chosen and applied to an ordinary cognomen that a title of dignity is the result; we have in the registers an *Arch Bishop*, a *Lord Baron*, etc. And, to be brief, those records further disclose, among other absurd conjunctions, the following: *Emperor Adrian*, *Rose Budd*, *Rose Bower*, *Henry Born Noble*, *J. Frost Hoar*, *Harry Bethlehem Shepherd*, *West Shore*, *Salmon Fish*, *Elizabeth Foot Bath*, *John Cake Baker*, *True Case*, *Major Minor*, *Phæbe Major Key*, *Helen Tight Cord*, *William Rather Brown*, *Henry Speaks Welsh*, *Thomas Christmas Box*, and *Newborn Child*.

V. Our next heading brings us to those strange names which must be ascribed to error and ignorance. Some such are mere misspellings, and are quite without interest. These may arise from inadvertency, or from the persistent adherence of illiterate people to what is wrong. In questions of name-orthography the most ignorant are not unfrequently the more obstinate. A child, it is often insisted at registration, must bear exactly the name borne by his

grandfather and father before him, which name—sometimes, in such cases as we refer to, an incorrectly spelt one—has perhaps been expressly written out by some "scholar" of the family for the registrar's guidance. This officer may not oppose a deliberate demand for a particular spelling; and so it happens that some nominal errors of one generation are handed on to the next. But the inaccuracies thus produced must gradually disappear as the work of elementary education goes steadily forward among the masses; unless indeed, while more ambitious studies are included in the popular curriculum, instruction in the art of writing one's own name should chance to be omitted from it.

The inventions of ignorance in the way of names are often entertaining. The inventive faculty displays itself largely with regard to female appellations, which are often very daringly created, or compounded, of known names and other elements not always to be traced. The following examples have lately come under our notice; *Almetena*, *Alphenia*, *Annarenia*, *Arthurrena*, *Athelia*—this last may be an attempt at *Athaliah*, which we have already pointed out in still more remarkable disguise; *Berdilia*, *Bridelia*, *Edwardina*, *Eldersline*, *Floralla*, *Fortituda*, *Hencerilta*, *Julinda*, *Louena*, *Margelina*, *Millennarianna*, *Perenna*, *Reubena*, *Sevena*, and *Seveena*—probably both founded upon the number seven; *Swindinonia*, *Tranquilla*, *Tributina*, *Uelya*, and *Ulelia*. From such instances as these it is evident that Mrs. Kenwigs, when she invented for her eldest daughter the graceful appellation *Morleena*, did not lend herself to the charms of imagination in any exceptional degree. *Libertine* has been found registered as a name. It is perhaps an unfortunate attempt to give an especially feminine character to *Liberty*—an abstraction which might have been supposed to be sufficiently feminine before.

VI. Odd names owing their creation to miscellaneous fancies might obviously be more accurately classed, if only a knowledge of the facts which helped to shape the individual appellations were possessed; but in the absence of this knowledge it becomes necessary to

resort to some such inclusive heading as that now to be dealt with. Who could venture, for example, to state on what principle a Wiltshire girl inheriting the family surname *Snook*, came, not very many years ago, to be called *Grecian*? Who would presume to decide why a Master Rook, registered at Wye in Kent two or three years back, was named *Sun*? or—to match this glorious Apollo with a suitable Phœbe—whence *Luna Millicent Nation*, who figures among our notes for a somewhat later period, derived her first appellation? A quarryman at Portland, surnamed White, recently called his infant daughter *Mary Avalanche*. He would scarcely be personally familiar with Alpine disasters; is it to be inferred that the second name implies the child's unwelcome descent upon an unready household? Again, what volcanic impulse can have produced such a forename as that of Mrs. *Etna Brooking*, whom we noticed as having become a mother at Saltash not long since? It is quite impossible to answer such questions. A few more nominal riddles—as difficult of solution and classification as the foregoing—may be propounded. The registers introduce us to a *Doctor Allred*, a *Tea Bolton*, a *Longitude Blake*, a *Crescence Boot*, an *Ephraim Very Ott*, a *Hempseed Barrass*, a *Purify Buckland*, a *Married Brown*, a *Quilly Booty*, a *Sir Dusty Entwistle*, etc.

Among the miscellaneous fancies must be placed that for registering, as formal appellations, those abbreviations and pet-names which are commonly applied only in familiar intercourse. Of these the ordinary monosyllabic appellatives, such as *Alf*, *Bob*, *Bill*, *Bess*, *Dan*, *Dick*, *Meg*, *Nat*, *Ned*, *Poll*, *Sall*, etc., are unfortunately not at all unfrequent in the registers. It is impossible to associate gentleness or refinement with a preference for such curt nomenclature as this, although in the domestic circle or among intimates the semi-jocose employment of these monosyllables is sometimes excused. On the other hand, the pet names ending *ie* or *y* are always tender, and often pleasing; and the fact that such are largely resorted to in registration forms an agreeable set-off to the circumstance that the elegant and disrespectful monosyllables

are also much employed. Among names of this class, none has been more widely used than *Bertie*, which of course owes its popularity to the Prince of Wales. Pretty, however, as many such denominations may seem in the earlier hours of life, they are apt to become embarrassing possessions at a later period; and to register them—especially without any additional names—is a manifest mistake. What a pitiable contradiction would be a pallid *Rosie* of seventy-five, a *Pussy* on crutches, a blind *Daisy*, or a *Birdie* voiceless from chronic bronchitis!

Some name-choosers indulge a fancy for extreme brevity in personal nomenclature. This indulgence reaches its most foolish extent when *single letters* are inserted in the registers. Initials (or what may be supposed to be such) have, from time to time, appeared as names in those records; but they have not often been used without the addition of other appellations in completer form. *Ex*, *Is*, *No*, and *Si* are recorded names. The opposite taste for very voluminous denominations now and then displays itself. *Thomas Hill Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte Horatio Swindlehurst Nelson* is an incongruous combination in which length seems to have been aimed at more than anything else; and *Arphad Ambrose Alexander Habakkuk William Shelah Woodcock* may be classed with it. Then, again, in the higher ranks, we sometimes find ancestral names piled very heavily upon single heads, as in the case of *Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache*.

VII. In the last place, something is to be noted concerning those personal name-oddities which cease to be such, or become less odd than before when they are rightly understood.

It has many times been conceded in the foregoing remarks that different drolleries of personal nomenclature are found to exist as surnames also. It does not follow from this that a single oddity mentioned has been wrongly classed; for any word that happens to form a surname, and that is personally applied at one time because it is a surname, may at another time be so applied in its every-day sense. Nevertheless, the cog-

nominal explanation ought to be constantly borne in mind when strange personal names are under consideration; for it is nearly impossible to say where it may not apply, since surnames, which include among them so large a host of drolleries, are freely used as personal appellations, and have been so used ever since the Reformation.

But to show that forename-oddities are cognominal oddities is merely to shift the difficulty of accounting for them from one date to another, from the nineteenth century to any period since the eleventh, when the surname itself was created or moulded into its present droll shape. How did these absurd surnames come to be surnames?

It is not easy to give a condensed answer to this wide question; but it may be said that two principal causes have produced the odd cognominal results referred to. Firstly—the large use of sobriquets in the middle ages as a means of distinguishing persons bearing the same baptismal names; and secondly—the almost endless *corruption* which surnames have constantly been undergoing since they came to be such. The corruptive forces have been: the tendency of men in former days—almost acknowledged as a right until quite lately—to follow their own pleasure as to the orthography of their own family denominations; the common inclination to shape unfamiliar surnames into accustomed words something like them in sound; the habit among uneducated people of deliberately turning foreign words (and surnames among them) to burlesque; and the liability of local peculiarities of speech to affect cognominal spelling in places where these peculiarities are not understood. No surname, however absurd, can be greatly wondered at when these possibilities as to its creation and development are considered.

There is a kind of oddity in personal nomenclature which arises from seeming discrepancy between name and sex. For instance, a man bearing the name of *Jaël*—the wife of Heber the Kenite—lately died near Newbury; a laborer at Ixworth, named Peck, registered his son *George Venus*, in 1877; *Margaret Absalom Hughes* was born near Ponty-

pool in 1878, and *Noah Otley*, recently became a mother in the neighborhood of Devizes. Family nomenclature will account for all these apparent contradictions, and by reference to it the explanation of most others like them is probably to be found. The following female names we know to exist as cognomens: *Alice, Amy, Ann, Arrabella, Bessey, Betty, Dolly, Eliza, Ellen, Eva, Eve, Fanny, Frances, Hagar, Hannah, Harriot, Helen, Hester, Jaël, Jane, Judy, Kitty, Leah, Lucy, Mary, Maryan, Matilda, Maude, Meggy, Millicent, Molly, Nan, Nancy, Nanny, Nell, Patty, Polly, Psyche, Rosamond, Ruth, Sall, Sally, Sara, Sarah, Susan, Susanna, and Venus*. This list by no means exhausts the sum of these surnames which coincide with personal names of women, but it furnishes all that is needed in the way of example. It will now be asked, what is the explanation of such family denominations as these? Many of the class are not actually female names at all, but are mere corruptions of men's names and of other words. A respectable remainder, however, are acknowledged metronymics. These may sometimes point to the illegitimate birth of the founders of the families bearing them; or they may simply indicate that at the point from which the cognomen dates, the lady rather than the lord was the ruling spirit of the ancestral household. Of the personal names of men which have become surnames a large number have been modified by prefixes and suffixes, and consequently the seeming contradictions now under consideration cannot be produced through their means. But others have retained their original shape. The following are or appear to be examples of the latter class; so singular, however, are the transformations which take place in family nomenclature that not every instance quoted can be guaranteed as being in reality that which it looks like. *Absalom, Adam, Ajax, Arthur, Balaam, Bertram, Felix, Gabriel, Gomer, Hector, Herod, Jack, Jesse, Lazarus, Louis, Matthias, Michael, Noah, Oliver, Priam, Ralph, Roderick, Simon, Stephen, Toby, Tommy, Valentine, Vincent, and Zebedee* will probably be thought specimens enough to produce.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

CRAB GOSSIP.

WITH the crab-race, as represented on our shores, every reader is familiar. The common crab itself, exposed for sale in the fishmonger's window, may be called truly a "common object" of the street, not to speak of the shore. Yet common as the animal in question is, there is a vast deal of natural-history romance bound up within the compass of its frame, and if we select this crab as a starting-point for our brief researches into some of its less familiar brethren, we shall not regret making its further and nearer acquaintance, especially as it illustrates some of the most important points in crab life at large. To begin with its early history. This well-known crustacean has a somewhat peculiar life-history. It begins its existence in a decidedly abnormal and unusual fashion. Instead of breaking free from its egg—carried about by mater Cancer in her "purse" in company with hundreds of its brethren and sisters, likewise in the egg-state—the young or baby-crab appears on the stage of existence as a curious little creature with an enormous head, and a short, jointed, and forked tail. It is no more like the perfect crab than it is like an alligator. It more nearly resembles an abnormal shrimp on a roving expedition, than the staid angular crustacean whose progeny it is, and whose likeness—on the idea that "like begets like"—we shall expect it sooner or later to assume. Its big head bears in front two great compound eyes, and is drawn out above and below into a long pointed spine; while two pairs of feelers, and three pairs of jaws complete the furnishings of this infant crab.

Behind the head, come at least two pairs of legs which will be represented in the perfect crab as "foot-jaws," and then succeed mere rudiments of six pairs of appendages, of which all but the first are represented in the adult state by the walking legs. The jointed tail, itself, has at first no belongings in the shape of appendages or aught else, but legs become mapped out at a later stage on the tail. Now when this young form was first noted by naturalists it was regarded as a new species of crustacean, and

was accordingly named a *Zoëa*. Now, however, we know that the *Zoëa* shows evident signs of changing into something different from its youthful state. Its body becomes broader, and the limbs behind the head come to resemble those of the full-grown crab. Then the jaws are completed in their transformations, and by-and-by the young crab appears before us, a crab as to its body, but a lobster as to its tail. For it still retains this latter appendage, and is known in this second part of its life history as the *Megalopa*—a name signifying "big-eyed," in reference to the large eyes it possesses; which organs have now become fixed to the end of a stalk.

Like the *Zoëa*, the *Megalopa* stage of crab-life was at first regarded as representing a new and before unknown animal form. Changing its skin frequently, as it did in passing from the *Zoëa* to the "big-eyed" stage, in which the crab looks more like a lobster than the tailless crustacean it is destined to become—the *Megalopa* or youthful crab begins to assume the full-grown form. The body becomes broader, and the tail grows "small by degrees and beautifully less," until it becomes tucked up under the body, and exists in matured crab-existence as the familiar "purse" which children are so fond of prying into. Thus we see that a crab's body is, to put it popularly, all head and chest. The lobster or prawn has not merely a head and chest (united to form the so-called "head" of that animal) but a tail or abdomen as well. And from the fact that our crab in its infancy possesses a tail, but afterward loses this appendage, we should be inclined in a zoological sense to believe that the crabs represent a higher crustacean race derived from the lower lobsters or their kith and kin. At least, it is certain that lobsters and their kind were crawling over the rocks and swimming in the seas of this world's former epochs, ages before the crabs appeared. This much we know from the history of fossils. As the lobster race preceded the crab race in time, so the latter, as the later products of life-development, evince the higher structure of the two.

The disappearance of a tail in the crabs is by no means unparalleled in other groups of animals. Man himself, for that matter, possesses at an early period in his history a tolerably well-developed tail, which shrinks into the "coccyx" or rudimentary bones at the tip of his spine. The frog begins life as a tadpole, but the tail of that form shrivels up to become the short and unrecognizable stump of the sedate frog. So that we find instances in higher life, bearing out the fact that abbreviation of body is by no means an invariable sign of deterioration and backsliding, but on the contrary may be more properly regarded as a sign of an animal's "getting on in the world," and rising in the scale of animated creation.

If, however, we wished for proofs of the high place of our crab in its own class as compared with the place of the tailed lobsters, we might discover such proof in an inspection of the crab's nervous system. A lobster's nervous system is a chain of nerve-knots lying along the floor of its body. Each joint of its body should possess a pair of such knots, either joined or separated. Now in a crab, whose nervous system likewise lies on the floor of its body, what strikes us as most remarkable is the concentration of that system. Instead of being a chain of nerves, the crab's system consists (1) of one big nerve-knot supplying the head-parts and organs of sense with nerves, and (2) of a very large knot or mass of nervous matter in the centre of its body. This last represents all the nerve-knots of the lobster rolled into one, and serves as a centre from which nerves pass to the surrounding organs and parts. In a word, on the principle that when a general wishes to obtain the fullest service of his troops, he concentrates them upon a given point, so nature, in giving the crab a superior nervous system to that of the lobster, does not proceed upon the plan of manufacturing new nerves, but, on the contrary localizes and concentrates those proper to the common type to which crab and lobster belong.

So much for our common crab and its history. One brief glance at its anatomy and development, has at least served to show us the position and rank

of crabs in general in the crustacean class. The nearest relations of our crabs include some forms which may certainly be regarded as very abnormal in some of their ways and works. For instance, the well-known land-crabs of the West Indies are creatures which exist in damp places, and which make periodical journeys to the sea for the purpose of depositing their eggs. These "up-country" species possess a structure essentially resembling that of the common crab; but the chief fact of interest in connection with them relates, of course, to their powers of breathing apart from water. The common crab is perfectly lively after a twelve hours' absence from his native element; and as he breathes like a fish by gills, placed in the sides of his body and attached to his legs, we must presume that he can retain in his gill-chamber moisture enough to purify his blood for a considerable period of time. For we must bear in mind that a crab's necessities of life in this respect, resemble our own. We require a constant supply of oxygen—derived from the atmosphere—to purify our blood; and the crab demands a supply of the same gas—derived from the water in which it is mechanically suspended—for the same purpose of blood purification. The crab's heart, placed on his back, is a square sac or bag, which goes on beating and pulsating, from first to last, circulating pure blood through his body. Cessation of breathing means, of course, stoppage of the heart's action, and consequent annihilation of crab-life; hence breathing, or aëration of the blood in the gills, must be as constant a function of crab-existence as breathing is in ourselves.

Now, it is evident that in the land-crabs, which live in burrows, there cannot exist that provision for blood-aëration by water, which is present in their neighbors of the sea. Hence, when we examine a land-crab's gills we find that its gill-arrangements exhibit an adaptation to its own peculiar way of life. For instance, between its gills—lodged as these are in a very capacious gill-chamber—are found certain hard stiff processes, probably modifications of similar structures met with in the common crab and lobster. These processes are believed to possess the function of keeping

the gills widely apart, so as to admit copious currents of air to the gill-chamber. If we presume that this air is moist, we can conceive how an animal with gills can therein obtain the necessary medium for blood-purification. But while moist air is a necessity for a land-crab's life, we must not neglect the all-important observation, that, with new ways of life, nature has probably modified the land-crab's constitution so as to render its peculiar breathing habits more readily discharged. Nobody doubts that land-crabs were originally water-living in habits. The whole history of the Crustacean class points to that conclusion, and no other, as the original way of life of all its members. Hence, we learn from the mere fact of a land-crab's existence the ever-recurring lesson, that living things, like the world on which they dwell, have been and still are the creatures of change and modification. Habits alter, and carry change of body and form with them; and although this is not the whole story of diversity and variety in living things, it involves a large part of the "reason why" that diversity exists and is perpetuated from day to day and from age to age.

The "hermit crabs," those crustacean Diogenes of our coasts, each ensconced in a cast-off shell for its "tub," are decidedly queer crabs in many aspects of their existence. Morally and mentally, so to speak, they are erratic. They are much given to sanguinary encounters, and are ferocious and vindictive enough, as may be seen when two hermit-crabs happen to light upon the same morsel of food. Then comes the tug of war; and the combat may only be terminated by the stronger dragging off not merely the morsel but the body of the vanquished along with it—the victim having pulled his tenacious rival out of his shell in the energy of his triumph. Hermit crabs represent zoologically a kind of half-way house between the true crabs and the lobsters and their long-tailed neighbors. The hermit does not possess the well-developed tail of the lobster, but he can boast of a much superior tail to the crab. This tail, however, is soft and unprotected; so Pagurus, as the hermit is named, slips his appendage and body into the cast-off

shell of a whelk or periwinkle; adheres to the shell by certain small "feet" at the tip of his tail, and defies the outer world at large when withdrawn into his abode, by placing the bigger of his two "nippers" across the door of the shell and effectually closing the aperture of his domicile.

Among the near relatives of the hermit crabs are one or two forms which deserve mention. Thus just as the land-crabs represent the terrestrial members of the common crab class, so we find in the West Indies a hermit-crab which likewise is a land-lover. This land-hermit creeps into the cast-off snail-shells, just as its sea-neighbor utilizes those of the whelk, and has its breathing system modified for its land-existence. Then also, ranked among the hermits by zoologists, we find the famous *Birgus latro* or "tree-crab," also known as the "cocoa-nut crab." With its great pincers, this crab certainly smashes open the shells of cocoanuts, and exhibits in this operation not merely much dexterity, but great muscular power. Whether or not the crab climbs the tree in search of the nuts, is a moot-point. Exact observation is yet wanting here; but the facts of its vegetarian tendencies, and its dexterous manipulation of the nuts, are sufficiently notable points in the history of the *Birgus* tribe.

Space will hardly admit of our dwelling upon such "queer crabs" as the little pea-crabs, which live inside mussel-shells and in the breathing sacs of sea-squirts, on the terms of friendly lodgers, if not of boarders as well. These latter are cases of animal association very difficult to explain. Nor can we do more than mention the curious glass-crabs which swim freely on the surface of the sea, and in which the body consists chiefly of two very flat, transparent plates, the front one of which bears the eyes, feelers, etc.; while the hinder possesses among its belongings eight pairs of limbs, and behind these again, comes the very short and rudimentary tail. The "glass-crabs" only doubtfully claim from us a place in the list of "queer crabs." Good authority says they are most likely the young stages of lobster-like forms. If this be so, we may speculate on the time when, just as the *Zoëa* of old is now found in its prop-

er place as the young crab, the "glass-crabs" will have found their true place as the young of other crustaceans.

There are no more remarkable "crabs," with the mention of which we may bring this paper to a close, than the so-called "king-crabs" or *Limuli*, of the Moluccas and West Indian Islands. Every museum contains specimens of these crabs, with their great broad horse-shoe-shaped "heads," and their long spinous tail, from the presence of which their name of "sword-tails" has been derived. The "king crabs" are not "crabs" in the zoological or ordinary sense of that word. They are very far removed indeed, from the ordinary crab in structure; and belong, so to speak, to a branch of the crustacean stem, distinct and separate from all the other branches. Looking at a king-crab, we are reminded mostly of the crabs of the past. Their nearest relatives are buried as fossils in the rocks of the far-back past of the world, and they therefore stand well nigh alone in the present array of crustacean life; although time was, when the king-crabs and their ancestors represented in themselves the aristocracy of the class. One set of extinct "crabs" called "Trilobites" in particular claims kindred with the king-crabs. The young king-crab is remarkably like these fossil relatives. Hence we may conclude

that as the old trilobitic stock died out, the king-crabs as a later development remained to link a far-back period with our own times. The king-crabs are very peculiar in respect of their legs, of which there are some thirteen pairs in all, six of the front pairs surrounding the mouth, and curiously enough, serving to masticate and divide the food through the movements of their first or attached joints. The sword tail is highly movable, and serves as a kind of lever to aid the animal in regaining its position when untoward circumstances have tossed it on its back.

The history of the crabs may be shown to teem with much interest even to the reader whose daily avocations lead him from zoological paths and by-ways. But the study of living nature is fortunately the exclusive property of no scientist, and belongs to no special age, sect, or school of thought. On the contrary, such studies in their freshness and variety appeal to all; and among the infinite diversity of subjects and the wide range of topics on which the seeking eye and understanding mind may alight, there are to be found many less instructive chapters, and few which, properly pursued, may lead to truer or wider notions of this universe, than the history of the crabs and their neighbors kith and kin.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE AMEER'S SOLILOQUY.

"LATEST news from Afghanistan promises ill for future tranquillity. The Ameer has failed in conciliating the Duranis, there is jealousy at Herat . . . the Kohistanis are discontented . . . the Ghilzais are restless, Lughman tribes are showing uneasiness. . . . No doubt the situation is far from reassuring, and calls for great tact and administrative ability on the Ameer's part."—(*Times* telegram.)

SCENE.—The Bala Hissar at Cabul. *The Ameer soliloquizes:*

I.

THUS is my banishment ended; it's twelve long years, well nigh,
Since I fought the last of my lost fights, and saw my best men die;
They hunted me over the passes, and up to the Oxus stream,
We had just touched land on the far side, as we saw their spearheads gleam.

II.

Then came the dolorous exile, the life in a conquered land,
Where the Frank had trodden on Islam, the alms at a stranger's hand—
While here in the fort of my fathers my bitterest foe held sway;
He was ten years building his kingdom, and it all fell down in a day.

III.

May he rest, the Amir Sher Ali, in his tomb by the holy shrine !
 The virtues of God are pardon and pity, they never were mine ;
 They have never been ours, in a kingdom all stained with the blood of our kin,
 Where the brothers embrace in the war-field, and the reddest sword must win.

IV.

And yet, when I think of Sher Ali, as he lies in the sepulchre low,
 How he died betrayed, heartbroken, 'twixt infidel, friend, and foe,
 Driven from his throne by the English, and scorned by the Russian, his guest
 I am well content with the vengeance, and I see God works for the best.

V.

But all God's ways are warnings ; and I, God's slave, must heed
 How I bargain for help with the Káfir, or lean on a venomous reed.
 For never did chief more sorely need Heaven for his aid and stay
 Than the man who would reign in this country, and tame Affghans for a day

VI.

I look, from a fort half-ruined, on Cabul spreading below,
 On the near hills crowned with cannon, and the far hills piled with snow ;
 Fair are the vales well watered, and the vines on the upland swell,
 You might think you were reigning in Heaven—I know I am ruling Hell.

VII.

For there's hardly a room in my palace but a kinsman there was killed,
 And never a street in the city but with false fierce curs is filled ;
 With a mob of priests, and fanatics, and all my mutinous host ;
 Like wolves they are watching my footsteps, and the Prince who slips is lost.

VIII.

And they eye me askance, the Moollahs, the bigots who preach and pray,
 Who followed my march with curses till I scattered Ayub that day ;
 They trusted in texts and forgot that the chooser of kings is a sword ;
 There are twenty now silent and stark, for I showed them the ways of the Lord.

IX.

And far from the Suleiman heights come the sounds of the stirring of tribes,
 Afreedi, Hazâra, and Ghilzi, they clamor for plunder or bribes ;
 And Herât is but held by a thread ; and the Usbeg has raised Badukshân ;
 And the Prince may sleep sound, in his grave, who would rule the unruly Affghan.

X.

Shall I stretch my right hand to the Indus, that England may fill it with gold ?
 Shall I reach with my left toward the Oxus ? the Russian blows hot and blows
 cold.
 The Affghan is but grist in their mill, and the waters are moving it fast,
 Let the stone be the upper or nether, it grinds you to powder at last.

XI.

And the lord of the English writes, " Order, and justice, and govern with laws,"
 And the Russian he sneers and says, " Patience, and velvet to cover your claws."
 And the kingdoms of Islam are crumbling—Around me a voice ever rings
 Of Death, and the doom of my country—Shall I be the last of its kings ?

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CRISIS IN SERVIA.

BY O. K.

I.

THE other day I met an eminent representative of the Roman Church, whose name is familiar to all, not only in the West, but also in the East. "Is there actually a real power, a real superiority in that potentate?" I asked myself; "or is he a giant merely because the others are pigmies?" My curiosity and my cautious scepticism had been roused long ago, and I was impatient to verify the brilliant descriptions I had received from different parts. The desired meeting took place at last, and I was pleasantly surprised by finding that imagination had not too much outstripped reality. The prelate I saw before me was indeed no commonplace, no ordinary man. I was struck with the acuteness of his remarks, with the inquisitorial way in which he put his questions, as if grasping the quintessence of every fact, however insignificant. There was life in his look, but there was also a heartless contempt in his mouth, which seemed to have little in common with Christian love and compassion. "Ignatius Loyola must have had looks of that sort," I thought involuntarily; but nevertheless I felt attracted by the earnestness and simplicity of his tone and manners, which must fascinate many.

Our conversation turned upon the Servian crisis and the shameless treatment to which the Archbishop Michael had been subjected.

"It is very strange," observed I, "that the English, who are so keenly interested in every struggle, seem perfectly indifferent about a matter that to the Servian Orthodox Church is a question of life and death."

"No, it is not strange at all," answered he, with a slight contraction of his sarcastic lips; "it is only natural, because they have no conception of the Church. The moment they realize that idea, they go to Rome."

The supreme audacity of an assertion which ignored, as if absolutely non-existent, the whole Greek Orthodox world, would have silenced me, even if I had

been in a mood to question the arrogant claims of the Vatican. But there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in the fact he pointed out, and not being able to convert my interlocutor, I preferred listening.

The Roman prelate recognized at a glance the importance of the whole question. I hardly needed to explain to him that in creating a schism in the Servian Church, Austria simply wanted to make political profit out of ecclesiastical discord.

"The present Servian Ministry," added I, "belongs to Austria heart and soul; these pseudo-Liberals sacrifice the unity of their country in reorganizing the Church and depriving it of its authority."

"Austria would never dream of doing such a thing within her own borders—at least not in dealing with the Catholic Church," he observed with pride. "But what has your Emperor decided in this matter?" asked he.

"His Majesty has no power over the Church," replied I. "It is for the Patriarch of Constantinople and the other Patriarchs, as well as the Synods, to decide."

"Then he has much less control over the Church than our Queen," remarked the prelate. "She can not only interfere in any part of the Church organization, she can even make new dogmas."

This last assertion, coming from so learned an authority, and from a man who himself has had the very best means of knowing the truth, seemed to me very striking. I did not know that Henry VIII. had bequeathed his theological prerogatives to all his successors. However, this explains why it is so difficult for the English people to appreciate the importance that the orthodox world attaches to the independence and the Apostolic character of the Church. The whole of our conception of the relations between Church and State differs from yours. To us, Greek Orthodox, the authority within the Church rests absolutely in the hands of the Church. Your Parliament can alter

the services, change the liturgies, and remodel the theology of the Anglican Church. It has done so once, and apparently it may do so again. With us the very idea of such a thing is impossible. The Apostolic Orthodox Church recognizes no right on the part of our autocratic emperors, or not less autocratic majorities, to alter the articles of her faith, as defined by the seven Ecumenical Councils. The power of our emperor, though absolute in many things, does not extend to questions of Church order and discipline. The Orthodox Church, while very careful "to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," does not forget to insist as jealousy on the converse of the injunction. Sometimes, no doubt, evilly disposed rulers have attempted to abuse their authority, and have persecuted the servants of the Church, but they have not made her apostatize from her faith in the necessity of self-government, and in her independence of the control and interference of the State.

The supreme interest of the Servian crisis arises from the fact that at Belgrade there is now being fought out between Archbishop Michael—as the representative of spiritual independence, and Austria, through the Servian Ministry, the representative of the usurping tyranny of the State—one phase of the secular struggle between the spiritual and the temporal power, between the Church and the State, between the representatives and custodians of the Christian faith, and the selfish and intriguing politicians who wish to subordinate Christianity itself to the exigencies of Cæsar.

In discussing the matter with Englishmen, I find it difficult, almost impossible, to make them understand our standpoint. "The supremacy of the State," most of them say, "is a fundamental doctrine of Western civilization." And I may add, it is also accepted in the East, but with limitations. The State within its own sphere is supreme, but its sphere is not universal. The State has no dominion over conscience. It has no right to alter historic fact, scientific truth, or religious dogma. That these matters are beyond its province even Englishmen admit. But we also insist that it has no right to interfere

in the internal organization of the Church; and this I know is not the English belief, except among some of the High Churchmen, one of whose professors is reaping the reward of his convictions in Lancaster jail. The Nonconformists, with their ideal of a Free Church in a Free State, have less difficulty in understanding our position, but they have but little patience with a State Church which wishes to preserve itself free from the interference of the State. *Tu l'as voulu George Dandin!* they say; for with them it is almost an article of faith, that the Churches which accept State patronage and endowment, there and then deserve any treatment, no matter how unjust and iniquitous, which the State may give them.

But our State Church is not like the English, for in all orthodox lands the State is much more the creation of the Church than the Church the instrument of the State. Religion cannot be imposed by force, and the great Athanasius declared it "a characteristic of religion not to force but to persuade." But one scarcely needs to quote authorities upon truths which have already become truisms. When the Church forgets her real duties and the limits of her power, or, rather, when her servants occasionally imitate the policy of Rome (which is permanent there), she herself suffers for her mistakes, as Professor Vladimir Solovieff admirably described in Mr. Aksakoff's "Russ." This noble and courageous article on "Spiritual Authority," has made a great sensation, not only in Moscow, but also in the remotest parts of Russia.*

The relation between Church and State has been often compared to the relation between soul and body. It was only when the real union was lost, that concordats or contracts were introduced in the West. The moment there is a juridical contract one generally sees a desire to avoid or evade it either on one part or the other. The juridical law has no control over spiritual life. This is one of the arguments among orthodox people against the civil marriage.

An attempt is now made in Servia by

* See also on this point Dr. Overbeck's excellent work "On the claims of the Greek Orthodox Church," and his "Orthodox Catholic Review." Trübner & Co.

the civil power to usurp authority at the cost of the independence and self-government of the Church. In itself the matter in dispute may seem, to superficial observers, quite unimportant. It turns upon the question whether the State has or has not a right to use the organization of the Church as a means of collecting taxes levied upon the exercise of its spiritual offices. Prince Milan and his ministers (that is to say, Austria) say that such an exercise of authority is within the right of the State. Archbishop Michael asserts that the State has no right to levy taxes on the exercise of spiritual functions. The Servian Government replies by roughly deposing him, and appointing a creature of its own in his stead. Should the decision of the Ministry be finally confirmed by the Skuptchina, and the Church be reconstituted, with the sin of simony as one of its attributes, then the newly organized Church, instead of being, as before, an indissoluble part of the Eastern Church, will be separated from all the others, and a schism be thus artificially created.

II.

Before venturing to state the details of the politico-ecclesiastical crisis in Servia, let me mention briefly one consideration which governs the situation in those lands. Until the other day, at all events down to the conclusion of the Berlin Treaty, Servia was regarded as a Russian *protégée*, and denounced by our enemies as Russia's tool. *Protégée* she was; *tool* she was not. The ties that bound Servia to Russia were not formed yesterday. From the earliest dawn of Servian independence, from the first beginnings of the Servian struggle for liberty, we were their first, their only helper. When at the European Congress, held not at Berlin, but at Vienna, in 1814, the deputies from Servia implored European diplomacy to have pity on their hard fate, and secure them some release from Turkish oppression, they were scornfully told to go to Russia, and look to her for help. They obeyed the direction, given almost ironically; but they did not look to us in vain. Servia was then a pashalik of the Ottoman Empire, where for three hundred years the helpless Christian peasants had cowered in the dust before

their oppressors.* Servia to-day is a

* What that impression was people are too apt to forget. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and many people in England are, no doubt, inclined to believe that Servia under Turkish rule was quite as happy as, say Poland, under Russian despotism. But Servia did not exactly flourish under Turkish rule, whereas Poland is the most flourishing part of Russia.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 30th of December, 1881, says: "The report of Consul-General Maude, at Warsaw, on the trade and commerce of the kingdom of Poland for the year 1879, contains striking testimony to the reality of Polish prosperity. Although the harvest of that year was the worst that had been known for thirty years, the farm laborers were declared to be 'in a position of security and comparative contentment.' The rate of wages was rising throughout the country, and the value of land has been steadily rising for the last three years. New industries were being introduced, and the population of the capital was increasing at the rate of 20,000 per annum. Mr. Maude concludes his report by noting the 'remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the bad harvest and the fluctuations in the value of money, there was not a single case of mercantile failure during the whole year 1879' in the kingdom of Poland. Very remarkable confirmation of this testimony is afforded by a recent letter of the Warsaw correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*. The writer, who is apparently a Pole, and who is certainly a vehement anti-Russian, declares that, despite all the obstacles of a repressive system of government, Poland, or, more correctly, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, has attained such a flourishing state that it is now a force with which Russia will have to count. Various causes have contributed to Polish prosperity. Among others he mentions the enormous material advantages accruing to Poland from the late war, the increased tariff on imports, which has fostered Polish manufactures, the great development of her industrial resources, and the abandonment of all political agitation. Whatever may be the cause, he declares the country has now become the 'Belgium of Russia;' and Warsaw, daily becoming more opulent, is now one of the most important cities in Europe. Nor is it Warsaw alone that flourishes. Everywhere throughout the ancient kingdom manufactures and industrial enterprises of all kinds multiply and prosper. Journalism, that sure index of popular intelligence, numbers in the Grand Duchy fourteen daily, four illustrated, and three comic papers, to say nothing of eleven weekly and twenty-six monthly and bi-monthly reviews. Much as the Poles chafe against the Russian system of administration, the correspondent in question declares there is no wish on their part to throw in their lot with either of their neighbors. Posen is eaten up by the Germans. Galicia is perishing of an economic anæmia. In Russian Poland alone the Poles preserve their nationality and their prosperity."

free and independent principality. The transformation is Russia's work. At each successive stage in the blood-stained path from servitude to freedom, Serbia found ready sympathy and active help from Russia. Others may have wished her well, but their wishes never took any material shape. Even a Platonic sympathy she did not always find in England. For Servian liberty Russia spent her treasure, and poured out the blood of her bravest sons. As it was in the beginning, so was it in the crowning achievement of Servian independence. It was the Russian volunteers who nerved the Servian militia to check for months the advance of the flower of the Ottoman soldiery. It was the Russian ultimatum which arrested the Turkish legions when Djunis fell, and the road lay open to Belgrade; and it was the Russian campaign in Bulgaria which finally emancipated the Servian principality. As a Russian I might boast of this, but I merely record facts. It was our duty, and we did it. And why was it our duty, or what was it that constrained Russians to exert themselves as no other nation in Europe would have done for a little country such as Serbia? Every one who knows anything of the real forces which govern the East will answer at once: It was because the Servians were Slavs, as we are—and Greek Orthodox, as we are.

Of late years the conception of the Slavonic nationality spread rapidly; but the root idea was not nationality, but religion. It is a fact which has to be admitted. Russians fought and died, and conquered for the Servians, just as Englishmen would fight for brother Englishmen in India or South Africa. To talk in sonorous words about Christianity is very often nothing but cant, but there is no hypocrisy when faith is attested by death. You may believe what you may please of the Machiavelian and skilful policy of Russian diplomatists. We cannot share your admiration; but, if you obstinately shut your eyes to the deep, genuine sense of Christian fraternity throughout all the Orthodox East, you ignore the central fact of the situation. Your efforts to understand the historical development of the East will then be about as successful as if you were to formulate a theory of the

steam engine which ignored the existence of steam.

Yes, in the East the conception of a kingdom, not worldly but divine, not temporal but eternal, not based on geographical accidents but on religious faith, still illumines the hearts and consciences of mankind; the sense of brotherhood is not extinguished among us. The faith which roused Europe at the time of the Crusades is extinct in the West, but still survives in the East. It manifests itself with intense power at every opportunity. It is because of this strong and binding religious unity between Russia, Serbia, and all orthodox peoples, that the deposition of the Archbishop Michael excites such intense feeling throughout Russia. So vital and sensitive is that unity, that a touch at one point is felt through the whole body. The Rev. W. Denton, in his excellent book on "Serbia and the Servians," written as long ago as 1862, brings out very clearly the reality of Christian unity in the Eastern Church. He says:

"In no part of Christendom are the obligations of brotherhood so felt and acted upon as throughout the Christian Church. The bond of union which connects all who are in communion with the Patriarchal See of Constantinople is stronger than in any other part of the Church. Such brotherhood does not depend upon race, for the Slavonic Pole has always been as hostile to the Slavonic Russ as, to say the least, the Englishman to the Frenchman. It arises solely from the possession of a common creed. The sympathy between the members of the Eastern Church is so real that wars of any duration between people belonging to this branch of the Church have scarcely or never arisen. This sympathy is independent of political intrigues. The cab-driver of St. Petersburg feels for our brother in Montenegro without the intervention of government, and without reference to secular politics. This sympathy, however, is necessarily impressed upon the actions of the Russian Government, and a fact often determines its actions. The bloody wars arising out of the rivalry of co-members of the Western Church, such as that between England and France, had their origin in the times before our Reformation, and have never arisen between co-members of the Eastern Church. Nor so long as the tie of religious sympathy is so strong as at present between the various nations in communion with the See of Constantinople are they possible."

It is because this unity is true and real that the trouble has risen. Serbia, Slavonic and Orthodox, is united to Russia by ties which not even Austrian exhor-

tations can destroy. But if Serbia were severed from the Orthodox Church—if a schism could be created by which the sense of fraternal unity would be destroyed, then indeed Austrian policy would have secured a triumph which would be full of sinister consequences to the Servian race.

III.

What is Austria? She is the very negation of every principle of nationality and unity. How can she be guided by an ideal, religious or otherwise,* when all her thinking and feeling faculties are in constant struggle and opposition? If there has ever been a bad neighborhood, it is that of Austria to Serbia. From that material contiguity arises a material dependence, both political and economical. Whatever else might be lacking to secure Austrian influence in Serbia, was supplied by the treaty of Berlin—that "thrice-cursed Treaty," as Aksakoff says in his graphic and unparliamentary way. As on some palimpsest you may still decipher the glorious poetry of Homer, although overwritten by the prose of some mediæval scribbler, so traces of the Treaty of San Stephano are visible beneath most of the clauses

* But if she has no faith, Austria has a full share of intolerance, or English newspapers would not have published the following statement: "The Council of the Evangelical Alliance is directing attention to the utter absence of anything worthy of the name of religious liberty in Austria at the present time. For instance, at a place near Prague, a few people calling themselves the 'Old Reformed Church,' have been forbidden to admit to their family worship any individual who is not strictly a member of the family. The police have forced their way into their houses, and have ordered even the servants out of the room while family prayers lasted. The Attorney-general at Prague, in connection with the case, boldly and publicly maintains that it is not even lawful to say grace at meals if any stranger is present. Last autumn the adherents of the 'New Church' at Vienna, who have had public worship for ten years, were forbidden to hold any meetings at all; and another Protestant community in the city received orders not to admit strangers (non-members) to their services. It is most anomalous that Austria should be guilty of these acts of intolerance within her Empire, while she has been, in conjunction with England and the other Great Powers, demanding the establishment of religious liberty in Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, etc."

of the shameful patchwork drawn up at Berlin.

But of the clauses giving Austria dominance in Serbia there is no trace in the original San Stephano Treaty, which was spoilt by the diplomatic "wisdom" of entire Europe. By the Berlin Treaty, which sanctioned the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, Serbia became almost an Austrian enclave. Nor was that all. The clauses giving Austria the right to make railways through Serbia secured her domination even more effectually. England then, under the Beaconsfield Ministry, pointed to Salonica, and even further, as the natural goal of Austrian ambition. Serbia was looked upon but as a stepping-stone to the *Ægean*. Russia, exhausted with her exertions, and demoralized by her concessions, partially withdrew from the arena. Serbia, in short, is being Austrianized, and the deposition of Archbishop Michael is one step in the process. A step of that sort is fatal. How the Servian Ministry fail to understand the importance of their mistake is quite incomprehensible! It is sheer blindness. Austria is not particular. Whether it is to create a schism or blockade a mountain, she looks solely to results. Serbia, on the contrary, does not foresee the logical results she is preparing for herself in a very near future. I am not indulging in any polemic against Austria. I only recall some few facts, which people seem to forget. I do not say she is going to Salonica; friends of mine in official circles, *qui sont payés pour le savoir*, say she is not. Though Count Karolyi's letter to Mr. Gladstone has never been allowed to be published, from the published reply of Mr. Gladstone we all know that the "Hands-off" pledges have not been retracted. That reply has been reprinted in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's "Political Speeches in Scotland," and forms, as it were, the *bonne bouche* of this interesting work.

One likes to admit what is written in black or white, but how are we to account for the numerous correspondences from the Western Balkans, full of evidence that the Austrian advance is to take place without delay? Who is deceived after all, I wonder?

The unfortunate provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which first rose for

their independence, and which were to be occupied and administered by Austria, are now practically annexed. Here is a little specimen of Austrian good faith and honesty. Austria has no right, no legal power, to levy the conscription in provinces she was sent to pacify. She is levying the conscription notwithstanding. She has not restored order (how could she?), nor has she made peace; this, again, was not in her power. But she has achieved another great result, which few people ever expected. She has even made the Turks regretted. Yet people should not be surprised. General Chrzanowski, a Pole and a Catholic, speaking of the Austrian occupation of Roumania in 1855, said, "The Austrians are brutal and impatient, always bringing the people to the brink of insurrection."

Compare General Chrzanowski's account with the descriptions which Mr. Arthur Evans sends home to-day of the state of things in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and there is a remarkable resemblance.* Nevertheless, many Englishmen, who went into raptures when the Tedeschi were turned out of Italy, see no reason for objecting to the permanent establishment of the Tedeschi among the population of another peninsula, which loves them just as little as did the Italians. For proof of this I need only point to the war Austria is

* But Austria, after all, changes very little. The "Austria" of Shakespeare has quite a family resemblance to the Austria-Hungary to-day. I wonder how often the justice of Contance's reproaches have been recognized since "King John" was written:

Con. O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never
fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjurd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs!

King John, Act iii. Sc. 1.

now waging to compel the Bocchese and the Crivoscians to submit to a conscription which is illegal and unjustifiable, and to the insurrectionary agitation which prevails throughout the whole of the "pacified" provinces.

IV.

When Serbia was emancipated by Russia's sword, simple people said that the little principality would be virtually a Russian province. It was not our aim at all to "make Serbia a Russian province;" besides, we knew perfectly well how true the saying was, that in politics there is no gratitude. Russia, who in 1848 saved Austria from complete ruin, could not have forgotten the way in which her foolish generosity had been rewarded, and the cynical laughter which accompanied the exclamation of Metternich: "L'Autriche étonnera le monde par son ingratitude." We may pardon the harm done by people incapable of doing good, but we do not forget that harm—we ought not to forget it. The ingratitude of Prince Milan and his Minister has shocked even *The Daily Telegraph*. The first use they have made of the liberty which Russia gave them was directed against the Russians. The excuse given is, that "Austria is near, Russia is far off," and that the former could close her markets to Servian exports. But even in submitting to Austrian influence, Serbia might have preserved some of her independence, and she ought not to have allowed her overbearing neighbor to interfere in the regulations of her church. Even the humblest are bound to defend their spiritual life, the atmosphere of their soul. History shows us noble examples of great, unflinching characters, resisting every threat, every persecution. English people feel little interest in the Orthodox Church, but they appreciate the Servian market. At Vienna, English competition and Russian Orthodox "intrigues" are regarded as the two worst enemies. Indeed, there is even more said about "English intrigues," against the Austrian commercial treaty, and the Austrian State railways, than there is against Russian "Panslavism," which is supposed to be so great a danger to the whole world, Old and New. In the eyes of the Austrian speculators,

Russians and English are alike enemies to be excluded, as far as possible, from the principality, and, of course, also from every region which falls beneath the shadow of the Hapsburg. Already, in the Danube Navigation Commission, Englishmen find which power is the real aspirant for predominance; nor, perhaps, would the Government of Vienna-Pesth have any objection to insist upon asserting itself in Egypt.

Russia, to the Servians, stands as a liberator and benefactor; Austria, as the persistent foe of their emancipation, and their persecutor. From Russia they have nothing to fear, and if they have little to hope it is simply because Russia has already realized for them almost all they have dreamed. Austria, on the other hand, threatens them with annihilation or mediatization. Yet, fascinated by their danger, they surrender themselves heedlessly to the Austrian grasp. The poor Servians are not wiser than moths flying to the fire, and always coming nearer and nearer. If Austria, however, can cajole or coerce Prince Milan and his creatures to sacrifice the independence which Russia gave them, that is their business, but they should not expect Russians to applaud their suicide. The surest way of giving a death-blow to Slavonic lands is to attack the Orthodox Church. Austria has understood it from the very beginning.

I well remember what a painful shock I experienced when an Austrian friend of mine, in a moment of inadvertence and light-heartedness, said: "As for Bosnia and Herzegovina, we soon can settle that trouble. Surely it is easy to send there some clever Jesuits to bring them to reason." That was said in the early days of the occupation; and since then the Government of Vienna has not failed to send plenty of its "Black Dragoons" to the unfortunate provinces. The Pope, too, has established there his hierarchy, which, though deserving much blame, cannot be accused of apathy. In Serbia the Roman Catholic propaganda had small chance of success. Even Prince Milan would have resented the establishment of a papal archbishop in Belgrade. But if they could not force the gate of the fortress, they might make their entrance by a mine, and that is precisely what they have done. The

history of the Servian people is the history of the Servian Church. The national hero of Serbia was the Archbishop Sava. In the dark centuries during which the Turkish marauder exercised sole authority in the unhappy land, it was the Church which alone kept alive in the minds of the Servians the consciousness of their nationality and their aspiration for independence. At her altars, as at a quenchless fire, generation after generation of Servian patriots kindled the flame of a death-defying patriotism which at last, with Russia's assistance, achieved the liberation of the country. We understood their struggles, their sufferings; we sympathized with their faith in better days.

More than a hundred years ago, as Miss Irby mentions in her "Slavonic Lands of Turkey," "the Turks laid hands on a Servian patriarch, carried him off to Broussa, and had him hanged." He was but one among many who suffered and died for the Servian cause. But the improved position of the country, instead of strengthening the position of the Church, has exposed the latter to a very serious danger. There is still some hope that the general feeling of the country will protest against the abuses of a government which, as is often the case with constitutional governments, does not at all represent the spiritual life of the Servians. Miss Irby, who has lived so many years in the East, and studied the question so carefully on the spot, says: "Though both the Patriarch of Carlovic and the Patriarch of Constantinople claim the rank of head of the Servian Church, yet in the eyes of the Serbs themselves that position is held by the virtually independent Archbishop of Belgrade, who bears the title of 'Metropolitan of all Servia.'"^{*}

The present, or—alas that I should have to say!—the late rightful metropolitan is the Archbishop Michael, a Servian patriot of the first rank, and a prelate of unimpeachable orthodoxy, who has been deposed and driven from his episcopal see, solely because he refused to sacrifice the independence of the Church at the bidding of the State.

Like all Eastern Churches, that of

^{*} "Slavonic Provinces of Turkey," 3d edition, 1877, vol. ii. p. 22.

Servia is independent in its relation to the State and to its sister Churches. The Roman idea of the supremacy of a central patriarchate is alien to the conception of church order which prevails in the East. In Russia we have an autocracy as the central power of the State; but, as far as the Church is concerned, we are much less autocratic than the West. The organization of the Church is simple. When a vacancy occurs in any of the Servian sees, the parochial clergy and the archimandrites of the diocese elect a successor to the late bishop, and their choice is approved as a matter of course by the Government. In the Anglican Church, I am told, the process is exactly the reverse—the Government selects, and the Church as a matter of course approves.

Archbishop Michael was Bishop of Schabatz when, in 1859, he was elected Archbishop of Belgrade. He was then in the early prime of life; and the Rev. W. Denton, in his "Serbia and the Serbians," represents him as a man apparently about five-and-forty years of age, with a countenance of great gentleness and intelligence. "His manners are very refined and agreeable, and his whole deportment is one of dignity, befitting his position as ruler of the Servian Church. I have rarely," he adds, "been so impressed by any one in a short visit. The Archbishop was even then (in 1862) deeply interested in the Anglican Church, and fervently expressed a hope of the restoration of unity between the separated Churches of Christendom."

In the twenty-three years of his reign at Belgrade the Archbishop had very pressing matters to deal with. Between 1859 and 1881 Servia passed through more than one crisis, and on every occasion she improved her position and made progress toward independence. Princes, dynasties were changed, but the Metropolitan remained. More than any other man he incarnates the recent history of his country. He was the chief actor in many eventful scenes; and that Prince Milan, who would hardly have occupied the throne without his help, should have treated him so shamefully, is almost inconceivable, even to those who are only too familiar with the depths of Servian ingratitude. The

offence of the Metropolitan was that he had too much honesty, too much foresight, too much intelligence, to be a tool of Austria. His removal became thus necessary both to the cabinet of Vienna and to that of Prince Milan.

The law which imposed a tax upon the offices of the Church was passed at the demand of M. Miatovitch, the Prime Minister. No one, for instance, was to be allowed to take vows as a monk without paying 100 francs, and when he became an Ieromonach he must pay another 150 francs. This measure not only was an usurpation on the part of the State, but it struck a deadly blow at the purity and efficiency of the Church. I had better let the Metropolitan explain why he objected to the law, which was ruthlessly enforced upon him, in order to oblige him to give up the position he had filled so nobly and so long.

The moment the Archbishop Michael saw the new law in the official Gazette, he wrote a long and earnest remonstrance to the Minister, calling attention to the unconstitutional character of the law, and the utter impossibility of the Church's submitting to such a monstrous edict. The Metropolitan showed that the mistake could be easily repaired, as the Skuptchina was at that time holding its sittings, and competent to correct the blunder.

"Having received the *Srbske Novine*, No. 19," so the Metropolitan writes, "and the paragraphs referring to priesthood, consistory, and archbishops, I am as much astonished by its appearance as by the illegality, carelessness, and culpable contradiction to the spirit of the Holy Church and its laws. It is illegal of the Minister to carry to the Skuptchina a law referring to the priesthood, without having asked the advice and consent of the Metropolitan and the Episcopal Council."

He then explained the fundamental laws relating to the Church and State in all Orthodox (Pravoslav) lands:

"In all well-conditioned States, and everywhere in the East, attention is paid to the limits, accurately marked out, up to which the State authorities may act independently, and beyond which the State has no right to lay down any law for the Church; the Church has its own laws, which the State has no right to change. If it were to be accepted that the State, disdaining the authorities of the Church, might arbitrarily issue such and similar laws, then naturally would ensue consequences which would create a gulf between Church and State—a gulf in which would perish the

regular development and security of them both; then would result a series of hostilities, of struggles and mistrust—the illegal domination of the one and the impotence of the other. Because, unless the State finds a preliminary accord upon the laws which have to be introduced, and which, like that now under discussion, must in the highest degree tell upon the Church, then the Church sets herself free from the obligation to come to an agreement with the State concerning the execution of the functions imposed upon her by Apostolic and Œcumenical decrees. Acting thus, the State meddles in the internal constitution of the Church, and destroys that which the Church is bound to preserve through all the storms of temporal and political change—that which, if she had yielded to every passing invasion, she would now have ceased to exist; she would no longer be the Œcumenical, Apostolic Church, but some sort of new Church, put together by reforms of various origin, established to-day, annulled to-morrow."

Having thus explained to the Ministry the absolute necessity of consulting the servants of the Church on such matters, the Metropolitan Michael shows the lack of logic in the law itself:

"How can the State," he asks, "tax orders which it has no power to grant, and when it does not maintain those who take them? If any one had the right to impose a tax on an office of the Church, then it would be the Church which bestows them, and certainly not the State. But neither has the Church the right to do it, because such a tax would be equivalent to the *sin of simony*—that is, the selling of blessed gifts of God—a deed strictly prohibited by the Church."

To show further the absurdity of the law, not only in principle, but also in practice, the Metropolitan points out the amount of the proposed taxes: "The monk (or *Monach*) has to pay 100 francs; the *Iéromonach*, 150 francs; thus, one individual combining these two functions is to pay 250 francs."

After this he shows the impossibility of taking taxes from those consecrated to be priests, because the ordained are almost always very poor people, on whom fall many preliminary expenses; for instance, their maintenance for six weeks after ordination in the diocesan town, the acquisition of indispensable Church appurtenances, which, according to the Servian custom, each one who is ordained has to purchase for himself. But the tax on those who become monks, and those who are ordained to be priests, is not sufficient for the Servian ministers; they have imposed a tax of 100 francs even on the blessing of

the bishop. "Are the poor to be deprived of that which is obtained by means of the blessing of the bishop, and which thus will become only the privilege of the rich?"

The Metropolitan goes on to explain the immoral results which a measure of that sort must naturally occasion, and which, however, are so self-evident, that I need not repeat them.

Here are his concluding words:

"Having carefully studied this law of taxation, we are forced to testify, that the persons who made it are not acquainted with the principles of the Pravoslav Church; that they are not led by a true Christian heart, and that reverence which we are all bound to have towards the Church in which we are born, brought up, and educated, and to which we now belong. The Servian priesthood has not deserved to be thus dealt with, for they have always served the national weal. We cannot conceive that the authority of the State can go in a direction which humiliates the Church and extinguishes respect for the rules of a constitution which has existed for centuries. Perhaps the cause of these grievous manifestations lies in the realistic tendency, which in many places maintains the upper hand, and in the latter time has notably penetrated our lower classes. This materialistic tendency will not be allowed to go to extremes if there remains a strong control in the upper classes, but without this it is most dangerous."

Referring to this paragraph of the Code, the Metropolitan patriot entreats the Minister to find fitting means to remedy the injustice done to the peace and tranquillity of the Church and clergy.

But the Minister did not, or would not, understand the importance of the lesson, and remained deaf to the prayer of the Metropolitan. Although the Skuptchina was holding its sittings, and was sanctioning treaties with Austria (most injurious to Servia), he did not submit to their deliberations any proposal for the modification of the Anti-Orthodox law. He put off answering the Metropolitan until July 21, wishing, I suppose, to learn how Austria desired him to act in this matter. At last the Minister made the tardy and absurd reply, that the proposed taxes did not interfere in the affairs of the Church. He evidently did not wish to understand the Metropolitan's views. He twice referred to the offensive tone used by the chief representative of the Servian Church. Now, who were these two men? One, a newly made official;

the other, a venerable prelate, who, with honor and dignity, had stood at the head of the Servian Church for twenty-three years, and was now compelled by circumstances to prove himself versed in statesmanship.

The Metropolitan, having to send a representative to the Servian monastery in Moscow, consecrated him to the rank of *Igumén*, but did not compel him to pay the taxes imposed by the law, which he had positively repudiated, as "repulsive to the spirit of the Church, and contrary to the fundamental laws of the realm." The Minister, to punish the Metropolitan for his disobedience, inflicted on him a fine of 1800 francs, thus fixing a sum six times greater than the tax (300 francs) which was written down for the office of *Igumén*. This iniquitous decision of the Minister was dated the 19th of September. It does not appear from the published documents whether this decree was carried out. When, in the middle of September, the Episcopal Council—consisting of the Metropolitans of Nisch, Negotine, Ushitza, and Schabatz—assembled at Belgrade, under the presidency of the Servian Metropolitan Michael, the latter submitted the law of the new taxes to their judgment.

Here is the exact translation of their protocol, issued on the 24th of September:

"The Episcopal Council, solicitous, as is its bounden duty, to preserve Orthodoxy intact, having enforced the canons with the laws about the taxes, declares that this law in the points which decree a payment for the blessing of the bishop and for holy orders, which are obtained by the grace of the Holy Ghost, is contrary to the canons of the Holy Orthodox Church, and therefore the Episcopal Council desires that this law should be amended so as not to run counter to the sacred canons which we are bound to maintain uninjured. So likewise, the Council considers it to be incongruous that this law should have been issued without preliminary understanding with the Episcopal Council."

The Metropolitan Michael, laying before the Ministry this resolution on the 10th of October, with the signatures, be it observed, of all the bishops, enclosed an epistle explaining that decision as an answer to the letter of M. Novakovitch, the Minister of Instruction and Church Works, dated the 21st of July. In it he showed that the tone of his own epistle, which so deeply affronted the Minister,

did not in the least differ from the way in which the former Servian hierarchs carried on their correspondence with the secular authorities:

"Since the time that, with God's help, we ascended the Episcopal throne, we always, with all our soul, served the interest of the Holy Church, the princely reigning house, and the Orthodox Servian people; and in all circumstances we hastened to meet half-way the wishes of the Government, when the latter were submitted to us according to law."

Explaining further, that his opinion concerning the taxation of the clergy, and the intermeddling in the internal constitution of the Church, remains the same, he concludes his letter with the following words: "The Government, in the protocol of the decision of the Council in the question of the taxes, will see that the Servian bishops have not the power to accept the new law, which was constituted without the agreement of the Episcopal Council."

The Servian Ministry, irritated at those outspoken condemnations of its high-handed and lawless acts, published groundless accusations against Russian "interference." The "Austro-Cabinet Party," as a correspondent of the *Times* so aptly calls the present Miato-vitch Ministry, proceeded to further violence, and set up a creature of their own.

The Servian hierarchy hastened to draw up a collective protest against this outrage. The installation of Moses, and Michael's banishment to a monastery, was the ministerial answer to that protest. Frightened by so cruel and despotic a policy of the Government, the bishops, one after the other, except the Bishop of Schabatz, yielded to force; but they all insisted upon the condition that their recognition of Moses should be void if he were not confirmed in his powers by the Patriarch of Constantinople. Spiritual jurisdiction is entrusted only to spiritual hands.

To the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, the representatives of the Holy Synod of Russia, and the Metropolitans of Greece, Roumania, and Montenegro, the Archbishop Michael has made his appeal. Until they have decided against him, he remains the only lawful Archbishop of the Servian Church.

But unless the Skuptchina displays

more patriotism than Prince Milan, the Servian Church will be endangered, and Servia will become the *avant-garde* of the Hapsburg on the Balkan peninsula. From such a fate she may still be saved by the energetic action of her Church and people, and the whole Slavonic world waits with anxiety the result of this trial.

V.

On the monument erected at Kryevatz, near Alexinats, by Servian patriots, to the Russian volunteers who perished, are engraved the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." This monument, in the erection of which Michael had taken the most prominent part, was one of the few material indications of the innumerable moral links which bind the hearts of the greatest to those of the least Slavonic peoples. Not in vain is the Morava valley rich with the grass-grown graves of the unforgetten dead; not in vain fell the rich rain of Russian blood upon the Servian soil.

"There is a narrow ridge in the grave-yard
Would scarce stay a child in his race;
But to me and my thoughts it is wider
Than the star-sown deep of space."

Yes, some memories shine as the stars in the firmament, to light generation after generation to the fulfilment of the glorious destinies of the Slavonic world.

Ministers may betray their trust, princes may sell themselves to the enemy of their race, but the sympathy between Russians and Servians can no more be affected by passing misunderstandings or bad faith of administrations, than the light of the sun can be extinguished by the passing thunder cloud.

When the news reached Moscow that the venerable Metropolitan of the Servian Church had been deposed, the sensation was profound. But when it was known that he was deposed because he would not allow simony to pass current in the Servian Church, because he would not allow the civil power to "levy a tax on the gifts of the Holy Ghost," indignation became strong indeed. What was our Minister at Belgrade doing to raise no protest against so scandalous an outrage? How could that personification of sleep and apathy represent ardent, thrilling Russia? On St.

Michael's Day, a mass for the Metropolitan Michael was celebrated in the Church of the Serv convent in Moscow. In an eloquent discourse, the Bishop of Moscow spoke as follows:

"Hard indeed was the condition of Pravoslav Christians under the Turkish yoke; but it is now harder still. Amid the Turkish persecutions, in the face of an open enemy, the Christians of the Balkan Peninsula preserved a complete spiritual unity, which rendered vain all efforts to break up their nationality by means of rude physical force. At the present moment the Servian Church, in the person of its representative the Metropolitan Michael, is engaged in combat with a more dangerous enemy, with Roman Catholicism, which, by an influence brought to bear (through Austria), aims at the subjugation of the Pravoslav East to its spiritual sovereignty. In former times the Patriarch Hermogene and the Metropolitan Philip, in combat with secular authority, sealed with their blood their devotion to the Pravoslav faith. Now, in our day, the Metropolitan Michael is to be compelled to give his assent to a practice which was not resorted to even in Pagan times—to the new law which imposes taxes and duties on all who assume the monastic habit, or who are raised to any spiritual dignity whatever. This wrong the more painfully affects us because it is being wrought in those very lands where the standard of Christianity was first planted by Constantine the Great.

"It is clear to us that the Metropolitan Michael cannot recognize this new law, which affronts the dignity and fetters the internal liberty of the Pravoslav Church. The example of courage shown by the Metropolitan may serve as a consolation for all in these times of general license and moral weakness."

These words of the Bishop made a deep impression. A telegram of sympathy was sent to the Metropolitan, signed by all present, by the Bishop Ambrosius, Archbishop Jacob, several archimandrites—those of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch—the representative of the Patriarch of Constantinople, M. Aksakoff, and the members of the Slavonic Committee.

VI.

Before I conclude this brief and imperfect sketch I must make one or two explanations.

In speaking of Austria-Hungary, I put aside all diplomatic circumlocutions. As a simple Slav, I am simply pleading the rights of the Slav; and if these rights are endangered by Austria-Hungary, my plea naturally becomes polemical. But if the Cabinet of Vienna-Pesth would

but have kept their "hands off" the liberties and the religion of the Servs and Southern Slavs, this article would never have been written. Unfortunately, Austria-Hungary, by her geographical position, can control the Servian export trade; and, by her commercial treaties, she can make use of the principality for the benefit of her Jewish speculators to almost any extent. But because she can control the Servian market, that is no reason why she should interfere with the independence of the Servian Church.

As I once had occasion to remark, I have no antipathy to Austrians, because "Austrians" do not exist; and of the innumerable nationalities which make up the mosaic of the Empire-Kingdom, the most numerous are Slavs. They are so numerous even that they can afford to spare recruits to the enemy. Kossuth, whose hostility to the Slavonic cause is almost a monomania, is himself a Slovak. The tendency of the time is in favor of the Slavonic races, within Austria as well as without. It was an Austrian Slav who made that poetic prophecy, which scandalized so deeply the West: "The Germans have reached their day, the English their mid-day, the French their afternoon, the Italians their evening, the Spaniards their night, but the Slavs stand on the threshold of the morning."

M. Emile de Laveleye, in one of his brilliant contributions to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, indulges in a dream of Austria-Hungary transformed into a monarchical and Slavonic Switzerland. "There are sixteen millions of Slavs within her borders," he says, "and eight millions in European Turkey, while there are only five million Germans, and eight million Magyars. Austria-Hungary, having lost her centre of gravity, will settle east and southward, and from the Saxon mountains to the Ægean will arise a Federation of the Danube, in which, of course, the Slavs will be the dominant power." "That is the only hope of Austria," says M. de Laveleye, her most intelligent advocate in the West. After decomposition and recombination the new Austria may be better than the present. But whatever may

arise from the ashes, is not Austria-Hungary already in its funeral pyre? My opinion, being too partial, has of course no weight; but what does M. Kossuth say, what does Mgr. Strossmayer say, what does M. de Laveleye himself say? M. Kossuth, although a Slovak, declared four years ago that "the razor was put to the throat of Austria and also of Hungary, when the Vienna Cabinet followed" the "infernal" policy "of seizing Bosnia and Herzegovina." Bishop Strossmayer is a statesman devoted to Austria. "The decisive hour," he said in 1879, "approaches for Austria, and God knows that I would give my life at this moment to save her. But in these supreme hours do her rulers understand their position? If they consent to favor the national development of Bosnia, all the East will turn toward us. If, on the contrary, we attempt to denationalize them, to the profit of the Germans and the Magyars, we shall speedily be more detested than the Turks, and Austria will inevitably march to her doom." Those who read the correspondence of such trustworthy observers as Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Arthur Evans, and Mr. Stillman, need not be told how exactly one part of Bishop Strossmayer's prophecy has been fulfilled. M. de Laveleye himself says, "If Austria combats the legitimate aspirations of the Slav populations, she will commit suicide." These are the words of her admirer and eulogist.

But before concluding, I must quote a remarkable dispatch of a distinguished statesman, who has been so useful to his adopted country—viz., Count Beust, the former Chancellor of the Empire. In the year 1867 he urged Austria to encourage a wide development of the privileges of the Christian populations of the Balkans, who should be put under the protectorate of the whole of Europe, and endowed, under guarantees from all the Courts, with independent institutions, in accordance with their various religions and races."

If that policy were pursued there would be no crisis to-day in Servia, and no cause for very serious uneasiness and forebodings.—*Contemporary Review*.

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND CAROLINE BOWLES.*

ALTHOUGH there is much in this volume which we have read with interest, the first reflection it suggests springs from the fragility of second-class literary reputations. They remind us of the photographs of departed friends, to be met with in most collections, which fade insensibly, losing year by year something of their freshness and life, until they become the shadow of a shade, and vanish quite away. Such has been the fate of the present generation who may open this volume or glance over these pages, we question whether one in a thousand has ever so much as heard of "Emily FitzArthur" or the "Birthday," or of the numerous contributions of Miss Bowles to *Blackwood*, or to the *Keepsakes* and other annuals of a former age. Yet she was ranked high among the literary characters of that time by her contemporaries. Henry Nelson Coleridge styled her "the Cowper of our modern poetesses," and Southey himself speaks of her in the "Doctor" as "Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in tenderness and sanctity of feeling." These are the expressions of enthusiastic friendship and warm affection; they are not criticism, and they shrivel into dust beneath the touch of Time. In spite of the meritorious effort of Mr. Dowden to revive these memorials of the past, he must be well aware that the sentence of oblivion cannot be reversed; Miss Bowles cannot claim so much as a page in Mr. Ward's charming selections from modern poetry, and she will be remembered—if she be remembered at all—as the friend and wife of Southey. In justice to her modest, unassuming character it must be added that she herself would have desired no other or higher fame.

The literary reputation of Robert Southey stood, and still stands, on a far loftier pedestal; among his contemporaries few had risen higher. Landor justly said of him, "Never in the course of my existence have I known a man so excellent on so many points." Coleridge compared him to Marcus Cato as the man "likeliest virtue." Sir Henry Taylor, who still bears a living testimony to the merits of his friend, goes so far as to declare that, "although there were greater poets in his generation, men of a deeper and more far-reaching philosophic faculty, it may be said of him justly, and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest man." Southey himself, who was not wanting in self-assertion, did not hesitate to claim a place in the foremost rank of a great literary age—the age which produced Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. With the utmost respect for his memory, both on account of his private virtues and his literary talents and industry, this verdict cannot be supported against the judgment of the next generation and of posterity. The reputation of most of the men we have just named has extended and increased—that of Southey has prodigiously declined; indeed, when we consider his power of imagination, and his command of poetical language, as displayed in "Roderick" and "Thalaba" and in some of his early ballads—when we recall his vast reading, his pure and correct style, his indefatigable industry for nearly half a century in every branch of prose composition—we are astonished that the ultimate result should be so small. Probably none of the best writers of the earlier years of this century is now so little read. His poems are almost forgotten, his greatest literary labors are unknown, and were not always completed. Probably the "Life of Nelson"—a small volume, but a real classic—will survive all its weightier congeners, and the "Holly Tree" will retain a place in the poetical miscellanies of the future. Nothing could be more unlike the position which Southey conceived his own works to occupy, than that to which they have already descend-

* "The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles, to which are added Correspondence with Shelley, and Southey's Dreams." Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. Dublin and London: 1881.

ed. Nobody would dream of republishing any of them; they scarcely appear as vendible commodities in the catalogues of the second-hand booksellers.

It would carry us too far from our immediate purpose to investigate the causes of this failure. There is a good deal in the letters to Miss Bowles that tends to explain it; but nothing to mitigate the severity of the sentence. They exhibit the charm of Southey's private character, his affectionate disposition, his firm and zealous friendship, his simple tastes, his purity and piety of thought and life. But they also display the asperity and intolerance of his literary judgments, his bitterness toward those from whom he differed, and his indulgence to his own crotchets and opinions, to which he clung with the spirit of infallibility. Nothing could be more amiable than his relations to Miss Bowles, governed by the tenderness of a friendship which ripened into love. But in the course of a long correspondence, while they deal in profuse compliments to one another, they contrive to distribute pretty severe blows to every one else. We shall quote some of these passages, which are amusing and characteristic.

Byron and Jeffrey were two of Southey's "favorite aversions," as the phrase runs. Although he boasts that he is "irritable to any attacks through the press," he adds:

"When I have taken occasion to handle Jeffrey, or found it necessary to take up the pen against Lord Byron, it has been more with a feeling of strength than of anger—something like Rumpelstilzchen feels when he lays his paw upon a rat." Rumpelstilzchen was his favorite cat. The sentence is not only absurd but ungrammatical. The pronoun "what" is left out, probably by accident. But Rumpelstilzchen might have found such rats as Byron and Jeffrey too strong for his claws. In the eyes of Southey Lord Byron was simply "a bad man."

In 1824, when Southey was busily engaged on his "History of the Peninsular War," Miss Bowles informed him with regret that another history of that war was in preparation under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington. The work thus announced is obviously Sir

William Napier's immortal narrative. To this Southey replies:

Your news is new to me; but it does not surprise, and can in no degree injure me. Indeed, I do not think it will affect Murray's interest, who is the person interested; for the intended work will prove a military history exclusively. The Duke refused to communicate any papers to me, upon the ground that he reserved them for such a work. He said that I should do as every one who wished to make a popular work would—ascibe more to the Spaniards than was due to them. In this he is mistaken. But the truth is he wants a whole-length portrait of himself, and not an historical picture in which a great many other figures must be introduced. By good fortune I have had access to papers of his of a much more confidential nature than he himself (I am very sure) would entrust to any one. And I have only to wish the work which he patronizes may come out as soon as possible, that I may make use of it. For my third volume, in all likelihood, it will come in time, and then it will save me some trouble, for I may rely upon its authority in mere military points. This must be the reason why Murray announces my second volume so prematurely, when only twenty-six sheets are printed out of a hundred. I shall neither hurry myself nor be hurried. And you need not be told that I shall everywhere speak of the Duke exactly as I should have done if he had behaved towards me with more wisdom. *Let who may write the military history, it is in my book that posterity will read of his campaigns.* And if there had been nothing but a military interest in the story, the Duke might have written it for me.

The Duke of Wellington appears to have judged Southey's qualifications as a military historian more correctly than Southey himself, and a pen of very different *trempe* was chosen to record his exploits; Southey sinking into the very abasement of self-delusion, and unconscious of the melancholy fate which awaited his own quartos.

Of Dean Milman he says:

The paper on Milman I have not read, caring too little for any such subject. I know Milman, who spent a summer here some years ago. He was then a little spoilt by Etonism, and has since been more so by admiration, fashionable society, and prosperity.

So much for the author of the "History of Latin Christianity," which will certainly outlive Southey's "History of the Peninsular War."

Mr. Hallam does not fare better. Of him Southey writes:

To-day I returned the proofs of the severest criticism I have ever written. It is upon Hallam's "Constitutional History," a book

composed in the worst temper and upon the worst principles. It contains even a formal justification of the murder of Lord Strafford. I am acquainted with the author, and should, therefore, have abstained from this act of justice upon him, if he had not called it forth by some remarks in his notes upon the "Book of the Church," which take from him all right of complaint. You will see I can be angry, not on my own score, because any attack on that book only serves to prove its strength, etc.

Yet, if we are not mistaken, Hallam's "Constitutional History" survives even Mr. Southey's "Book of the Church." Mr. Southey's notion of Lord John Russell was that "he scruples at no subterfuge and no falsehood that will serve his purpose for a time"—not exactly what is commonly thought of Lord Russell!

Poor Mrs. Barbauld, with her exquisite delicacy and warmth of feeling, is described as "cold as her creed," because she happened to be a Unitarian; and "her niece, Miss Lucy Aiken," when I saw her (which was before she commenced historian!), *pert as a pear-monger*." What that may be we do not know. It might be supposed that a "pear-monger" is a person who sells pears. We fail to see the point of the comparison.

Charles Lamb, Mrs. Opie, Hannah More, Charles Butler, William Howitt, Hayley, Charlotte Brontë, and a multitude of other excellent and accomplished persons come in for some of these rough touches of Southey's pen, and Miss Bowles is never behindhand in administering a few pin-pricks in her small way. It is melancholy to think what backbiting and slander very good people are apt to indulge in at the expense of their fellow-creatures. Southey, it seems, with characteristic blindness, wished this correspondence to be published for the benefit of future ages; but his representatives have shown but little judgment in giving it to the light. Many passages leave a bitter taste in the mouth, and we doubt whether any portion of it will raise Southey's reputation or give a reputation to Miss Bowles.

On all questions connected with politics and religion, Southey labored under insuperable prejudices and a rank intolerance. His standard of excellence appears to have been the Georgian age. On the death of that excellent monarch,

King George IV., in 1830, he exclaims:

There is something melancholy in having seen the end of the Georges, the Georgian age having been in part the happiest, in part the most splendid, and altogether the most momentous age in our history. We are entering upon a new one, and with no happy auspices.

To a mind so constituted the era which was ushered in by the accession of William IV. and the Reform Bill, was not a time of promise and delight. Accordingly, Southey's letters betray the terrors of a Tory mad with fright. He believes that there is a plot of *Sansculottes* to murder the King and the Duke on their way into the City. He doubts whether he can make his way to Coutts's bank in the Strand with a £100 cheque in his pocket. The end of all things is at hand. We make all allowances for an elderly literary gentleman whose nerves are shaken, and whose head is not very strong. But we have some difficulty in discovering in all this Sir Henry Taylor's GREAT MAN.

The personal relations of Mr. Southey and Miss Bowles are always pleasing, especially when they speak of their blackbirds, their nuthatches, and their favorite cats. For both of them had a keen sense of the charm and beauty of nature, and a strong yearning for domestic affection. But the objects of domestic affection were denied them; for Miss Bowles was a solitary woman, and Southey's hearth and home were overcast by the illness of his wife. Hence they derived an unbroken pleasure from a sympathetic correspondence carried on between the hills of Westmoreland and the borders of the New Forest, but they rarely met. Their intimacy began in 1818 by a humble appeal on the part of Miss Bowles that the great Mr. Southey "would devote some leisure hour to the perusal of a manuscript, hardly to be called a poem"—for Miss Bowles always speaks very modestly of her own performances. Southey not only read but admired; for he was touched by the graceful and flattering letter which accompanied the poem, though the sterner judgment of Mr. Murray declined the publication of it. But the basis of a lifelong friendship was laid, which was of far more importance. Southey's opinion of Miss Bowles's literary powers was so high that he proposed to her

in 1823 a "literary union," the offspring of which was to be a joint poem, written after the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, on the legend of "Robin Hood," seeing, as he says, no just cause or impediment why R. S. and C. A. B. should not thus be joined together. The lady took a more sober view of this perilous alliance with the author of "Thalaba," and she soon found (as she anticipated) that she made a bad hand of "Thalaba's" prosody. It was to her "like attempting to drive a tilbury on a tram-road. You would laugh to see me in the agony of composition." So at last the scheme dropped. But if Southey had not been the most guileless of men, we might suspect the bard of a deep-laid plot upon the lady's affections.

Thenceforth the intimacy increased, and as a sincere record of a literary life it becomes interesting. Southey relates to his correspondent all his incessant labors, his articles for the *Quarterly*, his squabbles with editors and publishers, his plans of greater works, some of which remained unaccomplished, and the results of his indefatigable reading, of which the most complete evidence is to be found in that strange and amusing book the "Doctor." There Southey gave a free rein to his learning and to his drollery; nobody but himself could have written it. Some twenty or thirty years were spent in collecting the odds and ends of this singular conglomerate, which was at last moulded into shape. The "Doctor" is certainly the most characteristic, if not the best, of Southey's prose writings. It deserves to retain a place in literature, not only for its originality, but for its pathos and for its fun. Miss Bowles said of it with truth, "There is the concentrated essence of a life's reading in these two volumes; and, better, of a life's feeling; and, best of all to me, I found *you* in every chapter." Southey, who is not afraid of startling comparisons with past greatness, replies, "There is something of 'Tristram Shandy,' in its character, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, but the predominant character is my own." He appears to have thought that there was no great disparity between himself and these eminent persons.

It was Southey's misfortune that he

was compelled to write book after book, and article after article, for the daily bread of his family. His means were small, his pension inconsiderable, and literature was his chief resource. Literature is a charming mistress, but a bad servant-of-all-work. Upon the whole, whatever he did best in this kind of composition for the market is to be found in his biographical writings; he found biography pleasant, easy, and profitable. We have already mentioned with all honor his "Life of Nelson," to which he subsequently added the lives of other naval heroes.

The "Life of Wesley" is a valuable contribution to the history of Methodism, and the "Life of Cowper" an interesting psychological study. Of Cowper, however, he says in these letters that some mystery remains unrevealed, and that it might have been disclosed from Mr. Newton's correspondence. But he adds that "his mind is made up that, if it ever be revealed, it shall not be by himself. It would mingle too distressingly with all one's thoughts and feelings concerning Cowper." Had Cowper committed, or imagined himself to have committed, some crime? We shall never know. But the probability is, that it was a mere hypochondriacal and imaginary effect of his state of mind, as Southey suggests. He was most unlikely to have committed any grave offence, but very likely to imagine that he had done so.

"Genius," says Southey in one of these letters, "is common enough (I had almost said too common), but nothing is so uncommon as the good sense which gives it its right direction." That is a saying worth remembering; but it is impossible to read this correspondence without feeling that, if Southey had a good deal of genius, the allowance of good sense was not always in proportion to it. Mr. Dowden, with the enthusiasm of an editor, declares that he was a man "sound to the core," though cursed with an irritable nervous system, "dangerously excitable." This must be the excuse for the numerous harsh, incorrect, and intemperate judgments to be met with in these pages. But we are reluctantly led to the conclusion that Southey, in spite of his high principles and his noble aspirations, was singularly

incapable of forming a just opinion of his contemporaries or of the times in which he lived. The French Revolution half turned his youthful brain in the direction of democracy, and he wrote "Joan of Arc." Subsequent events twisted him round, and he wrote the "Vision of Judgment." The Reform Bill was to him a letting loose of all the powers of evil. Something, therefore, was wanting to give his genius its right direction.

Mrs. Southey who had long been a complete invalid, died in November 1837, and at about that date this published correspondence ends. The later letters of Miss Bowles are lost; and the editor has wisely abstained from entering at greater length on the circumstances attending the marriage of Southey to her who had so long been the cherished depository of his thoughts and feelings. The marriage cannot be said to have been an unhappy one, for never were two human beings better suited to each other. But it was accompanied with very painful incidents. Southey's mental powers began to give way. "He had been," says Mr. Dowden, "an Arab steed bearing the load of a packhorse; he bore it long and well, then quivered and fell by the way." But in those hours of darkness, that antechamber of the tomb, it was no slight alleviation of the griefs of failing nature that one who entirely knew and loved him was by his side, and his eye brightened to the last with a momentary intelligence at her name. Nor do we suppose that Caroline Bowles ever regretted the sacrifice she had made in becoming his wife, though Mr. Landor styled her "a martyr and a saint." She possessed one of those fervent, pious, and devoted natures which would see in such a martyrdom the triumph of love and duty. Her life had gradually become absorbed in that of her illustrious friend, and her idea of heaven itself was companionship with him. After his death she returned to Lymington, where she, too, died in 1854. There is something singularly touching in the letters, which enable us to trace this intercourse of two kindred souls,

from the first slight commencement to its solemn termination, and one thinks with pleasure of the innocent happiness which their friendship cast over lives otherwise not unclouded.

We cannot dismiss this volume without some notice of the correspondence between Southey and Shelley, which is annexed to it, from a transcript made by Miss Bowles. These letters are in the highest degree remarkable, and add a memorable page to the painful history of Shelley's life and opinions. Early in life (for in 1816 Shelley says it was "some years ago") the poets had met—Shelley then at nineteen Southey at eight-and-thirty. The impression left on Shelley's mind was favorable. He regarded the elder bard with admiration as a poet, and with respect as a man; and in 1816 he sent him a copy of "Alastor," as a mark of respect. A bitter review of the "Revolt of Islam" appeared in the *Quarterly* in 1820, which was erroneously attributed to Southey; and their correspondence was renewed in different terms. Southey had not written the article, and, indeed, had not read any of Shelley's publications except the "Alastor;" but the incidents of Shelley's life, which had occurred in the interval, were known to him, and they called forth his strongest censure and remonstrance. Shelley replied from Pisa in a more moderate tone than might have been expected, and sent Southey his later works, including the "Cenci" and; "Prometheus." To this latter Southey responded by an appalling picture of Shelley's own career.

Some men (he said) are wicked by disposition; others become so in their weakness, yielding to temptation; but you have corrupted in yourself an excellent nature. You have sought for temptation and courted it, and have reasoned yourself into a state of mind so pernicious that your character, with your domestic arrangements, as you term it, might furnish a subject for the drama more instructive, and scarcely less painful, than the detestable story of the "Cenci," and this has proceeded directly from your principles. It is the Atheist's Tragedy.

Southey never wrote anything more powerful or more deeply felt than this letter.

PRINCE POTEMKIN.

On the 9th July, 1762, there met for the first time two persons who, during the succeeding quarter of a century, ruled Russia with great wisdom and success, securing for their country a position in Europe which she had never before held, and which she has never since lost. These two were the Czarina Catherine—the Arch-Catherine as her flatterers were wont to call her—and a youth of about twenty summers named Potemkin, friendless, unknown either to fame or infamy, and of lowly birth, who, at the age of fifty-two, died President of the Council of War, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, Grand Admiral of the Russian fleets, Knight of the principal orders of Prussia, Sweden and Poland, and of all the orders of Russia. It was the day on which Catherine, placing herself at the head of 2000 soldiers of the Ismailofsky guards and adding to her many infidelities the crime of rebellion, had marched to the church of Kasan and forced the Archbishop of Novgorod to crown her Empress of all the Russias.

This took place at 7 o'clock in the morning. At noon of the same day Catherine, in the flush of her youth and beauty—for the favored mortals who beheld her seem to have carried away in their imaginations a vision of grace and loveliness that never left them; and even old and cold chroniclers effloresce into the language of the lover when they venture to speak of the charm of her presence—at noon Catherine again appeared before her enthusiastic subjects, dressed in the uniform of an officer of the guards; her long beautiful chestnut hair spread out as a sail on the air as she rode through the streets, sitting astride her white horse, to the ground where she was to review her troops before marching against her husband. There was one article of adornment wanting to complete her military attire: she had no plume in her hat. A young officer rode up and, pointing out the omission, offered his own. It was accepted with that grace and brightness which Catherine in her early years possessed above measure, and of which even the corpulence and clumsiness of her physique in riper years did not alto-

gether rob her. Potemkin's horse, it is said, accustomed to form into squadron persistently refused to respond to its rider's efforts to retire from the imperial party. Her Majesty smiled on his confusion and helplessness, entered into conversation with him; asked him about his family, and soon after appointed him to the post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, with an annual pension of 2000 roubles.

Of a daring ambition, gifted with an artful and insinuating manner, and an imagination fertile in devices to accomplish the ends his intelligence had set before him, he resolved to oust Gregory Orloff from the seat in the Empress's affections which he had obtained while she was yet Grand Duchess. The brothers Orloff had furnished the brain and nerve of the revolution, so that Catherine, besides being linked to the elder of them by the ties of love or lust, was bound to him by gratitude; and though she silently resented his imperiousness, yet she lacked at this period of her career the courage to risk a rupture with the man and husband's murderer whose boldness had placed her on the throne. At the private evening parties of the palace, where Catherine laid aside the sovereign and became the simple, refined lady, banishing the formalities of Courts and substituting the freedom of home life, Potemkin was a frequent guest. He imagined that he saw in Catherine's movements evidence of a desire to linger near him and to select him from among the company for special marks of friendliness and a sweeter smile; he began to assume the airs, the sigh, and the abstraction of an unconfessed lover, thereby provoking the enmity and dislike of Prince Orloff, who resolved to punish him for his audacity, while he still wore the mask of cordiality. An opportunity soon offered which, though it humbled Potemkin, invested him with a new interest in the eyes of the Empress. A little friendly banter passed between the pro-husband *in posse* and the one *in esse*. The chaff grew bitter and more personal, till Potemkin forgot the respect due to his superior in rank, who chastised him for his insolence

and destroyed the sight of one of his eyes. This revealed to Catherine Potemkin's love for her. She saw in him one who suffered for her sake, and her feelings were tenderly affected toward him. The young man's devices to make Catherine capitulate to him would have done credit to an experienced actor. He moved about the palace a blighted being; his natural gayety forsook him; he was seldom seen to smile, and when he did the smile was heart-rending. Every sentence he uttered wound up with a sigh. Able to endure the agony of unrequited love no longer, he fled the Court, and caused it to be rumored abroad that he was about to shut himself up in a convent. Catherine made inquiries about his absence, and learned that his unfortunate passion had driven him to despair, and that he had fled to where he could not see the object of it, in the hope that he might soon conquer it. "I never thought," said she, "that he would take it so much to heart. I thought I had given him all the hope and encouragement I could." This speech was duly reported to the would-be monk; he redoubled his distress; actually entered a convent and put on clerical attire, declaring his intention to take holy orders and think of the Earth and her daughters no more. Every fibre of emotion in Catherine's nature was moved; she dispatched the Countess Bruce to invite Potemkin back to Court and, without positively promising too much, to inspire him with the hope that his love would yet be crowned. Potemkin quickly threw off the cowl, and in a few days found himself installed as the Czarina's official husband, with a pocket allowance of 12,000 roubles, which he found on the first day of each month lying on his dressing-table.

There was a considerable vein of religious feeling in Potemkin's nature; not religion, for that is something that affects the moral complexion of the inner life; but religiousness, which leaves a bad man, in the righteous classifications of heaven, exactly what he was before, and which means absorption of his soul in church forms and dresses and ritualisms. His father had educated him for the church. At the age of twelve he was sent to the University of Moscow as a student of divinity,

and there his mind acquired that theological tincture and coloring which his military, political, and Court life could not work out of it. He would halt his troops on the march that he might visit a monastery; dismiss a paragon that he might pass an opinion on a pontifical robe; or break up a meeting of the Senate or a council of war to receive a bishop. Though his morality was of the loosest character, his theology was of the strictest sect of the orthodox; there was no greater authority on ecclesiastical millinery and upholstery in Russia. His favorite topic of conversation was the causes of the separation of the Greek and Latin Churches; and the fortune of that man was made who listened with apparent interest to a disquisition from him on popes and patriarchs, on the formularies of doctrine enunciated by the œcumenical councils, and on early church history and disputes generally. It is confidently averred by some of his contemporaries that had he survived Catherine and lived under Paul, who, hating his mother, dismissed her favorites and reversed her policy, Potemkin would have ended his career in a cloister.

Catherine's affections were fickle and ephemeral; generally within a year or two she grew tired of her favorites and, loading them with honors and wealth, recommended them to travel for the benefit of their education. Well aware that the hour would come when Catherine's heart would weary of him and crave for fresh pastures, Potemkin was no sooner installed as Her Majesty's domestic companion than he began to prepare for the coming dismissal. He resolved to make himself indispensable as a statesman and counsellor when he was no longer required in a more tender relationship—the only one of the long list of favorites who manifested such craft. Imbued with a deep true love of his country, he suggested many of the schemes and directed many of the operations by which Catherine glorified her reign; and served his own interests best by serving his sovereign faithfully. He gradually acquired the overmastering ascendancy over her mind and will which he had acquired over her affection. At the end of two years, thinking his position in the Empire secure, he began to

scheme to relinquish the title of "favorite," still retaining the honors and influence attached to the post. He managed it with complete success; and though many of his successors tried to oust him from his seat of supremacy, Potemkin defied them all, and obliged the Empress to disgrace those of them who proved inimical to his interests. "Make your choice, madam," said he, on one occasion, "between Yermoloff and me. The alternative I offer you is, dismiss who you like, but one of us must leave your Court. For my part, as long as you keep that white negro I will not set my foot within your palace. I hate him so, that I vow solemnly never to be friendly with him while life lasts, and my revenge shall reach him some time. But, should your Majesty determine to sacrifice him and secure my services, my devotion and zeal in your cause will be greater in the future even than it has been in the past. I shall continue to provide for the interests of your heart as well as your Empire, and I hope I may choose more wisely than I did when I recommended this Yermoloff." The arrogant and haughty Czarina was cowed and abashed. On the spot she told Potemkin that he might discharge his rival if he wished. She even obeyed the prince's prohibition to bid her lover farewell; and Potemkin enjoyed the triumph of announcing to Yermoloff that it was her Majesty's will and command that he should never again show himself in her presence.

Toward the end of two years, Potemkin selected a young man devoid of energy and character, but amiable, handsome, muscular and healthy, whom he nominated one of Catherine's private secretaries. He encouraged Her Majesty's dawning partiality for the youth; and when the time was ripe he intimated to her that his infirmities were such that he was reluctantly obliged to ask an interval of rest in order to recover his health, worn out by the cares and duties of his various offices. For a short while he retired to his government of Novgorod; on his return he found his protégé installed in his apartments, which were connected with the Czarina's by a private staircase. He expressed much sorrow at Catherine's inconstancy that she feared she would never be able to

console him. She furnished and presented him with a palace, which Potemkin received with obtrusive disappointment. She thereupon added 80,000 roubles that he might furnish it anew to his taste; and ever after, till near the end, when Catherine grew tired of her "favorite," she announced the fact to Potemkin and commissioned him to look out for some suitable youth whom he sent to Court with a fabricated message, that the Empress might have at least an opportunity of seeing him, a cipher of communication having previously been agreed on. Thus, for instance, before Momonoff was appointed, it was arranged that the prince should send him with a roll of drawings; "the opinion your Majesty expresses about the drawings will acquaint me with what your Majesty thinks about the bearer." Having examined the youth carefully, Catherine returned the drawings with the comment: "The outlines are beautiful, but the coloring bad," referring to Momonoff's sallow skin. Potemkin received from Her Majesty a fee of 100,000 roubles on each successive vacancy; and, as the youth recommended doubled the sum, the prince turned the capriciousness of Her Majesty's heart into a source of profit and revenue.

Before giving a short account of what Potemkin did for Russia, we may devote a paragraph or two to the weaknesses of his character. He had an inordinate affection for honors and titles; whenever he saw a decoration on the breast of an ambassador, he had to be informed whether or not it was an "order," an association, or a badge; the history of its institution; and the grounds on which it was awarded. Many a one was bored with his disquisitions on the orders of Russia. His importunities to be created a prince were wearisome. Catherine was not in the habit of conferring this rank on any of her subjects; she therefore besought Joseph of Austria to ennoble her favorite, who at the time had performed no public service to excuse his elevation to such rank. The Emperor, with a sense of shame and degradation, signed the patent of nobility. Anxious to conciliate one whom the Empress delighted to honor, Prussia decorated him with the order of the Black Eagle; Denmark followed with

that of the Elephant ; and Sweden with that of the Seraphim. It was a bitter drop in the cup of life that all Catherine's entreaties could not secure for him the orders of the Garter, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Golden Fleece. In spite of his vast wealth and occasional prodigality, he was avaricious ; a just debt he paid by kicking the importunate creditor out of doors. He summoned a French veterinary surgeon from Vienna to prescribe for a valuable horse ; after months of labor and skilful treatment the doctor waited on the prince officially to announce the cure, really to receive his fee. He was refused admission ; and after a few weeks of weary waiting returned to Vienna without receiving so much as his travelling expenses. Yet his prodigality when the whim seized him was boundless. No grander entertainment was ever given by a subject in honor of a sovereign, than that Potemkin gave in honor of Catherine a year before his death. The prince received Her Majesty at the doors of his palace dressed in a scarlet coat ; over his shoulders there hung a long cloak of gold lace ornamented with precious stones ; " there were as many diamonds in his dress as a dress could contain ;" his head-dress was so heavy with them that an aide-de-camp was detached to carry it. As Potemkin conducted his guest through the hall of his palace, a choir of three hundred hired musicians welcomed her with a burst of song. Thence he led the imperial lady, beaming with fat and greasy smiles, for the symmetry of her early years had long ago left her, into the saloon ; its pillars were of sculptured palm-trees ; vases of Carrara marble stood at either end of it ; countless mirrors flashed back the light of its crystal lustres. The finest specimens of statuary abounded ; shrubs in flower and exotic plants made endless summer in this enchanted hall. In the centre of the saloon Catherine was met by a statue of herself carved from Parian marble. After Her Majesty was seated, forty-eight dancers all dressed in white scarves and girdles sparkling with diamonds worth ten millions of roubles, entered the saloon to amuse the guests whom the prince had assembled in the sovereign's honor. The company was thereafter ushered into a second saloon hung with

the richest tapestry ; in the centre of it stood an artificial elephant draped in robes interwoven with emeralds and rubies. After a pause a signal was given, and a curtain was drawn exposing to view a magnificent theatre, to grace the stage of which the first actors of the day had been engaged ; the entertainment winding up with a procession in which the costumes of the various tribes and principalities acknowledging Catherine's sovereignty were represented. Afterward every room in the palace was thrown open to the promenaders ; then came the transformation scene ; the whole building was ablaze ; diamonds sparkled amid the soil of the summer garden ; prisms and crystals and mirrors mutually reflected each other's glory ; the trunks of shrubs and fruit-trees glistened and shone ; the perfumes of Araby the blest filled the halls. At the supper-table six hundred guests sat down ; the plate was of gold and silver ; the viands were served in vases of alabaster ; the wines were poured from golden cups ; and the waiters were dressed in the richest robes. Behind Catherine's chair Potemkin stood that he might wait on the Czarina, refusing to be seated till he was thrice commanded. At one in the morning Her Majesty took her departure, an orchestra of vocal and instrumental music discoursing a hymn in her praise. At the doorstep she turned round to express her gratitude to the prince, who thereupon fell on his knees and, impulsively kissing her hand, stammered out with broken voice and bedewed eyes his loyalty and devotion.

The skill with which he frustrated the schemes of his enemies to injure him in Catherine's estimation was masterly. Vast sums of money had been given him at his own urgent solicitations to enable him to develop the wealth of southern Russia and the Crimea. The colonizers of Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Prussia, whom he had invited to settle in these lands as manufacturers and agriculturists, bitterly but fruitlessly complained at St. Petersburg of the cruel deception that had been practiced on them. Potemkin's enemies inflamed the imagination of the Empress with the desire to visit the new and flourishing settlements which the prince professed to have planted, and of which he wrote

in glowing terms, expecting that a wild revulsion of feeling against her deceiver would be provoked in Her Majesty's mind by the exposure of the fraud. The announcement of the project struck Potemkin with dismay; but his daring soon rallied from its temporary demoralization. He backed up with great apparent earnestness the advices of his foes, incidentally remarking in one of his letters that a pressing private necessity had led him to take the loan of the last 3,000,000 roubles, which he had drawn from the treasury for purposes of state; and, as these purposes were now more urgent than when he borrowed the money, he requested that a second 3,000,000 might be voted him. Catherine consented with a murmur and a grudge. The prince hastened to St. Petersburg and demanded the dismissal of her favorite Yermoloff, whom he denounced as the tool of his enemies, and insisted on her making a royal progress through his government that she might witness with her own eyes how he had been calumniated and wronged. He assembled all the troops of the Empire along the route Her Majesty was to travel. He ordered great public works to be commenced at which the workers toiled day and night; he repaired the dilapidated mansions of the nobility at the places where Her Majesty was to sleep, garnishing them at his own expense with the richest furniture, and even presenting their owners with plate and linen that Catherine might be impressed with the wealth and prosperity of the dominions under his care. Crowds of people were deported from the outlying provinces and brought to line the route and hurrah as Catherine drove past; thereafter they were hurried forward to greet her with a similar welcome at a later stage of the journey. "I thought," said she, "that I was coming to a desert, but here I find the true springs of my Empire in all their vigor and activity." By fêtes, pyrotechnic displays, each one of which cost 40,000 roubles, splendid hospitalities such as only the imagination of Potemkin could conjure, he turned the royal progress which was to work his discomfiture into a series of triumphs. At Kiof Her Majesty embarked to sail down the Dneiper as far as Kaydak, where the thirteen cataracts begin, ren-

dering navigation impossible for a space of sixty versts. The distance Her Majesty had to sail was 450 versts; and the bed of this part of the river Potemkin had levelled at an enormous outlay of money. A magnificent fleet of fifty galleys, the rooms of which were hung with silk, each ship having on board an orchestra of twelve musicians, carried Catherine and her suite down the river. The banks of the Dneiper were dotted with cities, towns, villages and hamlets, which had grown up as Jonah's gourd to disappear as quickly. In many cases the distant buildings were simply sham fronts facing the river. The wharves of the towns were littered with huge bales labelled "silk," etc., etc., but which, when pierced, were found to contain straw; shop-keepers in *bond fide* townships were ordered to pack up their stock-in-trade and build it round their doors. At Kaydak, where she disembarked, Potemkin conducted the Czarina to a large mansion, which had just been built; behind it lay an English garden, into which, says Segur, "the magic of Prince Potemkin had caused trees of extraordinary size to be planted; a cheering prospect varied by wood, waters, and flowers." Here Her Majesty reviewed the troops—forty-five squadrons of cavalry and a numerous body of infantry, all newly armed and equipped. From this town also the deluded lady wrote to her Ministers in St. Petersburg expressing her satisfaction with the condition and prosperity of Potemkin's government, adding "I beg you will tell this to the unbelievers, and make use of my letter to put an end to the cavils of the ill-disposed. It is high time that entire justice should be done to those who devote themselves to my service and that of the State, with so much zeal and success." After visiting the Crimea, where the theatrical genius of Potemkin devised new surprises at every halting-place, Her Majesty began her homeward journey. The curtain fell at Pultawa, where a mimic repetition of the great battle fought there in 1709 by Charles XII. and Peter the Great was produced for Catharine's delectation. The *coup de théâtre* was over; Potemkin returned to his government loaded with presents; the Czarina, welcomed, fêted, hymned, made her

way, via Moscow, to the capital, after the most wonderful royal progress the world has ever seen. She left St. Petersburg on the 14th of January, 1787; she entered it again on the 22d of July. Recalling the marvels and romance of the journey, the French Ambassador speaks of "fleets suddenly created; squadrons of Cossacks and Tartars coming from the remote parts of Asia; illuminated roads; mountains on fire; enchanted palaces; gardens raised in a night; temples of Diana; delightful harems; wandering tribes; dromedaries and camels; dethroned princes of the Caucasus and Georgia paying their homage and addressing their prayers" to the Light of the North, as her flatterers called her. Remembering that one mind planned it all and attended to every detail of the comedy, we are forced to confess that, whatever we may find Potemkin's qualities as a statesman or soldier to be, he was at least born to be a courtier—or a showman.

No purse in the world but that of Potemkin or Fortunatus could have defrayed the cost of this imperial trip. His revenues were larger than those of many European kingdoms; and there were few of them who did not out of their own poverty contribute to his wealth by gifts and bribes; the thrifty Court of Prussia proving, as always, the stingiest among them. His shelves, it is said, were full of diamonds and gold and bank-notes; there was one fleece of diamonds of which the Prince de Ligne speaks with admiration, worth a hundred thousand roubles. Liberal to her favorites, Catherine's bounty to him was prodigal. During the two years he was in office as her "companion," she presented him with nine million roubles. At his death his fortune reached the enormous total of fifty millions of money and forty-five thousand serfs, besides palaces and estates scattered all over the kingdom. "I am indeed," said he, speaking of his wondrous success in life—"I am indeed the spoiled child of heaven." His career had turned his head; visions of a crown began to haunt his day-dreams. It is said that after the death of Lanskoï, the best-beloved of all Catherine's pro-husbands, the prince persuaded his sovereign to marry him, but all his art and artifice failed to induce her to announce their

union. He rejected the crown of Courland, which was only a duchy, not a kingdom, though Frederick the Great urged him to accept it as a stepping-stone to the throne of Poland. For many years he laid the flattering unction to his soul that one and the same day should witness Catherine's crowning at Constantinople and his own at Athens. He hated France as the chief obstacle in the way of these ambitions, and his dislike showed itself in his reception of the French Ambassador: he received him lounging on his couch, dressed in his night-gown, his hair uncombed, his legs and neck bare, after he had kept him waiting in the hall for a quarter of an hour while he was trifling with his mistress. Upbraided with his indifference to a French alliance, he retorted, "An alliance with France was all very well while it was a kingdom, but it is different now that it has become an archbishopric. I would have courted an alliance with Louis the Corpulent, with Louis the Young, with Louis the Clever, with Louis the Great, even with Louis the Well-beloved, but not with Louis the Suffragan;" a bit of satire only rivalled by his own masterly definition of the German Empire as "an archipelago of princes."

But we must not trace Potemkin's influence over Catherine altogether to his capacity as a trickster. That imperial lady was far too clear-sighted and crafty to be cajoled by empty flatteries to transfer her autocratic power to any one who had no solid body of worth in him to justify the transference. The great-nesses of his character were, in the estimation of a Russian monarch, sufficient to counterbalance its weaknesses and leave a margin to the good. All Potemkin's defects were covered by this redeeming fact, that his zeal for the aggrandizement of Russia was all-absorbing; even the claims of self being forgotten in the claims of the state. The great end of his life was that which has fired the imagination and employed the energies of successive generations of Russian czars, statesmen and soldiers—the extension of the authority and commerce of the Empire toward the south. Maritime supremacy—a line of sea-board commensurate to the magnitude of the country—has been the final cause of Russian pol-

icy for two centuries back, and perhaps Potemkin did even more than Peter the Great to expedite the desired consummation. The bag-and-baggage policy is not a novelty of yesterday, though it is new to see England insanely helping on a step which could only end in her ruin if Russia were successful.

In 1777, during his first state appointment as favorite, Potemkin inspired his Czarina with the ambitious project of driving every Turk, official and non-official, out of Europe; and by many devices he kept alive the fire he had kindled. Conducting Her Majesty through the streets of Cherson, a town on the Black Sea at the mouth of the Dneiper, he led her to a gate facing eastward where a newly painted signboard, "This is the way that leads to Byzantium," met her surprised gaze. It is said that he talked the Emperor Joseph of Austria, who met her at Cherson and travelled with her through the Crimea, into a positive promise that he would intrigue and fight to have the Czarina's grandson, Alexander I., whom she intended to decree her successor, crowned at Constantinople.

Immediately after his appointment to the governorships of the Ukraine and Azoph, Potemkin founded and fortified several cities on the frontier of the Crimea, and on the shores of the Euxine—Ekaterinoslav, Maninpol and Cherson; to which he invited colonists from all parts of Europe, especially the Tartars of the Crimea, guaranteeing that they would be permitted to practice in peace the rites of their religion. In flocks they came, so much so that the Turks found a *casus belli* in the depopulation of the peninsula. Cherson, which like St. Petersburg was built on a marsh, became in a few years a rich and populous place. At the time of Catharine's visit it contained 2000 shops filled with merchandise from Greece, Italy and France; a fleet of 200 merchant vessels rode at anchor in the harbor; many churches and mosques and public edifices and houses were in process of building. It boasted the possession of barracks capable of holding 24,000 men, of a dockyard where two vessels of war and a frigate were ready to be launched; of an arsenal furnished with 600 pieces of cannon. Round about the town toiled

18,000 laborers, draining and redeeming the wilderness. The peace of Kainardji, by which this district had been ceded by the Sultan, had been signed only six years before Her Majesty's visit. These townships were designed as new bases from which the conquest of the Crimea, of Moldavia and Wallachia might be achieved.

Averse to the shedding of blood, to which only the holy duty of extending the dominions of the czars could reconcile him—(at the siege of Otchakoff it is said that after having given his generals their instructions, he retired to a distant hillock whence he could see the combat, and sat down, resting his head on his hands and his hands on his knees, occasionally looking up in an agony to pray, "O Lord! have mercy upon us")—he tried to bribe the Tartar chiefs of the Crimea to forswear allegiance to the Porte, and place themselves under the protection of Russia; an audacious manifesto was issued, in which Catherine said, that to put an end to the difficulty which the Sultan experienced in keeping order in that part of his dominions, she had resolved to annex it to her own. Thus without a campaign or a battle Potemkin added to the Russian Crown its richest jewel. A military writer of the period says that the possession of this peninsula enabled Russia to hear with contempt every threat of attack from the east and south; it gave her the sovereignty of the Euxine, and a position from which to overawe Constantinople; it secured her against a Tartar invasion; made the conquest of Central Asia, Georgia and Persia probable and possible; and fulfilled Peter the Great's prayer for "more sea! more sea!"

Catherine placed 3,000,000 roubles at the prince's disposal for the civilization of the new province; he built cities, organized a magistracy and established the reign of law. In 1787, looking on the bay from the window of her temporary residence at Inkerman, the Czarina beheld a formidable fleet; "strong enough," says Segur, "to make her flag wave on the walls of Constantinople within thirty hours." At this time Sevastopol boasted the possession "of several magazines, an admiralty, intrenchments, 400 buildings in progress, a crowd of workmen, a strong garrison, two hos-

pitals, and several docks." All this naval and military power was the result of the labor of two years, and was begun and completed under the personal supervision of Potemkin.

The prince now turned his covetous gaze eastward to the fertile steppes which now form the lieutenantancy of the Caucasus, and westward toward the banks of the Danube. By brilliant promises and by quite as brilliant but more solid gifts of jewels and money, he tried to bribe the lawless Tartar chiefs of the Caucasus to do homage to the Czarina as their Lady Paramount and protector, with but doubtful success; these negotiations, however, gave Russia a ground on which to justify her future encroachments in that direction. But Potemkin's success round the western shores of the Euxine was unquestionable. He provoked the Turks by insults, aggressions, by infraction of treaties, by intrigues in Egypt, to declare war. He even instructed the Russian Minister at Constantinople to make a jest of the Sultan's expostulations; which the latter answered by imprisoning the insolent ambassador in the Castle of the Seven Towers. Potemkin's activity came in spasms, he was constitutionally of an indolent temperament; and when the Turk gratified his wish for war, he fell into a fit of mixed despondency and religion, and declared himself the unhappiest of men. His Austrian allies having asked for his plan of the campaign, he answered after a fortnight's meditation: "With the help of God I shall attack whatever enemies I meet between the Bug and the Dneister." His mistress, Madame de Witt, of whom Prince de Ligne said that "she was the handsomest woman in the universe," and whose husband Potemkin had appointed governor of Cherson, laughed him out of his lethargy; and he gave orders with tears in his eyes for the storming of the city of Otchakoff which he had been listlessly besieging for several months. The plunder that fell into the hands of the conquerors was immense. There was an emerald found in the city of the size of an egg, which the prince sent to the Czarina, who afterward wore it in a necklace set with diamonds. Returning to St. Petersburg for the winter, Potemkin was received with all the honors due to such a hero;

six miles of the road by which he was to reach the capital were illuminated; the Empress went to his palace to thank him, not even giving him time in the gush of her gratitude to change his travelling dress. High carnival reigned in the capital for two months, the conqueror taking the honors paid with the most exalted *hauteur* and as no more than his due; his wars and victories were reproduced on the stage for his own and the public gratification; and the only cross he had to bear lay in the fact that the Czarina's favorite Momonoff treated him as an equal.

Catherine wished for peace; the country was impoverished by her frequent wars and many lovers. The haughty general refused either to return to camp or make pacific overtures to the enemy unless Her Majesty dismissed her new favorite Zuboff, whom she had ventured to choose without consulting the prince. By the victories of Repnin and Suwarrow he saw with alarm the laurels which should have gone to adorn his own brow transferred to others; and his eagerness to return to the camp was only equalled by his previous reluctance. Reaching Yassy, he found that a treaty had been signed in obedience to secret orders from the capital. The rage with which he heard the news killed him. His many dissipations and great exertions had prematurely exhausted his vital power; he stormed—fumed at his folly in falling ill at such a juncture; he dismissed his physicians and fed on salt meat and raw turnips, washing them down with deep draughts of brandy, to persuade himself that he was still a strong man. In a burst of passion he resolved to quit Yassy for Otchakoff. On the road he grew worse—he could not bear the motion of his carriage; alighting, he sat down at the foot of a tree by the roadside; and there in the fifty-second year of his age he died. Catherine paid him the compliment of swooning when the tidings of his death reached her: she had to be bled, blistered and put to bed. Day by day, she realized more vividly how the master-mind which had directed the destinies of her empire had been removed. Potemkin was the buttress of her greatness; with his departure there departed the brain and nerve that had made her reign successful and great;

thereafter she was weak and irresolute as other sovereigns are.

"Never was seen," writes M. de Segur,

"in court, council, or camp, a general more rash or irresolute, a courtier more pompous or more ridiculously shy, a minister more enterprising or less laborious; his whole person presenting a combination the most original, by an inconceivable mixture of grandeur and littleness, of indolence and activity, boldness and timidity, ambition and indifference."

"A commander," says the Prince de Ligne, who describes him as he saw him at the siege of Otchakoff,

"who looks idle but is always busy; who has no other desk than his knees, no other comb than his fingers; trembling for others, brave for himself; alarmed at the approach of danger, frolicsome when in the heat of it;

taking his pleasures sadly; embracing with one arm the feet of a statue of the Virgin, with the other the alabaster neck of his mistress; receiving gifts, then distributing them to others: seldom paying a debt; talking divinity to his generals, tactics to his bishops; swearing or otherwise sinning and praying; dressed in shirt or drawers, or in regimentals richly embroidered; sometimes in a night-gown, at other times sparkling with diamonds as large as one's thumb; crooked and almost bent double when at home, tall, erect, and noble when he shows himself to the army."

and so on through half a dozen pages of antitheses and caricature, in which there is one part of truth to nine parts of wit and paradox, the conception of Potemkin as a bundle of contradictions which the critic suggests being in the main not very foreign to truth and fact.—*Temple Bar*.

DEGENERATION.

It may not be generally known that, among animals and plants, certain exceptions exist to the rule that living development means and implies progress. All animals and plants by no means attain as adults to a higher place and structure than they occupy at the commencement of their existence. Occasionally, the beginnings of life are in reality of higher nature than the completion of existence; and it can be proved that many living beings in their perfect state are absolutely of lower grade than when progressing toward maturity! It is to these curious facts in natural history that the collective name of "degeneration" has been applied. The animal or plant which sinks or retrogresses to a lower place in the living world as time passes, and which thus develops backwards, so to speak, is said to "degenerate." It is of high interest to trace out several examples of this, and to note the inferences that may be drawn from them; since it may be shown that the analogies of degeneration may extend even to man's estate and affect even human destiny itself.

No condition of animal life is more effectual in inducing degeneration of structure than the adoption of a parasitic mode and habit of existence. The parasite lives on another animal or plant, and may be a lodger merely, seeking shelter

and nothing more; or it may, when a typical parasite, depend upon its host for food as well as shelter. Such unwelcome guests are often a source of disease to the animals and plants which harbor them. But nature seems to revenge the host, by degenerating the parasite. An admirable law exists in nature, called the "law of use and disuse." Use and habit develop an organ or part, and judicious use increases the size and strength of living structures. Conversely, disuse causes atrophy, wasting, and decay of the organs of living beings. Applying this well-known fact to the animal which has adopted a parasitic existence, we can readily enough understand why a process of physiological backsliding is represented in its history. With no need for legs or other organs of motion in its fixed condition, the parasite is in time deprived of these appendages. If it obtains its food ready-made from its host, nature will cause the disused digestive organs it once possessed for active use, to degenerate and to disappear. If at one time in its earlier career the creature was endowed with organs of sense, useful to an active animal, these will disappear by disuse when the parasite becomes fixed and motionless. There is, in short, no part of its structure which will not be affected, modified, and degenerated through dis-

use and it may be other conditions incidental to the parasitic life.

Illustrations of these remarks abound in the animal world. Take, for instance, the case of *Sacculina*, a parasite on hermit crabs. Each egg of a *Sacculina* first develops into a little active creature called a "nauplius." This organism swims freely in the sea. It possesses three pairs of legs, an oval body, and a single eye placed in the middle of its frame. Soon the two hindmost pairs of legs are cast off, and a kind of shell is developed over the body, and six pairs of small swimming feet replace the missing limbs. In this state it passes a short period of life, and the young *Sacculina*, like the majority of other animals, is apparently in the way of advance and progress. But the day of degeneration draws nigh. The two foremost limbs increase greatly in size; these members finally become branched and root-like; and the eye disappears along with the six pairs of swimming feet. The animal then seeks the body of a hermit crab; attaches itself by its roots, and then degenerates as the adult into the bag-like parasite whose roots, penetrating to the liver of the crab, absorb the juices of the crustacean host as food. Thus, a full-grown *Sacculina* is a mere sac or bag, which in due time develops eggs, and which drags out an inactive existence attached to the crab; water flowing in and out of the sack, by an aperture placed toward its lower extremity.

Another life-history which runs in parallel lines with that of the *Sacculina* is the development of the barnacles, which attach themselves in large numbers to the sides of ships and to floating timber. Each barnacle consists of a body, inclosed in a shell, and attached to its floating log or ship by a fleshy stalk. From between the edges of the shell protrude some twenty-four delicate filaments, representing the modified legs of the animal, no longer used for motion, but serving, as a well-known naturalist puts it, to kick food into the barnacle's mouth. A digestive system exists, but there are no sense-organs in the shape of eyes. Now, the barnacle begins life as does the *Sacculina*. Its first stage is a three-legged oval-bodied "nauplius," which swims freely in the sea. This baby barnacle possesses a

single eye, and a mouth and digestive system. Then it casts off its two hinder pairs of feet, and develops a shell and the six pairs of swimming-appendages, like the young *Sacculina*, while the two front legs increase greatly in size. In this latter condition, the barnacle develops two large compound eyes in place of the single eye of its earlier stage. But the mouth and digestive system have disappeared, and the young barnacle's energies are now chiefly devoted to seeking a resting-place on floating wood. Fixing itself by the front pair of legs, and thus gluing its head to the object, the shell of the full-grown barnacle is soon developed, while the six pairs of legs become the brush-like tentacula wherewith food is swept into the mouth. A digestive system and nerves then appear, and barnacle-history may thus be regarded as complete. Nevertheless, a barnacle as a full-grown animal is thus in some respects decidedly inferior to its youthful stages. Especially it wants locomotive powers; and its eyes are degraded; although, in possessing a digestive apparatus, it exhibits an advance on immature life. But the barnacle is not a parasite. It is merely a fixed and rooted animal, and as such has a necessity for a digestive system, which, as we have seen, disappears in the parasitic animal.

Degradation, thoroughly complete in *Sacculina*, and to a certain extent in barnacle-life, thus depends in the one case upon a habit of parasitism, and in the other upon fixity of body. The tendency of this process of backsliding is clearly enough seen in its power of rendering the adult—ordinarily a complex being—simpler in structure than the young. To impress these facts still more firmly on the mind, let us investigate the life-history of a species of prawn (*Peneus*) whose development runs in its earlier stages parallel with that of the barnacle and *Sacculina*.

Prawns, lobsters, shrimps, and crabs, form the highest division of the crustacean class. They greatly excel such forms as the barnacles in structure, as common observation shows. *Peneus*, as one of the prawn-group, begins life as does the barnacle or *Sacculina*, as a veritable "nauplius," with an oval body, a single eye and three pairs of

limbs. Then succeed other stages resembling those through which the crabs pass, and finally the features of the young prawn are in due course evolved.

From one common form, then, namely, the three-legged larva, which we name a "nauplius," we discover that animals so widely different as barnacles and orawns are developed. The fact testifies most clearly in favor of the idea, that the development even of animals belonging to the same great class may vary in a most typical manner. The one development represented by that of the prawn proceeds along lines which are those of progress and advance; since the prawn is a much higher animal than its young. In the barnacle there is degeneration in some respects, but advance in others; so that the state of matters in the barnacle represents history intermediate between advance and decline. But in the *Sacculina* are witnessed degradation and retrogression of the purest type. The animal goes backward in the world, until it sinks to the level of a mere tumor-like growth, attached to the body of its crab-host. Endowed first with powers of locomotion, these wholly disappear; furnished with an eye, that organ likewise vanishes away; and parasitism works its will on the animal's frame, degrading it to such an extent, that but for a careful tracing of its history, we could not have discovered that it was a crustacean at all.

The well-known animals we name "Sea-squirts" present us likewise with examples of degradation arising, like that of the barnacles, from a habit of fixing themselves. Each sea-squirt or *Ascidian* resembles in shape a jar with two necks, as we find it attached to shells and other objects. Its whole frame is inclosed in a dense, tough, leathery membrane, through which the stimuli of the outer world can with difficulty pass. Yet the sea-squirt, rooted and fixed as it appears to be, begins life as a free-swimming tadpole-like being, which propels itself over the surface of the sea by means of its flexible and muscular tail. This tadpole-like body exhibits a superior structure in many respects in the eyes of a zoologist. For instance, it, of all invertebrate animals, possesses a representative of the spine or back-

bone of the vertebrates. It is the only animal which, like the latter group, has a nervous cord lying above this spine; it has an arrangement of gill-clefts like the fishes, and it has an eye which is formed just as our own eyes and as those of all other vertebrates are developed. Yet to what end is all this promise of high structure? Backsliding becomes the order of the day; the tail of the larva disappears; its internal organs are modelled on a lower type; its eye fades away; it fixes itself by its head, like the young barnacle; and it finally degenerates into the rooted, immobile sea-squirt inclosed in its leathery investment.

The topic of degeneration has, however, more extended applications than those which we have thus hurriedly chronicled as applying to the explanation of the lowness of some animal forms as compared with others. Physiology teaches us that there exists in all living beings from animalcule to man, a natural process of degenerative change, in virtue of which the worn-out particles of our tissues are perpetually being thrown off as their functions fail. The daily waste of our frames is in large measure a process of degeneration. Still more clearly is that process a degenerative one, which despoils us in old age of our teeth, whitens our hair, dims our eyesight, and wastes and changes in greater or less degree every organ and tissue of our body. So also, many diseases which affect us, apart altogether from the general breakdown and backsliding of structure that accompanies old age, are the results of what physicians truly name "degeneration." Thus, so far from being any peculiar or abnormal action of life, degeneration is as natural to our existence and to that of living beings at large, as development and progress. The living being may in fact be said to occupy one of three positions in the universe of life in respect of the alterations to which it is subject. Either its race is progressing, or its species is declining and degenerating, or last of all, and more rarely, the living form is stable and at rest—in equilibrium, as one may put it. Nevertheless, there is no denying the fact that progress and advance are by far the most constantly represented condition of life. Were it otherwise, we should not find the uni-

verse of life so varied as it is; and the progress of development is by no means likely to be replaced to any momentous extent by the law of backsliding, whose effects we have endeavored to describe.

The foregoing remarks would be imperfect, and even misleading, were we to fail to note that there is at least one aspect of degeneration in which it becomes related in the most intimate manner to both progress and advance. The development and rise of an animal in the scale of creation is accompanied as a rule by the disappearance of organs and parts which pertain to lower stages of life, and to its own immature condition. The tadpole in becoming the perfect frog exhibits degeneration in the disappearance of its tail; for the frog, as every one knows, is a tailless being. Then, secondly, its gills degenerate and disappear through natural, or more popularly speaking, constitutional causes inherited by the frog from its ancestors. Opposed to the degeneration of its gills is the independent development of lungs, which development evinces the higher

nature of the lung-breather over the pure gill-breathing tadpole. Here, therefore, degeneration is working out the purposes of development. It is, in other words, wiping away and destroying the evidences of the lower nature which is being replaced by a higher stage and type of life. The young crab is tailed like the lobster or prawn; but degeneration of the tail converts the crab into a higher type of crustacean than the lobster, and internal change of like nature makes the perfect insect as well as the crab, a higher being than its larva.

If, therefore, we take a wide view of living nature—a view in which alone the true analogies of things are to be clearly perceived—we shall find degeneration at one time ruthlessly driving the animal form to lower confines of life; while at another time, we shall see the same process accompanying advance and progress hand in hand, and aiding the growth of the higher life by restricting and abolishing the evidences of the lower and imperfect existence.—*Chambers's Journal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FREAKS AND MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE. By M. C. Cooke. (S. P. C. K.)

This queer little volume might, without irreverence to our great naturalist, be succinctly described as *The Orthodox Darwin*. For some time past the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been remarkable for the growing breadth and liberality of its spirit; but we were hardly yet prepared to find it undertaking to spread the main results of Mr. Darwin's minute researches into the physiology of plant life. Of course Dr. Cooke writes under all reserve; he almost ignores the doctrine of evolution and natural selection, and he says nothing that could by any stretch of imagination be conceivably supposed to shock the most sensitive orthodoxy. His aim is simply to present the world in general, and young people in particular, with the positive or certain, as opposed to the theoretical or hypothetical side of Mr. Darwin's observations and teachings. The books which he here condenses and expounds in popular language are not the "*Origin of Species*" and the "*Descent of Man*," but the "*Insectivorous Plants*," the "*Habits of Climbers*," and the "*Power of Movement*;" and from these he has cut out everything which

bears upon the doctrine of descent with modification. Still, even this is a great deal. To the vast mass of readers, Mr. Darwin's name is to this day, in spite of everything, a mere symbol for some unknown but heterodox and dangerous doctrines. Most people of the uncultured and half-cultured sort still know the creator of philosophic biology only as the author of an absurd theory that men are descended from monkeys, which somehow once lost their tails, and so took incontinently to the use of language and the practice of the industrial arts. This theory they have heard mentioned only to be laughed at in private, or to be denounced as atheistic and immoral from a hundred pulpits. When such people learn from a book stamped with the imprimatur of a great orthodox religious society that Mr. Darwin has been for years a patient and accurate observer of biological facts, that his works contain more information on animal and vegetable life than any other books ever written—in short, that he is the acknowledged chief of modern science—they may, perhaps, begin to understand that even the ludicrous monkey theory must not be cavalierly rejected without at least half-an-hour's modest consideration. They may learn, too, that

the monkeys are only a small part of a vast and comprehensive evolutionary scheme; and they may possibly even feel some faint suggestion of a nascent critical doubt whether, after all, their own utter ignorance is quite certain to lead them to much wiser conclusions than Mr. Darwin's wonderful and encyclopædic knowledge.

So much for the object of Dr. Cooke's book, which, on the whole, appears to us a commendable one. As to the manner in which it has been performed, we can hardly speak so highly. To begin with, Dr. Cooke seems to have sacrificed too much to the exigencies of the position. He is, we take it, himself a Darwinian; but, having been asked to condense certain of Mr. Darwin's works for an orthodox audience, he has certainly gone too far in the way of tacitly suppressing the evolutionary argument, and implicitly suggesting the method of design. That he should say nothing about natural selection, is well and good; no doubt it was so stipulated in the bond; but that he should put down causes in which he cannot himself really believe is less praiseworthy. Yet he ends his introductory chapter by quoting a piece of verse which asks why flowers with bright petals should spring "in the silent wilderness, where no man passes by." Dr. Cooke undoubtedly knows that their bright petals are merely intended for the attraction of insects; but the poem declares that their object is "to minister delight to man, to beautify the earth." Perhaps we may be told that this is only poetry; but even poetry should not be quoted in a popular scientific work so as to strengthen unscientific preconceptions. Nor do we think he need have ended almost the only passage where he alludes in passing to Mr. Darwin's general theory with an excerpt from Mr. Bennett, who finds that certain facts of plant life compel him to "to recur to the pre-Darwinian doctrine of Design."

The literary and scientific execution of the book, again, does not seem to us wholly satisfactory. It consists for the most part of extracts from Mr. Darwin's minor works, collated with long passages quoted, page after page, from Messrs. Wallace, Hooker, Asa Gray, Burdon Sanderson, Bates, Lawson Tait, and others. The original matter is small in quantity and careless in style. In places, it is true, we get two or three new and interesting observations; but, on the other hand, we also get some exceedingly hazy passages. For example, we are told that the thickness of the shell in the Brazil nut cannot be meant as a protection from monkeys, because other nuts in the same forest are not protected; an argument which would at once over-

throw every example of natural selection or of design alike; for it might equally be said that the sting of the nettle could not be protective, seeing that grasses do not sting; nor could the antlers of deer aid them in their battles, seeing that horses have no horns. Again, the whole chapter on mimicry is founded on a complete misconception of what mimicry really means. Dr. Cooke's illustrations are all taken from such instances as the resemblance between certain euphorbias and the cacti, between *helianthemum* and *potentilla*, between the fruit of the maple and of a South American milkwort. Not one of these is a real case of mimicry at all; they are merely cases of adaptive similarity—of like conditions producing like results. True mimetic resemblances only occur between two species of plants or animals inhabiting the same district, of which one species is specially protected while the other is not; whereas the succulent euphorbias are found in Africa and the cacti in America. Dr. Cooke may answer that he prefers to use the term "mimicry" for any resemblance whatsoever; and, of course, in a free country he has a perfect right to do so if he will; but since the word has already an accepted scientific meaning, carefully defined by Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace, he cannot be surprised if other people object to his proceedings. Any man may speak of a rhomboid as a square if he chooses; yet in geometry this practice is found to be distinctly inconvenient. Nevertheless, after making all deductions, we must allow that Dr. Cooke's book is calculated to do an immense amount of good. The excellence of the material makes up for any defects in the workmanship. It cannot fail to teach all those who will read it a great deal that is new, valuable, and interesting about many strange phenomena of vegetable life.—*Grant Allen in the Academy.*

GENOA; HOW THE REPUBLIC ROSE AND FELL.
By J. Theodore Bent. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

Mr. Bent's work on Genoa is another proof of the reaction against a Teutonic despotism in literature which began a few years ago. Taylor of Norwich and Carlyle, after years of labor, persuaded Englishmen to study the writers of Germany. The influence of business habits and the enthusiasm of converts led to a devotion almost exclusive, until those who believed that something good in literature had come out of the Latin races were looked upon as interesting relics of a by-gone stage of cultivation. Happily, this doctrine of a literary salvation by Germany alone has had its day, and we now come to the consideration of literature in a more catholic and more promis-

ing spirit. In the study of Italian development, the commercial republics claim much attention, and consequently we find that monographs on the different cities are being written with more than satisfactory rapidity. For the discharge of his task Mr. Bent has qualified himself by careful research and diligent study. It is not altogether his fault that the tale of Genoese rise, triumph, and fall is perplexing and wearisome, though we must say that he has not minimized these inevitable drawbacks by the felicity of his arrangement. Still, he has produced a book which will certainly interest those who do not read too much of it at a sitting, and one which brings the life of the middle ages vividly before us. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bent has not paid more attention to the language and literature of his own country, or we should not have to remark that "pulled up," as applied to a podestà, falls within the department of slang; and that Antonio was a merchant of Venice, whose ships were called argosies by Shakespeare, as a general, not as a specific description.—*Spectator*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A PROPOSAL by the Municipality of Paris that one of the streets of the city shall be called after Littré, has received the approval of the prefect.

THE German Spelling Reform Association has just issued a handsome "Kalender" for this year, and has begun to publish a series of German classics in reformed spelling.

THE publication of M. Zola's "Nana" in a Danish translation has been prohibited at Copenhagen, and criminal proceedings have been instituted against the translator.

MR. MCCARTHY, the author of the "History of Our Own Times," is writing for Messrs. Longman's series "Epochs of Modern History" a volume entitled "Epochs of Reform, 1830-1850."

THE popular Italian writer, Signor E. de Amicis, who has for more than a year been a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, has recently received the Legion of Honor on the nomination of M. Gambetta.

THE two volumes of Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle" which will be published in the spring will not be a complete biography, as some of the papers have supposed, but will be confined to the first forty years of his life, 1795-1835.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM" is the title of a book which Messrs. Griffith & Farran will publish immediately. For obvious reasons it will bear no writer's name, as it reveals

in an autobiographical form the tricks by which deceptions are practised by professional and other mediums.

THE prize for the most valuable work in political and moral science produced in Belgium during the past five years has been awarded by the Belgian Government, on the unanimous report of a jury, to M. Emile de Laveleye, for his "Lettres sur l'Italie," his "L'Agriculture belge," and the new edition of his "La Propriété et ses Formes Primitives."

It has been rumoured that a diary left by Lord Beaconsfield is to be published before very long. It is the fact that there are at least two diaries of Lord Beaconsfield's youth in existence, in one of which he relates his journey in the East with Mr. Clay. They are both diaries which were given away by the writer in his lifetime, and are therefore beyond the control of the executors.

IN answer to an inquiry from M. Gaidoz in the *Revue critique*—whether the weird sisters of "Macbeth" have any analogy in Teutonic legend—M. E. Beauvois writes, quoting many prophecies of future greatness (and especially of future kingdoms) in Scandinavian mythology. He suggests that the Song of Darrad, in the "Njála," deserves to be translated into English, as illustrating very closely the mixing of the charm in "Macbeth" (IV. i.).

A WRITER in the Berlin *Montagsblatt* says that he was lately turning over the autograph album of a venerable lady who has enjoyed the acquaintance of many eminent men of our country. Immediately after the signature of Gregorovius he came upon that of Cobden, who had made the following entry: "Free Trade the International Law of the Almighty. R. Cobden, Paris, 25 Jan. 1861." The owner of the book told him that the words had an additional historical interest from the fact that they were written by Cobden with the same pen with which he had signed his name to the English-French treaty of commerce.

THE New Shakespeare Society has had a liberal offer made to it by one of its lady members. This is, that, as the Society's Old Spelling edition of Shakespeare by Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Stone comes out (the comedies are to be issued next year), the lady will compile a fresh Concordance to Shakespeare's works in the old spelling of the Society's edition; will give the numbers of the lines, as well as acts and scenes; will make the quotations one-third longer than Mrs. Cowden Clarke's; will separate the different words spelt alike, as *tears* from the eye, and *tears* a letter, and also the senses of each word as in

Schmidt's "Lexicon"; will include, as that does, the poems as well as the plays; will distinguish the probably spurious words and passages; will add a few illustrative extracts, where needed, for every sense; and, lastly, will contribute £500 towards the printing of the work, the Society finding the rest. A Concordance on these lines has always been part of the Society's intended scheme of work, though it was not put forward in the first outline of the actual scheme. We can now only hope that nothing will befall to prevent the Society's generous helper carrying her proposal into effect for the behoof of all Shakespeare students. Assuredly a new Shakespeare Concordance in the spelling of his day is now wanted.—*Academy*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

OZONE FORMED BY LIGHT.—An interesting discovery is announced from Paris by M. J. Dessan, a French chemist, who has been for years engaged in the study of oxygen and ozone. He finds that oxygen can be transformed directly into ozone by the rays of light. The oxygen he used in his experiments was prepared from chlorate of potash and very pure. It was contained in a glass bell jar, which, together with all the other vessels employed, was coated with blackened paper to exclude the light and keep the oxygen dark. While in this condition the oxygen had no action in the ozone test with which it communicated; but when the rays from an oxy-hydrogen lime-light were reflected upon the bell jar so as to fall upon the gas within for twenty-five minutes, the solution of iodide of potash and amidou used as an ozone test became blue, and indicated the presence of that substance. The discovery, if it be sufficiently verified, will throw considerable light on the physiological action of solar radiation.

THE ASTEROIDS.—The number of asteroids that have been discovered is now 220. Recent researches by Herr Hornstein (communicated to the Vienna Academy) appear to prove that the number of those with a diameter of over twenty-five geographical miles is extremely small, and that probably all such were discovered before 1859. On the other hand, the number of asteroids with a diameter less than five miles seems also to be very small, at least in the parts of the asteroid zone next Mars; in the outer regions next Jupiter there may be a more considerable number of these very small bodies. Most asteroids seem to have a diameter between five and fifteen miles. The average number of asteroids with a diameter of five to ten miles discovered annually within the last twenty years is about three;

the number of those of ten to fifteen miles diameter about 1.6. Thus, should no telescopes greatly more powerful than the present ones be used in future to search for those bodies, we may expect but a moderate "find" of asteroids with diameters under five or over fifteen geographical miles, while a considerable increase of those with diameters of five to fifteen miles may be looked for. It further appears that in the case of the smaller asteroids of five to ten miles diameter the improvement of optical instruments and star maps has resulted in no great increase of annual discoveries in the inner zone; such an increase is observed only in the outer zone. Within certain zone-limits there is an increase of the average number of yearly discoveries with the time and with distance from the sun; but beyond the outer limit this increase ceases.

NATURE OF THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.—The nature of the faint cone of light sometimes seen on the western horizon after sunset, or on the eastern before sunrise, and known as the zodiacal light, has been much disputed. The light is most commonly thought to be from an extra-terrestrial source, some lens-shaped object surrounding the sun. An opposite view is taken by Herr Gronemann, who has lately in the *Archives Néerlandaises* discussed at length the observations hitherto published, together with some made by himself. The drift of his contention is as follows: There are valid observations against two items in the support of the old theory—viz., the affirmed connection of the evening and morning cones seen on the same night (if the corresponding sides be prolonged), and the participation of the cones in the daily motion of the heavens. The zodiacal light is sometimes seen when daylight has not yet disappeared; and, on the other hand, it sometimes fails to appear, though there is complete darkness. There would seem to be a real lengthening and shortening. It has been observed by Schiaparelli that the light is much more difficult to make out when it passes through the meridian than when it is only 30 degrees above the horizon, and is less easily seen when the air is clearest than when a sort of mist is present. Indeed, the bright parts of the Milky Way may be seen to be weakened by mist, while the zodiacal light at the same height is unaffected. The zodiacal light has temporary variations of light intensity, and it shows from time to time remarkable changes of form and position, so sudden and short as to be hard to explain on the planetary hypothesis. The elongations of the cones show a half yearly period, which is independent of the transparency of the air. The cone follows the observer northwards or southwards, so that there is no

parallactic action; and this peculiarity (so adverse to the extra-terrestrial hypothesis) cannot be explained by reflection or absorption of light. As to spectroscopic observations, the author finds (1) that the zodiacal light consists partly of proper light; (2) that its connection with polar light is but secondary, temporary, and accidental; (3) that the cause of the second phenomenon is such that it may strengthen the zodiacal light and modify its spectrum; and (4) that the results of spectrum analysis rank with other arguments tending to find the source of the zodiacal light in the neighborhood of the earth (like the polar light). Herr Gronemann, then, thinks the zodiacal light a terrestrial phenomenon, though he will not say that it cannot be influenced by cosmic action. He throws out the suggestion that the cone may be a kind of optical illusion, arising from some fine matter—gas or dust—being more accumulated near the observer in one direction than another. The apparent length of the cone might be conditioned by the conical shadow of the earth, and the changes of length be due to cosmic and electric influences.

THE EYE.—The eye is preserved in the convenient form of a sphere or ball by the simple device of having its interior cavity filled with liquid, which prevents the limp and otherwise flexible coats from puckering up into any irregularity of shape. It is like a bladder distended with water, which is firm and tense on account of the contained liquid being so shut in by the membranous wall that it cannot escape anywhere from the tight grasp in which it is held. There are, however, in the interior of the eye two quite distinct chambers in which this liquid is distributed, one in front of, and one behind, the crystalline lens. The lens hangs, as it were, in the midst of the liquid. The portion which is in front of the lens is little more than a very weak aqueous solution of salt, and is on that account termed the aqueous humor of the eye; the portion which is behind more nearly resembles a solution of white of egg. On account of this somewhat thicker consistency it is termed the vitreous or glass-like humor. Both humors, however, exert very nearly the same influence upon the vibrations of the light, and the optical part of the eye thus comes to be considered as composed simply of two refracting parts, the denser lens and the thinner humors. The iris is loosely suspended in the aqueous humor in front of the lens, so that it has the water-like liquid bathing both surfaces, and thus enjoys the same ready freedom of movement that it would possess if it were simply immersed in water. The humors of the eye are supplementary aids to the image-forming ca-

pacities of the lens. But they are only subordinate aids, as their influence in this particular is comparatively small. For simplicity's sake the crystal lens and the associated humors may be looked upon as together constituting one single lens, and the visual power of the eye in reality depends upon three curved surfaces which are found in the combination of humors and lens—the front surface of the globe, or cornea, upon which light in the first instance strikes as it enters the transparent media of the eye, and the front and the back protuberant surfaces of the crystalline mass itself. The position of the definite image within the eye is determined by the form of these surfaces, taken in connection with the density of the crystalline substance and its associated humors.—*Edinburgh Review.*

CONDENSED GRAPE JUICE.—In Italy, a new industry has arisen in the production of condensed grape juice, after the pattern of condensed milk. The juice is evaporated in a vacuum pan until it assumes the appearance of toffee, and is reduced to one-tenth of its former bulk. By careful attention to temperature, it retains all its fruit-acid and grape-sugar, and also those mineral components which are believed to exercise great influence in forming the qualities of wine. Where difficulties of transport are found, this condensing process will be of very great value, though what the excise authorities may have to say in the matter will remain to be seen.

PHYSIOLOGICAL IMMUNITIES OF THE JEWS.—The *Revue Scientifique* has drawn the following conclusion from a comparison of the vital statistics of different countries, that the Jews nearly everywhere enjoy certain physiological immunities which distinguish them from the other inhabitants, among which are the following: their general fecundity (proportion of births to the whole number) is less, while the relative fruitfulness of their marriages to those of other races varies in different places; a greater proportion of their children survive everywhere; illegitimate births and still-born children are more rare among them; the proportion of males to females among the births is greater; their mortality is lighter, the mean duration of life is greater; they increase more rapidly by the excess of births over deaths; while they do not escape them entirely, they are less generally and less severely afflicted by contagious diseases; they are comparatively exempt from such diseases as consumption and scrofula, and they have the faculty of becoming acclimated and multiplying in all latitudes. These immunities are observed, notwithstanding the apparent condition of the Jews who enjoy them may be most miserable; notwithstanding the fre-

quency of marriages of relatives among them ; and notwithstanding the unwholesome conditions of the city life to which they mostly confine themselves. They may be explained as the consequence of the operation of a variety of causes, among which are suggested an inherent superior vitality in the race, the continued preservation of its purity from mixture with foreign blood, the faithful observance of the rules of hygiene laid down in Deuteronomy, which are particularly adapted to hot climates and hot seasons ; the salutary influence of early marriages, of the spirit of order and economy, of moderation in tastes, of comparative severity of manners, and of the domesticity of Jewish family life. It may be, too, that the misery in the Jewish quarters of European cities is more apparent than real, and that their inhabitants are really better off than the people round them. The facts are brought out in the statistics, from which these conclusions are drawn, that Jews are quite liable to cerebral affections, and also to diseases that afflict mature and aged persons.

THE OLDEST FLOWERING PLANTS.—Count de Saporta and M. A. F. Marion recently brought before the French Academy of Sciences a joint memoir on the genera *Williamsonia* and *Goniolima*, the most ancient forms of flowering plants of the fructification of which anything definite is known. In *Williamsonia* the trunk bears at its extremity the organs of reproduction, which show two distinct forms, apparently indicating that the plant was dioecious, but in both there is a multifoliate envelope, which acquires a globular form by the curvature of the bracts composing it.

The parts of the envelope of the male flower seem all to stand at the same level ; they are elongated, narrowed, and bent toward each other at the apex. Within the envelope rises a conical axis, the base of which is surrounded by a circular zone, with radiating striæ. The outer margin of this zone, when exposed, is found to be covered with a number of very small irregularly hexagonal areas, which seem to represent so many pollen-cells. This basal zone would seem to represent a sterile and persistent part of the androphore, in which at one time the whole conical body was covered with a felted layer, composed of the filaments and their appendages, reminding one by its position and arrangement of the male flowers of the Reed-mace (*Typha*).

The female inflorescence of *Williamsonia* is furnished with a globular envelope like that of the male flowers, but its bracts are a little shorter. The organ contained in this envelope, and which is certainly deciduous when mature, consisted of a convoluted (?) receptacle of more or less globular form. The central leaves

of the envelope, which have remained in place, testify by their thickness and leathery texture to the primitive nature of this formation. In their midst stands the globular conceptacle, the upper parts of which are covered with carpellary areas ; and in the lower part of the receptacle we see the fibrous, woody tissues of which the axis was composed.

The remains of the genus *Goniolima*, D'Orbigny, appear as ovate bodies, in the form of cones rounded at the upper end, and borne upon a cylindrical stalk. The surface is covered with very regular hexagonal areas, arranged in spiral lines. The areas are smaller toward the point of insertion of the stalk. These fossils were formerly regarded as Echinoderms, and described as Crinoids under the name of *Goniolima geometrica*.

MISCELLANY.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—We learn from the official half-yearly statement concerning the German Universities that the entire teaching staff in the 21 Universities within the limits of the empire numbered, at the opening of the current Semester, 1815 persons. Of these 949 are ordinary professors, 20 ordinary "honorary" professors, 388 extraordinary professors, 10 extraordinary "honorary" professors, and 458 *privat-docents*. In all the Universities there are four faculties of divinity, law, medicine, and philosophy (including literature). There is also a faculty of social and political sciences at Würzburg and Munich, of economical science at Munich and Tübingen, of natural science also at Tübingen, and a faculty of mathematical and physical sciences at Strasburg. It is also to be noted that there is a faculty of Protestant divinity at 17 Universities and of Catholic divinity at 7. The total number of divinity professors and *privat-docents* is 192, of whom 141 belong to the Protestant faculties and 51 to the Catholic. The juridical faculties (including also the faculties of political and economical sciences) reckon 193 teachers ; the medical 528. The philosophical faculties (including those for mathematical and physical science) have 696 professors and 206 *privat-docents*. The teaching staff at Berlin, numbering 137 persons, is the most numerous ; Leipsic comes next with 117. In the strength of the several faculties, also, Berlin stands pre-eminent, except in law, where Munich has the largest body of professors. The number of professors, etc. in the faculty of philosophy and literature at Berlin is 74.

HOW TO SELL ONE'S HOUSE.—The priest of a village in the west of Russia has a house of his own ; he would like to sell it but he has not been able to find a purchaser. He asked

nur (the village municipal council) to buy it from him for 3000 roubles. The peasants, not needing such a house, refused of course. The priest then asked the justice of the peace to force his parishioners to buy that house. New refusal on the part of the restive peasantry. Then the clergyman asked the bishop to interfere. The peasants have consequently, just received the order to buy the house at the fixed price. If the villagers refuse again the church will be closed and the parish transported to another village. The decision of the parishioners is not yet known.—*Poriadok* (St. Petersburg.)

LADY MACBETH.—Late one night Mr. Sidons was sitting by the fire in the modest family parlor, which, in that most unassuming household, served as dining-room or drawing-room, as the case might be. He was smoking calmly his last pipe, and beginning to think about going to bed, whither, as this was not one of the evenings at the theatre, he believed his wife had gone already. The house was sunk in dreamy silence, so was the quiet street outside—silence only broken now and then by the roll of distant wheels. The actor had been drawing a vague picture of a little holiday trip which he and Sarah would take next summer, and had fallen into a half-doze, in which he was driving down a country lane all scented with honeysuckle, all draped with eglantine. Suddenly he was roused, with a start, by hurried footsteps, that were flying rather than running down the passage. Who could it be? he asked himself, all in a maze and a wonder, as he jumped up and rubbed his sleep-laden eyes. He had hardly had time to let the question go darting through his brain, when the door of the room was flung open quickly, as by a hasty trembling hand and a female figure rushed in. Mr. Sidons gazed in speechless astonishment, not unmixed with a touch of fear. There before him stood his wife, her fine hair dishevelled, her dress all in disorder, her face all quivering with strong emotion. In bewildered alarm he asked her what was the matter, but her only answer was to throw herself into his arms and burst into a torrent of tears. He soothed her tenderly, not knowing what to think, and gradually she grew calmer. Then her words made the mystery plain enough. Instead of going to bed, as he had bade her do, she had been sitting up studying her part as Lady Macbeth; and the character had so completely absorbed her in itself, she had so entirely realized the horror of each situation in the play, had seen it all so distinctly before her eyes as if she had been there in the body, that a wild, unreasoning terror had seized her, and she had rushed away to seek human companionship.—*Argosy*.

INDIAN JUGGLING.—A man is now in Calcutta hailing from Delhi, of the name of Burah Khan, who has attained a simply wonderful excellence in the magical art. We ourselves had the pleasure of witnessing some astonishing feats achieved by this man a few days ago at the hospitable residence of the Dutt family, of Wellington Square. We shall mention only one out of several feats performed by Burah Khan and his company, who consist of three females. One of these, a young woman, was tied most securely. Her hands, feet, and body were so fastened that she could only stir, and no more. She was, in fact, deprived entirely of the power to turn her limbs to any use. She was then placed under a conical-shaped cover. People sat close round the skirts of the cloth which had been thrown over the cover. No means of escape was left to the young woman. But yet, after the lapse of five or ten minutes, the cover was removed and the woman was found to have disappeared altogether. When her name, however, was called out by Burah Khan, her voice was heard from the veranda above. This performance took place in the compound of the family residence of our friends, the Dutt, and the veranda is in the lofty second story, forming a part of the female apartments. She was there found responding to the call of Burah Khan, to the surprise of everybody present. The woman did not, and could not know the topography of the house. But how she extricated herself and made her way high above to the veranda from within the cover, surprises us to such a degree that we cannot account for the feat on any natural grounds. Even if she was furnished with wings, it is inexplicable how she got out of the cover, unseen and unperceived, except on the supposition that some supernatural agency had been employed. But she herself asserted that she worked the feat by *ilum*. We are sure that, if Burah Khan gives a few performances at the Town Hall in Calcutta, he will draw bumper houses, and astonish the whole Calcutta public, especially the European community. But these people do not, unfortunately, know how to make money, still less how to make themselves acceptable to the European community of the city. Burah Khan holds very valuable certificates from the Prince of Wales, Earl de Grey, the editor of the *Pioneer*, and many European noblemen and gentlemen who have witnessed his feats in different parts of India.—*Indian Mirror*.

BONAPARTE AND WHAT HE ATE.—That which probably prevented Bonaparte from becoming a gourmand was the idea which constantly pursued him that toward thirty-five or forty he would become obese. Far from having enriched the gastronomic repertory, one dish only is due to him among all his victories

—the *poulet a la Marengo*. The historic *poulet* was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. He drank very little wine, always Bordeaux or Burgundy; he, however, preferred the latter, and Chambertin above all other growths. After breakfast, as after dinner, he took a cup of coffee. He was irregular with his meals, ate fast and badly; but therein was perceptible that absolute will which he brought to everything; so soon as appetite made itself felt, it must be satisfied, and his table service was so appointed that anywhere, or at any hour, he could find a fowl, cutlets, and coffee ready for him. He breakfasted in his bedroom at ten o'clock, inviting almost always those who happened to be near him. Bourrienne, his secretary, during the four or five years he was with him, never saw him partake of more than two dishes at a meal. One day the Emperor asked why his table was never served with *crêpinettes de cochon* (a ragout made of hashed meat mixed with morsels or fringes of pork). Dumand, the Emperor's *maitre d'hotel*, remained for an instant staggered by the question, and replied, "Sire, that which is indigestible is not gastronomic." An officer present added, "Your Majesty cannot eat *crêpinettes* and work immediately afterward." "Bah! bah! idle tale; I shall work for all that." "Sire," Dumand then said, "your Majesty shall be obeyed at breakfast to-morrow." The next day the head *maitre d'hotel* of the Tuileries served up the required dish, only that the *crêpinettes* were made with slices of partridge, a difference unperceived by the Emperor, who ate with great relish. "Your dish is excellent, and I compliment you upon it." Napoleon, when campaigning, frequently mounted on horseback early in the morning and remained in the saddle throughout the day. Care was then taken to place in one of his holsters bread and wine, and in the other a roast fowl. He generally shared his provisions with one of his officers still worse provided than himself.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

ANATOMY OF PANIC.—The phrase "the anatomy of melancholy" amply justifies "the anatomy of panic." The mental state designated panic is, psychologically, a paralyzing perception of peril. The power of self-control is suspended. The judgment cannot inhibit impulsive or emotional acts. The processes of reason—in its higher manifestation—are in abeyance. Panic spreads from one individual to another, as well as affects many in common. The same impression which is produced on one sensorium may be produced on any number simultaneously by the primary cause of fear; but there is nothing else so calculated to produce panic in the mind of an

other person, especially one or many with whom the mind impressed—in this secondary way—may chance to be in habitual or occasional sympathetic relation. It matters little to the general result whether the impression be produced or extended through the sense of sight or hearing, or even general sensation. It is sufficient that it can be produced and propagated in either of several ways. The true remedy for panic must be, in great part, preventive. It is a capital suggestion that a permanent notice which all can read should be displayed across curtain and act-drop "writ large," and plainly stating the time in which the auditorium of a theatre can be emptied if only the audience will individually determine to keep their wits about them, and stating the number and location of the places of exit. Again, the manager and chief performers at a theatre should make it a point of honor to keep *their* self-possession, and preserve smiling faces above the footlights if any hitch occurs. It is useless to speak or shout; nothing can so rapidly reassure a theatrical audience in panic as the sight of a self possessed and smiling face instantly presented on the stage. One man may do more in this way than can be done by half-a-dozen in any other. Another point of moment is to impress the mind through the ear. Let the orchestra instantly strike up a cheerful tune. We heard the other day how an organist saved hundreds from panic in a church by playing a tune which instinctively brought the audience on their knees. On the same principle the orchestra in a theatre should call the panic-stricken spectators back to their seats by a bright burst of music. Surely managers and conductors might contrive these "effects" and train a few faithful followers to support them. Another matter of the highest practical moment is to make the ways of exit ways of common ingress. It is impossible to lay too great stress on this obvious precaution. It is worth while to study panics at leisure, and devise means for their prevention or prompt arrest.—*Lancet*.

TWILIGHT.

Now, tender Twilight lays a cooling palm,
In gentlest blessing, on Earth's fevered brow,
Soothing her into silence—save for low,
Sweet warblings, rippling o'er the utter calm,
Of birds, outpouring their soft evening psalm.
Still—as some wearied soul, half dimm'd in death,
Scarce seeming e'en to breathe, so faint each breath—
She lies, this Earth. The limped dew, like balm,
Falls on her fondly with a mute caress;
While the low wind 'mid the laburnum strays,
And with its drooping locks enamor'd plays,
Parting with ling'ring touch each golden tress,
As loth to leave it in its loveliness—
And all things wait the night, which still delays.

ZOE.

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